The
Churchman's
Treasury
of Song

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THE CHURCHMAN'S TREASURY OF SONG

THE CHURCHMAN'S TREASURY OF SONG

GATHERED FROM THE CHRISTIAN POETRY OF ALL AGES

BY

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PREFACE

IT has fallen to my lot, during the last decade, to usher into the world a considerable number of books on various subjects. Throughout the whole of that period, the volume which I now commit to the press has been in my mind, and scarcely a month has passed without some thought being bestowed on its contents.

I have aimed at producing a book which may be acceptable to Church-people of all shades of opinion. The longer I live, the more trivial do those party-cries appear, which seem to some to be of such moment that they can scarcely recognize as brethren those who do not utter their own particular shibboleth. It is my profound conviction that the time has come for insisting, above all things, upon the secondary importance of all questions which lie outside the scope of the Catholic Creeds. Truth is so many-sided that no man living has sufficient intellectual power to grasp more than a tiny fragment of it; yet its essence, thank GOD, is of such a nature, that no man who is really in earnest need despair of being able to comprehend all that is necessary for keeping his soul in the "state of salvation"—that is, in a sound and healthy condition.

Much may be done, in the way of widening and deepening one's theological conceptions, by cultivating the poetic faculty. The poets are, in fact, the greatest interpreters of Christianity, which

is a religion of the emotions even more than of the intellect. One of the most serious mistakes made at what is called "the Reformation," was that of appealing to the intellect rather than the emotions, and so reversing the proper order of things. From this fundamental error untold mischief has ensued, and the Church must continue to suffer and be crippled in her resources so long as she submits to the domination of the head over the heart. I yield to none in my love of learning, but wisdom is better than knowledge, and wisdom can only be acquired by the education of one's whole being—by the training of the spirit as well as the furnishing of the mind. If this little book should be the means of helping some one, here and there, to see further into the deep things of GOD, and, as a consequence, to look with a more tolerant eye on those whose angle of vision is in some or even in many respects different from his own, I should feel abundantly recompensed for the time and labour spent on its compilation.

It only remains for me to tender my cordial thanks to authors and publishers who have kindly allowed me to enrich these pages with copyright poems; and, in this connexion, I desire to mention with particular gratitude the great help derived from "The Church's Year," by the Rev. G. T. S. Farquhar, M.A., Canon and Precentor of Perth Cathedral.

J. H. B.

BALLATER PARSONAGE
ABERDEENSHIRE

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THE CHURCHMAN'S TREASURY OF SONG

THE SEASON OF ADVENT

GOD bless the calm and holy cheer
That ushers in the Christian Year;
And, whatsoe'er of gloom or shade,
Season or sorrow may have made,
Lifts us, with its mysterious power,
Out of the dark and dying hour,
Into the lights which ever play
Round children of th' Eternal Day.

Blest Advent of our ling'ring Lord!
How high the hope, how sure the word,
That thus, with every year's return,
Make our dull hearts within us burn
For that long sought and promised Day,
When "Heaven and Earth shall pass away,"
And Christ from highest Heav'ns shall come,
To take His waiting people home.

Since childhood's early hours, our eyes
Have watch'd the east for reddening skies:
Year after year has Advent brought
Us nearer to the Prize we sought;
But still it lingers;—O that we
Were more prepared to welcome Thee;
Thine Advent, with its Angel throng,
Would not be tarrying, Lord, so long.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

THROW wide the gate, my heart, and give thy Lord
A welcome meet;
Take all thy palms, thine homage to afford,
Laid at His feet:
Forth every wish and thought
To meet the Christ be brought;
And song, of highest note, His glad arrival greet.

He cometh, meek and lowly, as of old
In prophet's view;
Haste to His path; and all in Him foretold,
Thou'lt find as true:
With love of childlike glow,
On Christ attendant go;
And childhood's hymns the faith of childhood's time renew.

Thy Saviour on the height above had wept,
Viewing thy sin:
Yet onward still His faithful journey kept,
Thy peace to win:
Now, with salvation nigh,
To share His triumph hie;
And up to Zion's dome thy course with Christ begin.

Hosanna! blest be He, Who comes to save,
In God's great Name:
All things on earth, e'en stones which mark the grave,
Give loud acclaim.

Lord, in this heart of mine
Enter, as God's own shrine,
From which Thy holy scourge all base defilements drave.

LORD KINLOCH

WEEK OF THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

MONDAY

HOW long, O Lord, in weariness and sorrow,
Must Thy poor people tread the pilgrim road,
Mourning to-day and fearing for to-morrow,—
Finding no place of rest, no sure abode?—

Sighing o'er faded flowers and cisterns broken;
Gazing on setting suns, that rise no more;
Listening to sad farewells, and last words spoken
By loved ones leaving us on Jordan's shore!

How long, through snares of error and temptation,
Shall noblest spirits stumble on their way?
How long, through darkening storms of tribulation,
Must we press forward to eternal day?

How long shall passing faults and trifles sever
Hearts that have known affection's holy tie?
When shall the slanderer's tale be hushed for ever,
And brethren see in all things eye to eye?

How long shall last the night of toil and sadness,
The midnight hour of gloomy doubts and fears?
When shall it dawn, that promised morn of gladness,
When Thine own hand shall wipe away our tears?

How long, O Lord? Our hearts are sad and weary,
Our voices join the whole creation's groan;
With eager gaze we watch for Thine appearing,
When wilt Thou come again, and claim Thine own?

Return! return! come in Thy power and glory,
With all Thy risen Saints and Angel throng;
Bring to a close Time's strange, mysterious story,
How long dost Thou delay,—O Lord, how long?

JANE BORTHWICK

TUESDAY

WHAT and if the Day is breaking,
Day so long by seers foretold,
When, from slumbers deep awaking,
Saints their Saviour shall behold;
Are you ready? are you ready?
Or is still your bosom cold?

Is it cold to Him Who sought thee
In this wilderness forlorn?
Cold to Him, the Friend Who bought thee,
Nor complained of nail or thorn?
Are you ready? are you ready?
Or do you His yearning scorn?

Are you clothed in bridal raiment,
  Woven by anointed hands;
Given thee without thy payment,
  Pledge of Love's unwearied hands?
Are you ready? are you ready?
  See the portal open stands.

Are you washt in holy water,
  You so long by sin defiled?
Should He say, "My son," "My daughter,"
  Can you say, "Behold Thy child"?
Are you ready? are you ready?
Thus by Jesus to be styled?

Are you ready for the meeting
  With the Saviour in the air?
Longing for that holy greeting
  With the ransomed myriads there?
If not ready, if not ready,
Oh! for that great Day prepare!

WEDNESDAY

DAYSPRING of Eternity,
  Dawn on us at morning-tide;
Light from light's exhaustless sea,
  Never more Thy radiance hide;
But dispel with glorious might
    All our night.

Let the morning dew of love
  On our sleeping conscience rain;
Gentle comfort from above
  Flow through life's long parchèd plain;
Water daily us Thy flock
    From the rock.

Let the glow of love destroy
  Cold obedience faintly given;
Wake our hearts to strength and joy
  With the flushing eastern heaven;
Let us truly rise ere yet
    Life hath set.

Brightest star of eastern skies,
  Let that final morn appear,
When our bodies too shall rise
  Free from all that pain'd them here,
Strong their joyful course to run
    As the sun.

To yon world be Thou our light,
  O Thou glorious Sun of grace;
Lead us through the tearful night
  To yon fair and blessèd place,
Where to joy that never dies
    We shall rise.

K. VON ROSENROTH

THURSDAY

COUNT not the days that have idly flown,
  The years that were vainly spent;
Nor speak of the hours thou must blush to own,
When thy spirit stands before the Throne,
  To account for the talents lent.

But number the hours redeemed from sin,
  The moments employed for Heaven;
Oh! few and evil thy days have been,
Thy life, a toilsome but worthless scene,
  For a nobler purpose given.

Will the shade go back on thy dial-plate?
Will thy sun stand still on his way?
Both hasten on; and thy spirit's fate
Rests on the point of life's little date:
Then live while 'tis called to-day.

Life's waning hours, like the Sibyl's page,
As they lessen, in value rise:
Oh! rouse thee and live! nor deem man's age
Stands in the length of his pilgrimage,
But in days that are truly wise.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS

FRIDAY

THEIR bark is smoothly gliding o'er the sea,
The storms are hush'd, and all goes merrily—
Grace at the helm, and Virtue at the prow,
Wafted by gales from Heav'n they onward go.

And whither bound? Oh, see ye not that light
Which streams across the waters, rich and bright?
It tells of fragrant, palmy regions, where
Love sits enthroned to greet His subjects there.

Distant, yet near; invisible, yet seen,
Blest Land of Promise, lovely and serene,
Where tempests come not, where no cross wind blows—
The soul's safe refuge, and the heart's repose.

The helm is right, and onward bounds the bark,
Like as the arrow speeds toward the mark:
Hear ye not voices borne on sunny wings,
Telling Faith's children of all glorious things?

Of things that make us long to cleave the air
With anxious speed, to be reposing there?
Oh, listen while the choral voices sound
God's loving voice to all His children round.

Blow on ye breezes, ay, let ocean roar,
Till the blest crew be anchor'd on the shore;
Then in God's bright pavilion they shall be
Enthroned as kings throughout eternity.

GEORGE FISK

SATURDAY

WHEN evening clouds hang clustering round the sun,
And sad, sweet memories make my heart their prey,
It swells again exultant at the thought
Of that great Day,

When Thou wilt come with clouds that shall have caught
New and surpassing glories from Thy light;
The light that then shall rise for evermore,
Nor sink in night.

All Nature, that before seemed one deep dream
Of beauty steeped in sorrow, now doth ring
With earnest voices, of expectant joy,
That call their King.

O wounded but undying Love! we feel
Thy veilèd Presence is amongst us here:
Unto the longing eyes that seek Thee now,
Shine out more clear.

Rule me, my Lord! that love may be confirmed,
By glad obedience, and by service due;
Let me be pliant underneath Thy hand,
Meek, docile, true

C. M. Noel.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT

OH Book! infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck every letter, and a honey gain
Precious for any grief in any part,
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.
Thou art all health, health thriving till it make
A full eternity; thou art a mass
Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glass
That mends the looker's eyes, this is the well
That washes what it shows. Who can endear
Thy praise too much? Thou art Heaven's lieger here,
Working against the states of death and hell.
Thou art joy's handsell: Heaven lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

Oh that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.
This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie.
Then, as dispersed herbs do match a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destiny.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: for in every thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.
Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss:
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

GEORGE HERBERT

WEEK OF THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT

MONDAY

THIS Book, this holy Book—on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last—this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting Throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of Time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow;
And evermore beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.
And many to her voice gave ear, and read,
Believed, obeyed; and now, as the Amen,
True, Faithful Witness swore, with snowy robes
And branchy palms surround the Fount of Life,
And drink the streams of immortality,
For ever happy, and for ever young.

ROBERT POLLOK

TUESDAY

THE glorious Sun no man can see
Except his eye may sun-like be;
And thus the Bible is not understood,
Unless a sympathy divine
The heart attracts for truth divine,
And love, not learning, prompt it to be good.

But if they read with child-like awe,
Diviner truths than Plato saw
Adoring peasants on their knees discern;
While secrets, which were veiled of yore
And Angels' study more and more
The infant-scholars of the Spirit learn.

Each Lesson, with maternal care
Adjusted well for praise and prayer,
Long may adoring hearts in love peruse;
Until, from sin and self made free,
Our lives embodied Scripture be,
And, when the Saviour calls, no cross refuse!

Holding His piercèd Hands on high
Before enthronèd Deity,
The God incarnate as our Priest prevails:
Go, seek His interceding grace,
And in the light of that blest Face
Behold a sympathy, which never fails!

If, as we learn the truth, we live,
True love to God the truth will give:
Spirit Divine! do Thou interpret all,
Till God's Word with divine control

Reign like a soul within a soul,
And prove us children when on God we call.
ROBERT MONTGOMERY

WEDNESDAY

TRUTH through the sacred volume hidden lies,
And spreads from end to end her secret wing,
Through ritual, type, and storied mysteries.
From this or that, when Error points her sting,
From all her holds, Truth's stern defences spring,
And text to text the full accordance bears.
Through every page the universal King,
From Eden's loss unto the end of years,
From east unto the west, the Son of Man appears.

. . . . . .

O Holy Truth, whene'er Thy voice is heard,
A thousand echoes answer to the call;
Tho' oft inaudible Thy gentle word,
While we regard not. Take me from the thrall
Of passionate hopes, be Thou my all in all;
So may obedience lead me by the hand
Into Thine inner shrine and secret hall.
Thence hath Thy voice gone forth o'er sea and land,
And all that voice may hear—but none can understand,

Save the obedient. From both love and hate,
Affections vile, low cares, and envy's blight,
And controversial leanings and debate,
Save me! from earthy film my mental sight
Purge Thou, make my whole body full of light!
So may my eyes from all things Truth convey,

My ears in all Thy lessons read aright,
My dull heart understand, and I obey,
Following where'er Thy Church hath mark'd the ancient way.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

THURSDAY

THE time is short;
Therefore with all thy might,
Labour for God and Right.
Pause not for heats and shadows of the day,
Fail not for difficulties of the way:
Be true, be pure, be strong!
Eternity is long.

The time is short;
Sin, misery, and despair
Darken the earth and air;
Therefore do thou with Heaven intercede,
And for thy brethren, ere they perish, plead:
Pray for the prayerless throng!
Eternity is long.

The time is short;
Therefore, my brother, love!
Love always! God above
Is one with thee in this; O take
His crown of thorns, and thine own self forsake!
Love, spite of pain and wrong!
Eternity is long.

SHIRLEY WYNNE

FRIDAY

"WHAT is Life, Father?"
"A Battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail.
Where the foes are gathered on every hand
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, Father?"
"The Rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er;
The Angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal Peace."

"Let me die, Father! I tremble, and fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"

"The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
In the battle-field of life;
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The Angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

SATURDAY

TO weary hearts, to mourning homes
God's meekest Angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again.
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure,
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wandering pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on the way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers "Be resigned";
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

HARK! through the lonely waste,
By foot of man unpaced,
Prepare the way—a warning voice resounds;
Level the opposing hill,
The hollow valley fill,
Make straight the crooked, smooth the rugged grounds:
Prepare a passage, form it plain and broad,
And through the desert make a highway for our God.

Thine, Baptist, was the cry,
In ages long gone by,
Heard in clear accents by the Prophet's ear;
As if 'twere thine to wait,
And with imperial state
Herald some Eastern monarch's proud career;
Who thus might march his host in full array,
And speed through trackless wilds his unresisted way.

But other task hadst thou
Than lofty hills to bow,
Make straight the crooked, the rough places plain:
Thine was the harder part
To smooth the human heart,
The wilderness where sin had fixed his reign;
To make deceit his mazy wiles forego,
Bring down high vaulting pride, and lay ambition low.

Such, Baptist, was thy care,
That no objection there
Might check the progress of the King of kings;

But that a clear highway,
Might welcome the array,
Of Heavenly graces which His Presence brings;
And where Repentance had prepared the road,
There Faith might enter in, and Love to man and God.

RICHARD MANT

WEEK OF THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

MONDAY

SPIRIT of Christ! Thy grace be given
To those who lead Thine host, that they
With might may wield the sword of Heaven,
Thus strengthened on their weary way.

Oft, as at morn or soothing eve,
Over the Fount of Truth they lean,
Their fading garland freshly weave
Or fan them with Thine airs serene:—

Spirit of Light and Truth! to Thee
We trust them in that musing hour,
That they, with open heart and free,
May teach Thy Word in all its power.

When foemen watch their tents by night
And mists hang thick o'er moor and fell,
Spirit of Counsel and of Might,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.

And O ! when worn and tired they sigh
With that more fearful war within,
When passion's storms are loud and high
And, brooding o'er remembered sin,

The heart dies down, O mightiest, then
Come ever true, come ever near ;
And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy Fear.

JOHN KEBLE

TUESDAY

THE world is sick, and yet not unto death ;
There is for it a day of health in store ;
From lips of love there comes the healing breath—
The breath of Him Who all its sickness bore,
And bids it rise to strength and beauty evermore.

Evil still reigns ; and deep within we feel
The fever and the palsy and the pain
Of life's perpetual heart-aches, that reveal
The rooted poison, which, from heart and brain,
We labour to extract, but labour all in vain !

Our skill avails not ; ages come and go,
Yet bring with them no respite and no cure ;
The hidden wound, the sigh of pent-up woe,
The sting we smother but must still endure,
The worthless anodynes which no relief procure,—

All these cry out for something more divine,
Which the worst woes of earth may not withstand—
Medicine that cannot fail, the oil and wine,
The balm and myrrh, growth of no earthly land,
And the all-skilful touch of the great Healer's hand.

Man needs a prophet: Heavenly Prophet, speak,
And teach him what he is too proud to hear.
Man needs a priest: True Priest, Thy silence break,
And speak the words of pardon in his ear.
Man needs a king: O King of kings, at length in love appear.

HORATIUS BONAR

WEDNESDAY

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight,
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise—
  May be the Angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
  And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait, and see,
  With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
  The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
The soul to God in after days!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

THURSDAY

THE days of old were days of might
  In forms of greatness moulded,
And flowers of Heaven grew on the earth
  Within the Church unfolded:
For grace fell fast as summer dew,
And Saints to giant stature grew.

But one by one the gifts are gone
  That in the Church resided,
And gone the Spirit's living light
  That on her walls abided,
When by our shrines He came to dwell
In power and presence visible.

A blight hath past upon the Church,
  Her summer hath departed,
The chill of age is on her sons,

The cold, and fearful-hearted;
And sad, amid neglect and scorn,
Our Mother sits and weeps forlorn.

Narrow and narrower still each year
The holy circle groweth,
And what the end of all shall be
Nor man nor Angel knoweth:
And so we wait and watch in fear;—
It may be that the Lord is near!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

FRIDAY

WHAT, what is tried in the fires of God?
And what are the fires that try?—
All, all is tried in the fires of God,
And many the fires that try.

And what is burnt in the fires of God?—
All but the fine, fine gold;
The treasures we offer for praise and pride
Or for pride and self withhold;
And *we*, as far as our souls are wrapt
In the raiment that waxeth old.

And when will the fires of God be lit?—
They are burning every day;
They are trying us all, within and without,
The gold and the potter's clay.

But what is *lost* in the fires of God?—
Nothing that is not dross;
No tiniest grain of the golden sands,
Or wood of the true, true Cross;

No smallest seed of the lowliest deed
Of faith and hope and love,
The precious things that abide earth's fires,
And for ever abide, above.

Yea, nought is lost in the fires of God
That is not waste or dross—
That we would not choose, could we see, to lose,
And say, this was gain not loss.

ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES

SATURDAY

BECAUSE the world might not pretend
It knew not of Thy coming Day,
Thou didst, O Christ, before Thee send
A Crier to prepare Thy way:
Thy Kingdom was the bliss he brought,
Repentance was the way he taught.

And that his voice might not alone
Inform us what we should believe,
His life declared what must be done,
If Thee we purpose to receive:
His life our pattern therefore make,
That we the course he took may take.

Let us not gad to pleasure's court,
With fruitless toys to feed the mind;
Nor to that wilderness resort,
Where reeds are shaken with the wind:
But tread the path he trod before,
That both a prophet was and more.

Thus from the Crier let us learn,
For Thee, sweet Jesus, to prepare,
And others of their sins to warn,
However for the same we fare:
So Thou to us, and we to Thee,
Shall when Thou comest welcome be.

GEORGE WITHER

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

AH, what time wilt Thou come? when shall that cry,
The Bridegroom's coming, fill the sky?
Shall it in the evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will Thy all-surprising light
Break at mid-night?
Or shall these early fragrant hours
Unlock Thy bowers,
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crowned with eternity?
Indeed it is the only time
That with Thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring, ev'ry field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole creation shakes off night,
And for Thy shadow looks the light;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepy planets set and slumber,
The pursy clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter,
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning star.

Oh at what time soever Thou
Unknown to us the heavens wilt bow,
And with Thy Angels in the van
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security;
Where if a traveller water crave
He finds it dead, and in a grave.
But as this restless vocal spring
All day and night doth run and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted;
So let me all my busy age
In Thy free services engage.

HENRY VAUGHAN

WEEK OF THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

MONDAY

LORD! come away!
Why dost Thou stay?
Thy road is ready; and Thy paths made straight
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet!
Ride on triumphantly! Behold we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in Thy way!
Hosanna! Welcome to our hearts! Lord, here
Thou hast a temple too; and full as dear
As that of Zion, and as full of sin:
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein:

Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Crucify them, that they may never more
Profane that holy place
Where Thou hast chose to set Thy face!
And then, if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of Thy Deity,
The stones out of the temple-wall
Shall cry aloud, and call
Hosanna! and Thy glorious footsteps greet!

JEREMY TAYLOR

TUESDAY

HOW many a Grecian youth of old,
Preparing for the Isthmian plain,
And driven by thirst of fame, was bold
For discipline that he might gain
An athlete's vigour well-controlled,
And win the olive crown through pain!

But, when in time of wrinkled age
His earlier force had ebbed away,
And, closing now his pilgrimage,
He viewed the wreath's forlorn decay,
Then he at last grew wise to gauge
The fleeting worth of glory's day.

Therefore shall we give precious years
And sacred energies of soul
To win the world's resounding cheers
And triumph at its vaunted goal?
Nay, such a guerdon calms no fears
When Doomsday's awful thunders roll!

But rather may the second sight
Of Faith disclose the prize unseen,
And urge us, led by its delight
To tame the sins, that intervene,
And fight with joy a nobler fight
For crowns of never-fading green!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

WEDNESDAY

CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase—
Maranatha!
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter Cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign—
Maranatha!
Let each heart repeat the strain!

Though once cradled in a manger,
Oft no pillow but the sod;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mocked of men, disowned of God—
All creation
Yet shall own Thy kingly rod.

Long Thine exiles have been pining
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;

But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see—
Maranatha!
Haste the joyous jubilee!

With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty Advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue—
Maranatha!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

JOHN ROSS MACDUFF

THURSDAY

THE Lord shall come in dead of night,
When all is stillness round;
How happy they, whose lamps are bright,
Who hail the trumpet's sound!

How blind and dead the world appears!
How deep her slumbers are!
Still dreaming that the day she fears
Is distant and afar!

Who spends his day in holy toil,
His talent used aright,
That he may haste, with heavenly spoil,
To meet his Lord that night?

Are ye arousing from their sleep,
The saints who dare to rest,
And calling every one to keep
A watch more true and blest?

Wake up, my heart and soul, anew,
Let sleep no moment claim;
But hourly watch, as if ye knew
This night the Master came.

The Lord shall come in dead of night,
When all is stillness round;
How happy they whose lamps are bright,
Who hail the trumpet's sound!

JANE BORTHWICK

FRIDAY

WATCHMAN, what of the night?
Clears not the darkened sky?
Come there no signs of light?
Is not the morning nigh?
"Darkness is all around;
Nowhere may light be found,
Save from the watcher's fire;
Thou must again inquire."

Watchman, what of the night?
Long I have lain awake,
Yearning for fair and bright;
Finding no dawn to break.
"Darkness begins to fly,
Though but to watcher's eye:
Still must the night-lamp burn;
Yet thou may'st soon return."

Watchman, what of the night?
Peaceful is now my state;
Long as my God deems right,
Quiet my soul will wait.

"Up! from the eastern hills,
Rays are like gushing rills;
Up, from thy darkness spring;
Up, and thine anthem sing."

LORD KINLOCH

SATURDAY

YET if his majesty our sovereign lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand.
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright
That without tapers they may give a light.
Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dais o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place."
Thus, if the king were coming would we do,
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.
But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven:

We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And as at first still lodge Him in the manger.

CHRISTMAS EVE

ALL hail, thou night, than day more bright,
Through whose mysterious shade,
In wondrous birth, arose on earth,
From bosom of pure Maid,
The Sun new-born, a Star of morn,
Filling the world with light!

He Who alone, from Heaven's high Throne,
Rules all, and doth restore
To God's embrace man's fallen race,
Lies on a cottage floor,
Like Him that we, save poverty,
Have nought to call our own.

While o'er their sheep close watch they keep,
Those shepherds first receive
The heavenly call, that doth to all
Great joy and gladness give,—
The call from Heaven, to watchmen given
That wake and never sleep.

W. J. Blew

CHRISTMAS DAY

COME, ye lofty! come, ye lowly!
Let your songs of gladness ring!
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King:

See, in Mary's arms reposing,
Christ by highest Heaven adored:
Come! your circle round Him closing,
Pious hearts that love the Lord.

Come, ye poor! no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore:
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen round about behold them,
Rafters naked, cold, and bare:
See! the shepherds! God has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

Come, ye children, blithe and merry!
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake:
Come, ye gentle hearts and tender!
Come, ye spirits keen and bold!
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

High above a star is shining,
And the Wise Men haste from far:
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining!
For you all has risen the Star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise:
Come, ye people! come, ye nations!
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing:
Christ the Lord to man is born:
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?

Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas-blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

ARCHER GURNEY

ST STEPHEN'S DAY

SILENCE! though the flames arise and quiver:
Silence! though the crowd howls on for ever,
Silence! Through this fiery purgatory
God is leading up a soul to glory.

See, the white lips with no moans are trembling,
Hate of foes or plaint of friends' dissembling;
If sighs come—his patient prayers outlive them,
"Lord, these know not what they do. Forgive them!"

Thirstier still the roaring flames are glowing;
Fainter in his ear the laughter growing;
Brief will last the fierce and fiery trial;
Angel welcomes drown the earth denial.

Now the amorous death-fires, gleaming ruddy,
Clasp him close. Down drops the quivering body,
While through harmless flames ecstatic flying
Shoots the beauteous soul. This, this is *dying*.

Lo, the opening sky with splendour rifted;
Lo, the palm-branch for his hands uplifted;
Lo, the immortal chariot, cloud-descending,
And its legion'd Angels close attending.

Let his poor dust mingle with the embers,
While the crowds sweep on and none remembers:
Saints unnumber'd through the Infinite Glory,
Praising God, recount the Martyr's story.

D. M. MULOCH CRAIK

ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY

THE blue Egean's countless waves in Sabbath sunlight smiled,
And murmuring washed the rocky shore of that lone island wild;
Where unto him "whom Jesus loved," such views sublime were given,
That e'en the land of exile shone "the very gate of Heaven!"

He saw the radiant form of Him, upon Whose sorrowing breast,
At the last supper's solemn feast his weary head found rest;
One "like unto the Son of Man," all glorious to behold,
Arrayed in robes of dazzling light, and girt with purest gold.

. . . . . .

He heard the mighty new-made song, to Angel-hosts unknown,
Go up like incense unto Him that sat upon the Throne;
And the pure strains by Seraphs sung in that celestial sphere,
In sweetest cadence rose and fell upon his listening ear.

Within the flashing walls of Heaven, with jewelled
splendour bright,
He saw the countless multitudes arrayed in saintly
white;
He marked them with their waving palms, in
worship bending low
Before the feet of Him Who smil'd beneath the
emerald bow.

The pearly gates, the crystal sea, the universal
hymn,
The sun-bright forms, the brilliant eyes, which
tears may never dim,
The healing trees, the fadeless flowers, the harp-
ings of the blest,
In splendid vision to his soul revealed the promised
rest.

Long since that aged saint hath reached the fair
celestial shore,
And gained the martyr's crown, for he the martyr's
suffering bore;
Long since his happy feet have stood within his
Father's home,
Yet *still* the mighty voice he heard, with ceaseless
cry, saith, "Come!"

And life's bright fountain springeth yet, as free,
and fresh, and fair,
As when in Patmos' dreary Isle it cheered the
exile there!
And hark! the Spirit and the Bride repeat in
mercy still,
That he who is athirst may drink—yea, *whosoever
will!*

O blessed voices! be it ours your loving call to hear
And so obey that when, at last, from yonder radiant sphere
The Heavenly Bridegroom shall descend to claim His own again,
We may lift up our heads and say, "Lord, even so, Amen!"

ELIZABETH SURR

THE INNOCENTS' DAY

RAHEL weeping for her children,
Flowers in early spring laid low;
None may comfort, none may cheer her,
Faint and pallid, full of woe.
Yet the slain are girt with triumph;
They shall swell the victors' song;
Theirs the crown with scarce a struggle,
First-fruits of the martyr throng!

Bethlehem's streets are dark with mourning,
All is woe and wild despair;
But within the heavenly city
John beheld a vision fair:
Little ones with palms rejoicing
In their happy, high estate,
Following with eager footsteps
Christ, the Lamb Immaculate.

There, in that eternal country,
Men of peace have peace for aye;
There the sword is sheathed for ever;
Foes are banished far away.

Here, Lord, mortify within us
Vices which Thine eye offend:
Keep us, children, pure and holy,
Constant, faithful, to the end.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX

WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF CHRISTMAS DAY

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Salem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,—

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory gild the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts to Zion came;
High Heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they smote their harps and sung:

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye:
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of Nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of Despair.

He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bid Satan and his host depart;
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

CARRY me, Babe, to Bethlehem now,
For I would look on Thee, my God!
Thou art alone my goal,—and Thou,
Thou to that goal the only road.

From my deep slumbers bid me wake,
Call me,—no evil shall betide me;
Give me Thy heavenly hand to guide me,
And I shall not Heaven's way mistake.
So shall I straight to Bethlehem go,
Where I shall look on Thee, my God!
Thou art alone my goal,—and Thou,
Thou to that goal the only road.

Though I'm oppressed with want and woe,
Though I am clad in garments torn,
Though I'm a wanderer lost and lorn,
Guide me, my God! where'er I go!
Bring me, I pray, to Bethlehem now,
Where I may look on Thee, my God!
Thou art alone my goal,—and Thou,
Thou to that goal my only road.

SIR JOHN BOWRING

AWAY with sorrow's sigh,
Our prayers are heard on high;
And through Heaven's crystal door,
On this our earthly floor,
Comes meek-eyed Peace to walk with poor mortality.

In dead of night profound,
There breaks a seraph sound
Of never-ending morn;
The Lord of glory born
Within a holy grot on this our sullen ground.

O sight of strange surprise
That fills our gazing eyes!
A manger coldly strew'd,
And swaddling-bands so rude,
A leaning mother poor, and child that helpless lies.

Art Thou, O wondrous sight,
Of lights the very Light,
Who holdest in Thy hand
The sky and sea and land,—
Who than the glorious heavens art more exceeding bright?

'Tis so: Faith darts before,
And, through the cloud drawn o'er,
She sees the God of all,
Where Angels prostrate fall,
Adoring, tremble still, and trembling still adore.

Within us, Babe Divine,
Be born, and make us Thine;

Within our souls reveal
Thy love and power to heal;
Be born, and make our hearts Thy cradle and Thy shrine.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed Angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the Angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;

Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the Angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

SLEEP, Holy Babe,
Upon Thy mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest!

Sleep, Holy Babe:
Thine Angels watch around,
All bending low, with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, Holy Babe,
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile,
Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Holy Babe;
Ah! take Thy brief repose:
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

Then must those hands
Which now so fair I see,
Those little pearly feet of Thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me.

Then must that brow
Its thorny crown receive;
That cheek, more lovely than the rose,
[illegible] drenched with blood, and marred with blows,
That I thereby may live.

EDWARD CASWALL

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST

YE flaming Powers, and wingèd warriors bright,
That erst with music and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
Now mourn; and if, sad share with us to bear,
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow;
He Who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere
Entered the world, now bleeds to give us ease.
Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!
Oh, more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till He that dwelt above
High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied His glory, even to nakedness;
And that great cov'nant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day; but oh, ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near His heart!

JOHN MILTON

HOURS, and days, and months, and years,
Come and go, arise and fall,
Gains and losses, smiles and tears
Freely scattered through them all;
O my Saviour! let them be
(Pregnant with Thy life divine),
Spent in better serving Thee,
And becoming wholly Thine.

O'er the threshold of the year,
Sprinkled with Thy precious blood,
Let me draw to Thee more near,
Made by Thee more wise and good;
O my Saviour, when this soul
Proudly would its way pursue,
Let Thy sorrow's soft control
Gently chasten and subdue.

For the blessed years gone by,
And the joys which winged their flight,
For the blessed hopes on high,
Making all the future bright;
For the stay and strength Thou art,
Ever wast, and still shalt be,
O my Saviour, let this heart
Ring its joy-bells out to Thee.

Let the memory of the past
Shed its glow on years to come,
Yield its wisdom, and at last
Light my wand'ring footsteps home;
O my Saviour! with Thy blood
Sprinkle all my future days,
Make them holy, keep them good,
Fill them with Thine endless praise.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

THE EPIPHANY

FROM princely walls, in Eastern pomp arrayed,
They seek the distant Bethlehem's lowly shade;
Faith leads the way, and gathers light, and now
Leans upon hope, which strengthens as they go.

What gladness crowns their steps, as now to view,
The heavenly messenger appears anew;
And o'er the roof the star descending mild,
Showed in the mother's arms the Holy Child!

But yet no ivory here, no glowing gold,
No purple royalties the Babe enfold;

His palace-hall, a stable's solitude!
His regal throne, a manger dark and rude!

Others let kingly pomp and power adorn,
His is a better kingship; on this morn,
He, on His poor straw pallet meanly laid,
Hath hearts of men with viewless sceptre swayed.

Lo! at His humble cradle, on bent knee,
They in the Child adore the Deity!
And to that Child, us of that Gentile seed,
And to that humble cradle, Faith shall lead.

Love is the gold, meet offering for a king;
Myrrh to the Son of Man shall abstinence bring;
And prayer shall be the ascending frankincense,
Which owns our God in veil'd omnipotence.

Glory to God the Father, fount of Light;
To Him, Who shone upon the Gentile's night;
And unto Him, well-spring of Charity,
All equal in mysterious Unity.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

THE wise men to Thy cradle-throne,
O Infant Saviour, brought, of old,
The incense meet for God alone,
Sharp myrrh, and shining gold.

Shine on us too, sweet Eastern Star,
Thine own baptizèd Gentile band,
Till we have found our Lord from far,
An offering in our hand!

Till we have brought the fine gold rare,
Of zeal that giveth all for love;
Till we have prayed the glowing prayer,
Like incense borne above;

Till bitter tears our eyes have wet,
Because our wilful hearts would err;
Worship and love and sorrow met,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

All meet for Thee, our own adored,
Our suffering Saviour, God, and King;
Accept the gold and incense, Lord:
Accept the myrrh, we bring.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

I SOUGHT for Wisdom in the morning time,
When the sun cleared the hills; and strove to climb
Where I could further see; but all in vain
The efforts made: 'twas but a wearying strain
At truth; nor had of knowledge save the pain.

There rose a star i' th' east, before 'twas night,
And spoke of God; but only spoke of might,
And height, and distance; in a gathering mist,
I lost the star; I could not but persist
To seek, but how to find it nothing wist.

I journeyed long and darkly; but at last
The star appeared; and now its beams were cast
On a poor stable, where, in swaddling bands,
An Infant lay in virgin mother's hands;
Fixed there it stood; and fixed for me still stands.

I found where Wisdom dwelt; and, in my joy,
Brought forth my gifts; gold, though it held alloy,
Which dimmed its worth; incense from forth a breast
Warm with new love; myrrh, through all life possessed,
Fragrant to make the couch of earth's last rest.

LORD KINLOCH

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

WHAT earth appeared to Angel eyes
That Sabbath morn in Paradise,
When man before his Father stood,
And God beheld that all was good—

When Nature, guiltless yet of stain,
Returned her Maker's smile again,
And over all created things
Lingered the Spirit's brooding Wings—

So fair, so fresh, so free from taint,
Beyond all mortal skill to paint,
So calm in growing strength serene,
The Holy Childhood must have been.

A Garden fed with Heavenly Dew,
Where all things lovely bloomed and grew,
Where knowledge both of good and ill,
But left the heart more holy still.

But vainly would we seek to raise
The veil that shrouds Christ's early days,
Each wondrous Act, each Word sublime
That beautified that glorious Prime.

A few brief lines of Sacred Writ
Contain the whole we know of it;
And where the eye of faith may see
The lowly Home of Galilee,

Where daily in His Mother's sight
He grew in Wisdom, and in Might;
The path of meek obedience trod,
In favour both with man and God.

ANNA H. DRURY

WEEK OF THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

MONDAY

HE grew in Wisdom! who can weigh
The meaning which those Words convey;
Or trace the deep mysterious line
Between the Human and Divine?

We only know the daily growth
Was that of Mind and Body both,
Until the Perfect Childhood passed
Into the Perfect Man at last.

Yet one recorded scene alone
A Glory o'er those years hath thrown,
Revealing to His Mother's Soul
A Realm beyond her Love's control.

Teaching both her, who meekly heard
And treasured every sacred Word,
And all His Church from age to age,
Who read them in the Gospel page,

That far above all earthly claim
Was that great Work for which He came,
And far beyond all earthly tie,
The Sonship of His Deity.

And if to those who love Him most
His Presence for a while be lost,
And on Life's crowded road they find
That they have left their Lord behind,

Let them each erring step retrace,
And seek Him through His Means of Grace
Who, in His Father's House of Prayer,
Still doth His Work of Mercy there.

ANNA H. DRURY

TUESDAY

"NIGHT flies before the orient morning,"
So speaks the dial's accents clear:
So better speaks the prophet's warning
To ears that hear.

"Night flies before the sun ascending";
The sun goes down, the shadow spreads;
O come the day which, never ending,
No night succeeds!

And, see! a purer day-spring beaming,
Unwonted light; nor moon nor sun;
But Light itself, with glory streaming,
God on His Throne.

And thence the river flows of gladness,
  And there the tree of comfort grows,
Which whoso tastes, all sense of sadness,
    All care, foregoes.

O tree profuse of life and healing;
  O stream of pleasure, ever new;
O day of light, God's light revealing,
    Essential, true:—

For ye, for righteous men and lowly,
  God's saints, that promised seat prepare;
Nor impious aught, nor aught unholy
    Finds entrance there:

Prompt ye my spirit, lest the slumber
  Of reckless sloth its pow'rs enchain;
Or worldly lusts its course encumber,
    Or thoughts profane.

RICHARD MANT

WEDNESDAY

FOR message of the Written Word,
  In every clime proclaimed and heard,
And wondrous energies of thought,
  By which its inner tones are caught,
Inspirer of the Holy Page,
Thy Church gives thanks from age to age!

But O! from vanity, that swells
The foolish mind, wherein there dwells
  No thirst for Wisdom, save of earth,
  Untouched by aught of heavenly birth,
Thou, Who of knowledge hast the key
Hold us in listening ever free!

Rather with longing of desire,
Wherewith to Thee we shall aspire,
And meek humility of heart,
That knows to take the scholar's part,
O Student at the Doctors' feet,
Endow Thy learners, we entreat!

And so with utterance of Thy will,
Which Thou shalt help us to fulfil;
And glories of Thyself unveiled,
By us with answering fervour hailed,
O Judge, preparing for Thy Throne,
Make us, before too late, Thine own!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

THURSDAY

NOW take my heart and all that is in me,
My Lord beloved, take it from me to Thee;
I would have Thine
This soul and flesh of mine;
Would order thought and word and deed
As Thy most holy will shall lead.

Thou feedest me with heavenly bread and wine,
Thou pourest through me streams of life divine;
Oh noble Face,
So sweet, so full of grace,
I ponder as Thy Cross I see,
How best to give myself to Thee.

Behold, through all the eternal ages, still
My heart shall choose and love Thy holy will;
Wouldst Thou my death,
I die to Thee in faith;

Wouldst Thou that I should longer live,
To Thee the choice I wholly give.

But Thou must also deign to be my own,
To dwell in me, to make my heart Thy throne,
My God indeed,
My Help in time of need,
My Head, from Whom no power can sever,
The Bridegroom of my soul for ever!

LYRA GERMANICA

FRIDAY

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be!
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy Cross, the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of Heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

Saviour! lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretch'd the hand, and strain'd the sight,
For Thy SPIRIT, new-creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light;

Give the word, and of the preacher
  Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth, by every creature,
  Glory to the LAMB be sung.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE

SATURDAY

I ASK a perfect creed!
  Oh, that to me were given,
The teaching that leads none astray,
  The scholarship of Heaven!

Sure wisdom and pure light,
  With lowly, loving fear;
The steadfast, ever-looking eye,
  The ever-listening ear.

Calm faith that grasps the word
  Of Him Who cannot lie;
That hears alone the voice divine,
  Though crowds are standing by.

The one, whole truth I seek,
  In this sad age of strife;
The truth of Him Who is the Truth,
  And in whose truth is life.

Truth which contains true rest;
  Which is the grave of doubt;
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
  And casts the falsehood out.

O True One, give me truth!
  And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
  And set my spirit free.

O Truth of God, destroy
The cloud, the chain, the war;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be,
My bright and morning star!

HORATIUS BONAR

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

COME to our joyous marriage feast,
The bride has decked her hair,
The board is full, the wine is red;
Come forth our mirth to share.

Thus merrily through Cana's town
Had the glad summons poured,
But had not told what honoured Guest
Should grace that festal board;

Even He, The GOD, for us made Man,
His lowly mother near,
Who sat and smiled upon the rite,
And blessed the bridal cheer.

Why do the servants pause in doubt?
The voice of mirth is stayed;
"My Son, they have no wine to drink,"
Softly the mother said.

Oh Loving LORD, and *Good* to all,
He marked the lowly need,
Yet gently chid the eager voice
That urged His gracious deed.

"Fill to the brim the water pots."
And they obey His sign;
They draw, they bear; the clear pure wave
Is turned to rosy wine.

No more when Cana's brides are wed
CHRIST comes the feast to share;
But Christian hands may spread the board,
And He will still be there,

To hallow still our festive hours,
If chastened be our mirth,
Such as we had not feared if He
Had looked on when on earth.

O Thou to Whom all might and power
In this wide earth belong,
Changing her natural elements,
And making weak things strong;

Change Thou Thy children's sinful hearts,
Bless Thou their weak design;
For man may fill the water pot,
GOD makes the water wine.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

WEEK OF THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

MONDAY

IRRESOLUTE, I stand perplext,
What pathway shall I follow next?
Show me the way that I must take;
Show me, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.

He is the upward way for all,
Upon whose steep ascents there fall
Sweet lustres from the gates above,
The ever-open gates of love.

I know Him: but when thus I stay,
And musing loiter time away,
A shadow dims that sacred light
Which shines to guide from height to height.

Unless some earthly way I take,
I cannot heavenward progress make;
With settled aim and conscience clear,
What shall I do? how journey here?

My soul the untried seas would dare,
Or sands of every way-mark bare,
Should but Thy voice distinctly say,
"Go forward, soul; there lies thy way."

Say, "This thou *must* do": such behest
Can make the darkest path the best:
If but I know my way through time,
My soul those sunny steeps can climb.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

TUESDAY

JESU, the heart's own sweetness and true light,
Thou art the secret Fountain that o'erflows
The weary soul, surpassing all delight,
In Whom each anxious longing finds repose.

Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy kindly ray
Enlighten our dark spirits, at whose birth
Dark shades shall flee the opening eye of day,
And sweetness shall revive the drooping earth.

When Thou the heart dost visit all things seem
Made new; Truth shines in her unclouded form,
Emerging from the world as from a dream;
And Love, her face beholding, waxeth warm.

Good Jesus, while time's scroll I still unfold,
Do Thou to me Thy love make manifest,
That I, mid clouds that wrap me, may behold
Thine everlasting glory, and find rest.

He whom Thine oil makes glad as with new wine,
He knows that knowledge which is from above;
Full blest is he; that fulness is divine,
And there is nothing else that he can love.

Thou art the Fount of pity; as it flows
All drink of Thine abundance infinite:
Thou art the only lamp Thy country knows;
Scatter the clouds, and show us Thy true light.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

WEDNESDAY

AS hart pants high for gushing rills,
So pants my soul, O God, to Thee:
Deep eager thirst my bosom fills
With God, the living God, to be.
When shall I dare again draw near?
When in th' Almighty's sight appear?

Tears are my bread both night and day,
Long weary days and nights of care,
While hourly to my soul they say,
"Where now thy God? thy Champion, where?"
Thus count I mournful thoughts apart,
Thus on myself I pour my heart.

For I would pass th' o'ershading veil,
The curtain of the Lord's abode,
Their way with soothing welcomes hail
Who seek the portal of my God,
With voice of joy and thankful song,
With tumult of a festal throng.

My soul, why bow'd and drooping go?
Why restless o'er me moan and cry?
Wait on the Lord: even yet I know
My songs shall own His guardian eye.—
My God—around me cower and shrink
My fearful thoughts—behold I sink.

JOHN KEBLE

THURSDAY

THEREFORE to Thee I musing turn
From where I rove on Jordan's shore,
And from mine own low hill discern
The bright'ning ridge of Hermon hoar.

Deep calls on wak'ning deep, at sound
Of Thy dark wat'ry pillars; all
Thy wild sea-waves are gath'ring round,
Thy breakers o'er me burst and fall.

Yet God in daily station set
His watchful love; His melody
Comes nightly near; it haunts me yet,
God of my life, my prayer to Thee.

I to the Lord will say, My Rock,
Why hast Thou cast me out of mind?
Why go I mourning, for the flock
Of scorners to bear down and bind?

They wound, they bruise me to the bone,
With spite and scorn around me close—
"Where is thy God? for ever gone?"
So cry all day my thronging foes.

Yet wherefore droop, my heart, and why
So restless o'er me moan and fret?
Trust God:—th' Enlight'ner of mine eye,
Mine own true God, I praise Him yet.

JOHN KEBLE

FRIDAY

JUDGE me, and plead my cause, O God,
Against th' unpitying kind;
Redeem me from the heart of fraud,
The faithless, lawless mind.

The God of my strong hold art Thou,
Why hast Thou cast me off?
Why walk I still with mourning brow,
While foemen crush and scoff?

O send from Heaven Thy truth and light,
And they shall lead me—they
Shall bring me to Thy holy height,
The tents of Thine array.

So to God's Altar my due feet
Th' unerring path may find:
My God, my Joy when visions sweet
Thrill keenest o'er my mind!

So with my lyre Thy praise shall blend,
O God, mine own true God!—
Ah why, my soul, so lowly bend,
So hopeless 'neath the rod?

Why restless o'er me moan and fret?
His time do thou abide:
Light of mine eyes, I praise Him yet,
Mine only God and Guide.

JOHN KEBLE

SATURDAY

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.
O whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course?
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?
To the vast ocean of empyreal flame
From whence thy essence came
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years th' appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
O say what art thou when no more thou'rt thee?
Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;—

Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning!

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

THE flower that in the lowly vale,
Beside the old gray stone,
Hides underneath her dark green leaves,
And blooms there all alone;

Her scented breath is just as sweet,
Her silken leaf as blue,
As though within the garden ground
Admired and prized she grew.

The lowly heart, the humble mind,
That shrink from human praise,
That wear away in unknown deeds
The measure of their days,

That know themselves unworthy all,
Their hearts how prone to ill,
Unmeet that Christ therein should dwell;
He knows and loves them still.

As when the lordly Roman prayed,
"I am not worthy, Lord,"
He smiled upon his trembling faith,
And heard his humble word.

He said that little children were
  Types of humility;
How humble, then, and meek of heart,
  His children ought to be.

No swelling pride, no thirst of praise,
  Their little hearts should move;
But humble prayers in meekness poured,
  And deeds of lowly love:

Meek as the flower that grows unmarked
  Where man has never trod,
Where only Angels watch her bloom
  Beneath the eye of God.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

WEEK OF THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

MONDAY

THE sufferer had been heard to say,
  "I am the unhappiest in the land";
But comforted went on his way,
  When Jesus took him by the hand.

The poor man had been oft passed by
  By many people rich and grand;
But found at last prosperity,
  When Jesus took him by the hand.

The sinner in unpitied blame
  Was perishing, an outcast banned;

But rose, and left behind his shame,
When Jesus took him by the hand.

And many of whom all men said,
"They've fallen never more to stand,"
Have risen, though they seemed as dead,
When Jesus took them by the hand.

O ye, who in the journey's length
Must often tread the weary sand,
Your fainting limbs must gather strength
If Jesus takes you by the hand.

"Come unto Me," the Saviour cries,
Nor speaks in accents falsely bland:
"Hard is the way," He says, "but rise":
And then He takes us by the hand.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

TUESDAY

FIRE is not quench'd with fire, and wrath
Adds fuel to the angry flame;
And whosoe'er would tread the path
Of peace, must hasty passion tame.

Art thou offended? look within,
And see how ye deserve rebuke;
And add not to another's sin,
By warm reply and spiteful look.

But, in the very brunt of haste,
By humble meekness ward the blow,
Let blessings be for curses placed,
To gain a friend, to lose a foe.

Let loving meekness, beaming bright,
O'er every word and action sit;
And let all angry, foul despite,
Be words, as 'twere, on water writ.

So shall your store of worth increase,
Your brother's passion clear away,—
So shall your souls be throned in peace,
Both here and in the eternal day!

Few are the hours, and long the path,
That leads through passing earth to Heaven,
Then let us turn away from wrath,
And all for peace and love be given.

WEDNESDAY

OH, give thanks to Him that made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.

Oh, give thanks to Nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame:
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

Oh, give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship;
And all creatures are His care:

Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?

Oh, give thanks to Him Who came
In a mortal, suffering frame,—
Temple of the Deity,—
Came, for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

JOSIAH CONDER

THURSDAY

AND feel I, Death ! no joy from thought of thee ?
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
With every nobler thought and fairer deed !
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man,
Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns !
Death, that absolves my birth, a curse without it !
Rich Death, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes ; without it a chimera !
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy ;
Joy's source and subject still subsist unhurt,
One in my soul and one in her great Sire,
Though the four winds were warring for my dust.
Yes, and from winds and waves and central night,
Though prisoned there, my dust I too reclaim,
To dust when drop proud Nature's proudest spheres,
And live entire. Death is the crown of life ;
Were Death denied, poor man would live in vain ;
Were Death denied, to live would not be life ;
Were Death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.

Death wounds to cure: we fall: we rise: we reign:
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies.
When blooming Eden withers in our sight:
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I *die*? When shall I live for ever?

EDWARD YOUNG

FRIDAY

TIME is a prince whose resistless sway
Everything earthly must needs obey;
The din of war, and the tyrant's frown,
And the shepherd's crook, and the conqueror's crown,
Palaces, pyramids, temples, towers—
With the falling leaves, and the fading flowers,
And the sunset's flush and the rainbow's ray—
At the touch of Time all are passing away.

And Death, with a passionless, cloudless eye,
And a crown of frost, standeth ever by;
He breathes on the brow of the old and the young,
He stays the heart and he stills the tongue;
From the fetter'd soul he unbinds the chain—
And the wave of passion, the pulse of pain,
And hope's fitful gleam, and woe's hurried breath,
Are all lapp'd in the glorious calm of Death!

But Love, on his sun-bright wings sublime,
Floats above the weltering foam of Time;
And the power of his paradisal breath
Flings a flush of life o'er the frost of Death.

Time shall pass like a dew-drop at dawn of day,
And Death like a rainbow shall fade away;
While Love by the Word of God shall be
The Sun of the Heaven of Eternity!

JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER

SATURDAY

FRET not, poor soul: while doubt and fear
Disturb thy breast,
The pitying Angels, who can see
How vain thy wild regret must be,
Say, Trust and Rest.

Plan not, nor scheme, but calmly wait;
His choice is best;
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right;
So Trust and Rest.

Strive not, nor struggle: thy poor might
Can never wrest
The meanest thing to serve thy will:
All power is His alone: Be still,
And Trust and Rest.

Desire not: self-love is strong
Within thy breast;
And yet He loves thee better still,
So let Him do His loving will,
And Trust and Rest.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns
Supreme, confessed;

His power is infinite; His love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above—
So Trust and Rest.
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

NOT afar from surf and wave
Thou didst speak the word and save,
But while tossing on the sea
Didst command tranquillity.

Not upon us from the skies
Didst Thou look with happy eyes,
But while sorrowing with us here
Thou didst shed the pitying tear.

Not with trumpet from a rock
Didst Thou guide the battle's shock,
But in front of us didst go,
And receive the heaviest blow.

Not alone the just man's friend,
Worthy lives didst Thou commend;
But to those who sinned before
Saidst Thou, "Go, and sin no more."

Thine the black and bitter bread,
Thine the busy, weary head,
Thine the ready, aching feet,
Thine the burden and the heat.

Worth the myriads of us,
Didst Thou live and labour thus,
Saviour, and shall we refuse
Everything that Thou didst choose?

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

WEEK OF THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

MONDAY

O THOU! the Unseen, the All-seeing! Thou Whose ways
Mantled with darkness mock all finite gaze,
Before Whose eyes the creatures of Thy hand,
Seraph and man, alike in weakness stand,
And countless ages, trampling into clay
Earth's empires on their march, are but a day;
Father of worlds unknown, unnumbered! Thou
With Whom all time is one eternal *now*,
Who know'st no past nor future—Thou Whose breath
Goes forth and bears to myriads life or death,
Look on us, guide us! wanderers of a sea
Wild and obscure, what are we, reft of Thee?
A thousand rocks, deep hid, elude our sight,
A star may set—and we are lost in night:
A breeze may waft us to the whirlpool's brink,
A treacherous song allure us—and we sink!
Oh! by His love Who, veiling Godhead's light,
To moments circumscribed the Infinite,
And Heaven and earth disdained not to ally
By that dread union—Man with Deity;

Immortal tears o'er mortal woes Who shed,
And, ere He raised them, wept above the dead;
Save, or we perish! Let Thy word control
The earthquakes of that universe—the soul;
Pervade the depths of passion—speak once more
The mighty mandate, guard of every shore,
"Here shall thy waves be stayed," in grief, in pain,
The fearful poise of reason's sphere maintain,
Thou, by Whom suns are balanced!—Thus secure
In Thee shall Faith and Fortitude endure:
Conscious of Thee, unfaltering shall the just
Look upward still, in high and holy trust,
And, by affliction guided to Thy shrine,
The first, last thoughts of suffering hearts be Thine.

FELICIA HEMANS

TUESDAY

I THINK if thou couldst know,
O soul that will complain,
What lies conceal'd below
Our burden and our pain;
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain,—
I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see,
With thy dim mortal sight,
How meanings dark to thee
Are shadows hiding light;
Truth's efforts cross'd and vex'd,
Life purpose all perplex'd,—
If thou couldst see them right,
I think that they would seem all clear and wise and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see;
Wisdom and sight are slow
In poor humanity.
If thou couldst *trust*, poor soul,
In Him Who rules the whole,
Thou wouldst find peace and rest;
Wisdom and right are well, but trust is best.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

WEDNESDAY

OF what an easy quick access,
My blessed Lord, art Thou! how suddenly
May our requests Thine ear invade!
To show that state dislikes not easiness,
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made;
Thou canst no more not hear than Thou canst die.

Of what supreme almighty power
Is Thy great arm, which spans the east and west,
And tacks the centre to the sphere!
By it do all things live their measured hour:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallowness of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art Thou possessed, Who, when Thou could'st not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sin reprove!
That, by destroying that which tied Thy purse,
Thou might'st make way for liberality.

Since then these three wait on Thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love; I value prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go:
I, and dear prayer, would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

GEORGE HERBERT

THURSDAY

I SHOULD not care how hard my fortunes were,
Might still my hopes be such, as now they are,
Of help divine; nor fear how poor I be,
If thoughts yet present still may bide in me;
For they have left assurance of such aid,
That I am of no danger now afraid.
Yea, now I see, methinks, what weak and vain
Supporters I have sought to help sustain
My fainting heart; when some injurious hand
Would undermine the station where I stand.
Methinks I see how scurvy and how base
It is, to scrape for favours and for grace
To men of earthly minds, and unto those
Who may, perhaps, before to-morrow, lose
Their wealth, or their abused authority,
And stand as much in want of help as I!
Methinks, in this new rapture I do see
The hand of God from Heaven supporting me,
Without those rotten aids for which I whined
When I was of my other, vulgar mind;
And if in some one part of me it lay,
I now could cut that limb of me away.
Still might I keep this mind, there were enough
Within myself (beside that cumbrous stuff

We seek without) which, husbanded aright,
Would make me rich for all the world's despite;
And I have hopes, that had she quite bereft me
Of those few rags and toys, which yet are left me,
I should on God alone so much depend
That I should need nor wealth, nor other friend.

GEORGE WITHER

FRIDAY

SAY, from what unknown source, mysterious Nile,
In climes remote, thy nurturing stream aye flows?
Amid the burning waste, what emerald isle
O'er thy blest birth delicious freshness throws?
Or,—nursed in mountain cave,
Distils thy limpid wave,
From regions wreathed with cloud, blanched with eternal snows?

Silent art thou: still, fair stream, like a thread
Of silvery light athwart the desert drear,
Through fields of smiling plenty hast thou sped
A weary length of wilderness to cheer.
Well-pleased, upon his way,
Such solace to survey,
The wanderer pitched his tent, and built him cities here.

To other gods doth Pharaoh lift his eyes,
And magic arts his reasoning powers beguile;
For, sun, and moon, and stars he deifies,
And monsters venomous, and reptiles vile;

And when he sees thy wave
The teeming landscape lave,
He bends in impious awe, and worships thee, O Nile!

Then didst thou witness the avenging rod,
Portentous wave, athwart thy troubled bed,
When, in defiance of an angry God,
An impious tyrant showed his haughty head.
Thy conscious wave no more
Heaven's tranquil aspect wore,
But, mantling o'er thy face, indignant blushes spread.

WILLIAM HENRY CHARLTON

SATURDAY

BE thou content: be still before
His face, at Whose right hand doth reign
Fulness of joy for evermore,
Without Whom all thy toil is vain:
He is thy living spring, thy sun, whose rays
Make glad with life and light thy dreary days:
Be thou content.

In Him is comfort, light, and grace,
And changeless love beyond our thought;
The sorest pang, the worst disgrace,
If He is there shall harm thee not.
He can lift off thy cross, and loose thy bands,
And calm thy fears; nay, death is in His hands:
Be thou content.

Or art thou friendless and alone,
Hast none in whom thou canst confide?
God careth for thee, lonely one:
Comfort and help He will provide,

He sees thy sorrows, and thy hidden grief,
He knoweth when to send thee quick relief:
Be thou content.

Thy heart's unspoken pain He knows,
Thy secret sighs He hears full well;
What to none else thou dar'st disclose,
To Him thou may'st with boldness tell.
He is not far away, but ever nigh,
And answereth willingly the poor man's cry:
Be thou content.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

THE waving fields of yellow corn
Grow ripe beneath the Autumn moon;
We know the reaper's ready hand
Will cut the golden harvest soon.

And there are many bright green weeds
With spreading flowers of gaudy hue
That grow together with the grain;
The reaper's hand shall cut them too.

Thus, even in Christ's Own Church, we see
The bad are mingled with the good,
And men forsake their early vows
And do not live as Christians should;

Yet the same sun is bright for all,
Earth's common gifts for all are poured;
And so we deem that God forgets
The promise of His awful Word.

But there shall come a harvest time,
When God's Own bands of Angels bright
Shall bind the golden sheaves for Heaven,
And fling the weeds to endless night.

Then not, O Lord, bad fruitless weeds,
Then not to fire eternal cast,
But bearing rich the fruits of life
Be all Thy children found at last!

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

WEEK OF THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

MONDAY

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower:
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great, but runneth to an end;
No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.

Not always full of leaf, nor ever spring,
No endless night, nor yet eternal day;

The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

TUESDAY

HE leads us on
By paths we did not know,
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow;
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of losses, sorrows, and o'erclouded days
We know His will is done;
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past—
Will give us rest at last.

JANE BORTHWICK

WEDNESDAY

HOW often on a morning bright,
Lord, Whom we cannot see,
Because Thou dwellest in the light,
We feel we are with Thee!

The sky, it is so beautiful,
It keenly brings to mind
Our many wishes dutiful,
Thy many bounties kind.

And pleasure seeks to make us wise,
Intenser for the pain
With which these memories arise
Of wishes that were vain.

Of wishes that have hastened toward
Thy work, yet would not stay;
Like him who ran to seek the Lord,
Yet sorrowing went away.

To be invited we were glad,
Yet glad to be excused;
Occasion's hour a welcome had,
And yet it passed unused.

But God in light has come again,
And comforts though He grieves;
For happiness is born of pain
To him who but believes.

Through tangled thoughts Thy mercy dea
Shines with a richer grace;
As skies are seen more sweetly clear
Through boughs that interlace.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

THURSDAY

ETERNAL Truth, almighty, infinite,
Only exilèd from man's fleshly heart,
Where ignorance and disobedience fight
In hell and sin which shall have greatest part,
When Thy sweet mercy opens forth the light
Of grace, which giveth eyes unto the blind,
And with the law even plowest up our sprite
To faith, wherein flesh may salvation find,
Thou bid'st us pray, and we do pray to Thee,
But as to Power, and God, without us placed,
Thinking a wish may wear out vanity,
Or habits be by miracles defaced.
One thought to God we give, the rest to sin;
Quickly unbent is all desire of good;
True words pass out, but have no being within;
We pray to Christ, yet help to shed His blood;
For while we say *believe*, and feel it not,
Promise amends, and yet despair in it,
Hear Sodom judged, and go not out with Lot,
Make law and gospel riddles of the wit,
We with the Jews even Christ still crucify,
As not yet come to our impiety.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE

FRIDAY

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all His treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature.
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

GEORGE HERBERT

SATURDAY

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial ground God's acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the Archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And sink the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God:
This is the place where human harvests grow!

H. W. LONGFELLOW

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

WE see the leaves fall withered from the trees,
And, year by year, the sweet flowers fade away,
They wither in the sharp Autumnal breeze;—
Has man no higher, holier hope than they?

Frail as the gentle flower we see him die,
The bright eye closes, and the failing breath
Heaves not the lip with its accustomed sigh;—
Hath he no hope, no comfort in his death?

O yes, the fair leaves falling where we tread
Shall clothe the waving forest trees no more;
But man shall rise immortal, from the dead,
Passing through death as through an open door—

An open door, through which faint glimpses come
Of the bright joys that blessed spirits find;
For Holy Scripture says, our Heavenly Home
Is fairer far than all we leave behind.

If then the Christian's hope so glorious be,
Should not the Christian purify his heart
To fit him for that Angel company
Wherewith he hopes hereafter to have part?

And more than Angels holy, pure, and high,
There's One Who left for us those realms of bliss,
Who won our places in that glorious sky,
And said our hearts must be made pure like His.

And in that Heaven His children hold of Him,
Himself shall to His faithful Saints be near,
Then let not our high hope grow faint and dim
But let us follow in His footsteps here.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

WEEK OF THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

MONDAY

WHEN up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see from earth's low clod
The wide and shining Home of God.

But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where planets duly run,
Still Heaven would spread above us far,
And earth remote would seem a star.

This earth with all its dust and tears
Is His no less than yonder spheres;
And raindrops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamped by His immediate hand.

The rock, the wave, the little flower,—
All fed by streams of living power
That spring from one Almighty Will,—
Whate'er His thought conceives fulfil.

We view those halls of painted air,
And own Thy presence makes them fair;
But nearer still to Thee, O Lord,
Is he whose thoughts with Thine accord.

JOHN STERLING

TUESDAY

IF as a flower doth spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were by frost's extremity
Nipt in the bud;

The sweetness and the praise were Thine;
But the extension and the room
Which in Thy garland I should fill were mine
At Thy great doom.

For as Thou dost impart Thy grace,
The greater shall our glory be.

The measure of our joys is in this place,
The stuff with Thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend
A life as barren to Thy praise,
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend
But with delays.

All things are busy; only I
Neither bring honey with the bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water these.

I am no link of Thy great chain,
But all my company is a weed.
Lord, place me in Thy concert; give one strain
To my poor reed.

GEORGE HERBERT

WEDNESDAY

OPEN thyself, and then look in;
Consider what thou mightst have been,
And what thou art now made by sin.

Asham'd o' the state to which thou'rt brought,
Detest, and grieve for each past fault;
Sigh, weep, and blush for each foul thought.

Fear, and despair not; but still love;
Look humbly up to God above,
And Him thou'lt soon to pity move.

Resolve on that which prudence shows;
Perform what thou dost well propose;
And keep i' the way thou once hast chose.

Vice, and what looks like vicious, shun ;
Let use make good acts easily done :
Have zeal, as when thou first begun.

Hope strongly, yet be humble still :
Thy good is God's ; what's thine, is ill :
Do thus, and thee affect He will.

Pray, when with others ; when alone,
To scorn, or praise, be as a stone :
Forget thyself, and all—but One.

Remove what stands 'twixt God and thee :
Use not thy fancy Him to see :
One with His will make thy will be.

PATRICK CAREY

THURSDAY

SWIFT o'er the desert plains the wild wind sweeps ;
Swift o'er the sea that heaves beneath its power ;
And steady flight o'er fairest scenes it keeps,
Tho' perfume breathes from every sunlit bower ;
Earth knows no charm its onward course to stay ;
It takes no rest, it passeth on alway.

Lord, are we likened to this fleeting wind ?
To quit this earthly life we do not grieve ;
But must the yearning spirit leave behind
The dear and true whom it is death to leave ?
Sure, our strong hearts' deep love can never fail
As part and break the clouds before the gale.

Only the mortal frame can fade and die;
All that is worthy of a spirit's love
Shall cleave to us throughout eternity,
Shall dwell with us in far bright worlds above:
Here if pains, partings, sorrows, cares molest,
Swift flight is ours—before us lies our rest.

Here are we severed far; Thou seest, Lord,
How each in lonely course is onward driven.
Thy righteousness, Thy love, Thy strength afford,
So shalt Thou gather us to meet in Heaven;
And us, Thy wandering winds, Thou then shalt own,
Hush'd into still pure air, around Thy Throne.

F. V. FOSBERY

FRIDAY

NOT as He was, a houseless stranger,
With no home to shield His head,
Not as seen in Bethlehem's manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed.

Not as in the garden groaning,
Plunged in deep mysterious woe,
All the guilt of man bemoaning,
While the precious blood-sweats flow.

Not as seen on Calvary's mountain,
Where He offered up His soul,
Opening wide that sacred fountain
Which alone can make us whole.

Not as He was, a pale and breathless
Captive in the shades beneath,
But as He is, immortal, deathless,
Conqueror o'er the powers of death!

Yes, we shall see Him in our nature,
Seated on His lofty Throne,
Loved, adored by every creature,
Own'd as God, and God alone!

There countless hosts of shining spirits
Strike their harps, and loudly sing
To the praise of Jesus' merits,
To the glory of their King!

When we pass o'er death's dark river,
We shall see Him as He is,
Resting in His love and favour,
Owning all the glory His.

There to cast our crowns before Him,
O! what bliss the thought affords!
There for ever to adore Him,—
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

MARY PYPER

SATURDAY

THE God of Nature and of Grace
In all His works appears;
On earth His goodness we can trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom planned;
'Twas He Who girded like a robe
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,
Thither God's path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

The forests in His strength rejoice ;
  Hark ! how on th' evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
  Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds His herds,
  His flocks on yonder plains ;
His praise is warbled by the birds ;
  Would we could catch their strains !

In every stream His bounty flows,
  Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In every breeze His spirit blows
  The breath of life and health.

Let wisdom then God's wisdom trace :—
  For such our God will love,
Who make their hearts a dwelling place
  For wisdom from above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY

WHAT men call Nature is a Thought Divine,
  The Infinite in forms of finite grace ;
Where all perfections seen in God combine
  To make this earth a consecrated place.

Th' unwritten Bible of the woods and fields
  By Love perused, and ponder'd o'er by prayer,
A very Gospel to the Poet yields,
  Who walks creation, knowing Christ is there.

Nothing is mean, by Power celestial made,
And nought is worthless, by His wisdom plann'd,
Who fashion'd all, that Faith may find display'd
The holy impress of God's master-hand.

Oh, could we hail the element divine,
That circles round whatever lives or moves,
A mystic radiance would o'er all things shine,
And teach the coldest how the Godhead loves!

One vast cathedral, with its roof of sky,
The earth becomes to reverential souls,
When, deepen'd by such felt divinity,
Our heart-breathed hymn of ceaseless worship rolls.

But like a cloud doth sensual dimness hide
The heaven-born glories that around us gleam,
While min'st'ring Angels to and fro may glide,
And yet not wake us from our worldly dream.

Lord! may Thy Spirit to our spirit lend
A princely heart of innocence and prayer,
Whose unction shall the sacred feeling send,
That proves at every pulse our God is there.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

MONDAY AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA

FROM out all Nature is one common voice,
Unchanging and unchanged, for ever heard,
Singing, "In God alone let all rejoice,"
Like some sweet harp by one strong impulse stirr'd.

So sang the sinless world, when new-born light
Threw holy shadows on a new-born earth;
So echoed back the first star-spangled night,
Chanting sweet anthems of its heavenly birth.

Earth, sea, and sky proclaim the holy truth,
The universe, a temple open wide—
Where Nature, priestess sacred, from her youth
For ever sings the song beatified.

The sun and moon, unfading lights, still shine,
With all the lesser glories of the sky;
The changing seasons, acolyths divine,
Attend upon the great festivity.

From many an altar, undisturbed and still—
Sweet shrines so calm, through many a troublous age
Unfound by man—the incense-flowers fill
The air with scent through their short pilgrimage.

All telling the same truth—their simple creed,
The type of that which saints and martyrs teach
By many a noble act and sacred deed
And sufferings more eloquent than speech.

T. Marsland Hopkins

TUESDAY AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord! that arch of Thine,
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,

Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek by day some glade unknown,
All light and silence like Thy Throne,
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous Name.

I'll read Thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track:
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through!

There's nothing bright above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of Thy Deity!

There's nothing dark below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love;
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

THOMAS MOORE

WEDNESDAY AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA

SINCE o'er Thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strewn,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
My God, about Thy Throne!

So brilliant here those drops of light,—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the sky
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
What splendour at the shrine must dwell!

The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord! one beam of Thine:
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine!

Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays,
Or how my spirit so impure
Upon Thy glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord! anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

W. A. MUHLENBERG

THURSDAY AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA

THE stately heavens, which glory doth array,
Are mirrors of God's admirable might;
There, whence forth spreads the night forth springs the day!
He fix'd the fountains of this temporal light,

Where stately stars install'd, some stand, some
stray,
All sparks of His great power (though small, yet
bright),
By what none utter can, no, not conceive,
All of His greatness, shadows may perceive.

What glorious lights through crystal lanterns glance,
(As always burning with their Maker's love;)
Spheres keep one music, they one measure dance,
Like influence below, like course above;
And all by order led, not drawn by chance,
With majesty, as still in triumph move,
And, liberal of their store, seem shouting thus,
"Look up all souls, and gaze on God through us."

God visibly invisible Who reigns,
Soul of all souls, Whose light each light directs,
All first did freely make, and still maintains,
The greatest rules, the meanest not neglects;
Foreknows the end of all that He ordains,
His will each course, each course breeds fit effects;
Who did make all, all thus could only lead,
None could make all, but Who was never made.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING

FRIDAY AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA

YE quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapp'd in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!

And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with the moonlit hour,
As if the starry heavens suffused a power!
Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam;
The lull'd winds too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
Nature is hush'd, as if her works adored,
Still'd by the presence of her living Lord!
And now, while through the ocean-mantling haze
A dizzy chain of yellow lustre plays,
And moonlight loveliness hath veil'd the land,
Go, stranger, muse thou by the wave-worn strand:
Centuries have glided o'er the balanced earth,
Myriads have bless'd, and myriads curs'd their birth,
Still, yon sky-beacons keep a dimless glare,
Unsullied as the God Who throned them there!
Though swelling earthquakes heave the astounded
world,
And king and kingdom from their pride are hurled,
Sublimely calm, they run their bright career,
Unheedful of the storms and changes here.
We want no hymn to hear, or pomp to see,
For all around is deep Divinity!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

SATURDAY AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA

MY soul is like a bird, my flesh the cage,
Wherein she wears her weary pilgrimage
Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed
With sacred wine and sacramental bread;

The keys that lock her in and let her out,
Are birth and death; 'twixt both she hops about
From perch to perch, from sense to reason; then
From higher reason down to sense again:
From sense she climbs to faith; where for a season
She sits and sings; then down again to reason:
From reason back to faith, and straight from thence
She rudely flutters to the perch of sense:
From sense to hope; then hops from hope to doubt,
From doubt to dull despair; there seeks about
For desp'rate freedom, and at ev'ry grate
She wildly thrusts, and begs the untimely date
Of th' unexpired thraldom, to release
The afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
Thus am I coop'd; within this fleshly cage
I wear my youth, and waste my weary age;
Spending that breath, which was ordain'd to chant
Heav'n's praises forth, in sighs and sad complaint.

FRANCIS QUARLES

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY

FIRST in Eden's happy garden
Grew the golden Tree of Life,
None who eat it pined or perish'd,
Knew of sin, or care, or strife;
For the Word of God had made it
To the pure Eternal Food.
Daily bread for Life's renewal
To the faithful and the good.

Hard by grew the Tree of Knowledge,
Duty's test man's trust to try,

And give zest to mere enjoyment
By some proof of fealty :
Life to life—of one the savour,
Death to death—the other's bane,
Love's obedience—with its pleasure,
Disobedience—with its pain.

Eating of the Tree of Knowledge
Death on Life insidious stole,
Through the body the infection
Pass'd like poison to the soul :
Yet 'twas not the fruit's corruption
Stay'd Life's pulse or stopt its breath,
'Twas the soul's dark Disobedience
Made that Sacrament of Death.

Eating of Life's Tree Eternal
Makes the dying sinner whole,
Through the body Life's renewal
Comes with healing to the soul :
Yet the body's mere fruition
Stays not Death, nor stops its strife ;
'Tis the soul's devout Obedience
Takes that Sacrament of Life.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

MONDAY AFTER SEXAGESIMA

O BLESSING, wearing semblance of a curse,
We fear thee, thou stern sentence—yet to be
Linked to immortal bodies were far worse
Than thus to be set free.

For, mingling with the life-blood, thro' each vein
The venom of the serpent's bite has run,
And only thus might be expelled again,
Thus only health be won.

Shall we not then a gracious sentence own,
Now since the leprosy has fretted through
The entire house, that Thou wilt take it down,
And build it all anew?

Build it this time (since Thou wilt build again)
An holy house where righteousness may dwell;
And we, though in the unbuilding there be pain,
We still affirm—'Tis well.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

TUESDAY AFTER SEXAGESIMA

THE Tree of Life in Eden stood
With mystic Fruits of Heavenly Food,
Which endless life afford,—
That Life, by man's transgression lost:—
Cast out is man by Angel-host:
Until by Man restored.

In vain the lambs poured forth their blood;
In vain the smoking altars stood;
All unatoned was sin:
Must greater be the sacrifice
Before the gate of Paradise
Can let the fallen in?

The Lord of Life His Life must give
That man an endless Life may live,
And death's dark doom reverse.
The Cross is made the mystic Tree,
The Blood that flowed on Calvary
Hath washed away the curse.

Now Eden's gate is ope'd once more;
The guardian Angel's watch is o'er,
And sheathed the flaming sword:
The Tree of Life now blooms afresh,
Its precious Fruit the very Flesh
Of the Incarnate Word.

EDWIN L. BLENKINSOPP

WEDNESDAY AFTER SEXAGESIMA

SENT from the ark, the dove, with timid flight,
Strove through the storms, yet found not where to light;
Pursued by winds o'er restless ocean's roar,
Back to the flood-tossed crew no leaf she bore:
So through the past man's tempest-driven mind,
Sent fancy forth some resting-place to find;
O'er bush, tree, hill, she winged her trackless way,
Nor foothold found her weary flight to stay;
Back o'er the sea on terror-haunted air,
She flew, to tell the tidings of despair;
Again she flies for fairer forms to seek,
And lo! the olive borne upon her beak!
Hear her glad news,—she rested on the tomb,
Saw the dawn break, and flit the ancient gloom!
Through night she swept, and heard the gentle fall
Of Angel footsteps in its silent hall;

Upborne from earth, in strong and joyous flight,
Fearless she sought the empyrean height,
Gazed on the source whence pours the living ray,
On earth's time-shadows, God's eternal day.

JOHN BROOKS FELLON

THURSDAY AFTER SEXAGESIMA

THREE worlds there are:—the first of Sense—
That sensuous earth which round us lies;
The next of Faith's Intelligence:
The third of Glory in the skies.

The first is palpable, but base:
The second heavenly, but obscure;
The third is star-like in the face—
But ah! remote that world as pure!

Yet, glancing through our misty clime,
Some sparkles from that loftier sphere
Make way to earth; then most what time
The annual spring flowers appear.

Amid the coarser needs of earth
All shapes of brightness, what are they
But wanderers, exiled from their birth,
Or pledges of a happier day?

Yea, what is Beauty, judged aright,
But some surpassing, transient gleam;
Some smile from Heaven, in waves of light,
Rippling o'er life's distempered dream?

Or broken memories of that bliss
Which rushed through first-born Nature's blood
When He Who ever was, and is,
Looked down, and saw that all was good?

SIR AUBREY DE VERE

FRIDAY AFTER SEXAGESIMA

NOUGHT see we here as yet in full perfection,
Nought reaching yet unto its true ideal;
Lost to our careless sight is that connexion,
Which knitted once the perfect to the real.

Each form of loveliness, each fair creation,
Hath yet a type more true and brighter far,
And we must trace in all the dim relation,
And what they might be, learn from what they are.

Thus every character, whate'er its sweetness,
Is but the fruit all blighted and unripe,
Still ever striving towards its own completeness,
Still ever yearning towards its highest type.

And only as we know and love them duly,
As buds and blossoms of a fairer growth,
Shall we learn how to weigh and prize them truly,
And trace the true unto the highest truth.

Though lost and fallen is our perfect being
Its beauty 'mid its ruins we may see,
And strive we still, the fair completeness seeing,
To reach once more the highest we can be.

And strive we, following in our love and duty
Him Who doth noblest, truest, purest shine,
Who raised our human to its highest beauty,
By blending with it His own bright divine.

L. R.

SATURDAY AFTER SEXAGESIMA

I HEARD the voice of harpers, harping sweetly
On harps of gold:
I saw a crystal River—calmly, widely
Its waters rolled.

I caught the flash of turrets, wrapt in splendour
Of sunless light,
Like to a star most lustrous, shedding glory
Out of the night.

I dreamed of Lands Elysian, emerald Islands
In shining seas,
Soft perfumes wafted by sweet-whispering breezes
From fadeless trees.

I saw the ranks of Angels, silver-pinioned
And golden-crowned,
Swift radiant Forms, that like a sunbeam passing
Touched the bright ground.

I saw the ancient worthies, Heroes saintly,
Resting in calm,
Clad in white robes, out of great tribulation
Bearing the palm.

I saw a King in beauty, cloud-encircled,
Shrouded in light,
The likeness of a Throne, a Sea of glory
Dazzling all sight.

A voice as of great waters—myriads falling
Low on the sod:
A silence: harps struck louder: Seraphs
Singing "Glory to God!"

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY

GOD doth not leave His own:
The night of weeping for a time may last,
Then, tears all past,
His going forth shall as the morning shine,
The sunrise of His favour shall be thine:
God doth not leave His own.

God doth not leave His own;
Though few and evil all their days appear,
Though grief and fear
Come in the train of earth and hell's dark crowd,
The trusting heart says even in the cloud,
God doth not leave His own.

God doth not leave His own;
This sorrow in their life He doth permit,
Yea, chooseth it,
To speed His children on their heavenward way,
He guides the winds.—Faith, hope, and love all say
God doth not leave His own.

FATHER of nations! what high thoughts endued
And armed thy soul with matchless fortitude,
Walking with God, in tranquil wisdom strong,
Mid turbulence, and violence, and wrong?
Sole star, descried in that tempestuous night,
Sole thing of life in that o'erwhelming blight!
It was the stronger Man, Eve's promised Son,
Bound Death's strong arm within thee, and put on
The armour: it was Christ in thee enshrined,
Stretching imploring hands to lost mankind.
In thee His feet found "rest" amid the gloom,
Noah, great name of Comfort![1] Lights illume
The darkness where He comes with thee to stay;
And on th' horizon's verge, a heavenly ray
Surrounds thee, while the black, baptismal flood
Seems but to lift thee, in thy solitude,
Nearer th' ethereal hall, to walk among
The stars of Heaven;—such hopes to Faith belong.
In that frail bark, Christ, our Emmanuel,
Is passing o'er that more than ocean's swell,
Where seas and skies the gathering darkness fills,
Bearing His own to the celestial Hills.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

MONDAY AFTER QUINQUAGESIMA

STILL young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnished flaming arch did first descry!

[1] Noah, *i.e.*, "rest or comfort." See margin, Gen. v. 29.

When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's grey fathers in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
Storms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air,
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant, and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from His glorious Throne,
And minds the covenant 'twixt all and One.

HENRY VAUGHAN

TUESDAY AFTER QUINQUAGESIMA

GOOD and great God! Can I not think of Thee,
But it must straight my melancholy be?
Is it interpreted in me disease,
That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease?
O be Thou witness, that the reins dost know
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show;
And judge me after, if I dare pretend
To aught but grace or aim at other end.
As Thou art all, so be Thou all to me,
First, midst, and last, converted One and Three!
My faith, my hope, my love: and, in this state,
My judge, my witness, and my advocate!
Where have I been this while exiled from Thee,
And whither rapt, now Thou but stoop'st to me?

Dwell, dwell here still! O, being everywhere,
How can I doubt to find Thee ever here?
I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
Conceived in sin and unto labour born,
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,
And destined unto judgment, after all.
I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground
Upon my flesh to inflict another wound;—
Yet dare I not complain or wish for death,
With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
Of discontent: or that these prayers be
For weariness of life, not love of Thee.

BEN JONSON

THE SEASON OF LENT

WELCOME, dear feast of Lent: who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authority,
But is composed of passion.
The Scriptures bid us fast: the Church says, now:
Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow
To every Corporation.

The humble soul composed of love and fear,
Begins at home and lays the burden there
When doctrines disagree:
He says, in things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandal to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion

When good is seasonable ;
Unless Authority, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it less
And Power itself disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet Abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light :
Whereas in fulness there are sluttish fumes,
Sour exhalations and dishonest rheums
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendant profits, which the Spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing
And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use ; lest by the argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

'Tis true we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day ;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than to rest :
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity ;
Yet we are bid, "Be holy e'en as He."
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with Him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though He be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast

As may our faults control:
That every man may revel at his door,
Not in his parlour; banqueting the poor,
And among those his soul.

GEORGE HERBERT

ASH WEDNESDAY

O WORSHIPPER, who at the break of morn
Movest sedately through the quiet street,
Seeking thy Lord's Communion, think no scorn,
E'en at the cast-out ashes thou dost meet
Lying at every door! They are not void
Of fruitful parable. Only last night
Both rich and poor, aged and young, enjoyed
No boon more eagerly. Radiantly bright
They burned and shone in many a hearth and spread
A treasured influence of warmth and life.
But see to-day they lie before thee dead
And cheerless: yea, unspeakably at strife
With loveliness and joy, till thou dost shrink
And turn thine eyes. Yet, ere thou reach thy goal,
Look on them once again and, pausing, think:—
"Here is pourtrayed a mystery of the soul!
E'en thus the passions burn with tempting glow,
Attracting all: yet, as these homely fires
Lie quenched and dismal, I can surely know
Much more the alluring flame of wrong desire
Shall pine away and, dying, leave behind
Repulsive ashes in the jaded heart!"
So guide thy thoughts and fix within thy mind
To conquer Sin; then speed to take thy part

Before the Altar. He, Who safely brought
Those children from the furnace, draweth near
To rescue thee in word and deed and thought
From the dread ardours thou hast learnt to fear!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

THURSDAY AFTER ASH WEDNESDAY

MAN is a busy thing, and he
Will deal in all sorts of affairs,
Weighty and trivial; each may be,
The subject of his greatest cares;
But this shall my employment be,
Still to be busied, Lord, with Thee.

Some are all spirit, and will fly
At nothing lower than a throne;
The proudest spires of dignity
They, in their hopes, have made their own:
But this shall my employment be,
To seek my honour all from Thee.

Some that are sprung from coarser clay
Adore a paint-disguised face,
And daily their devotion pay
To spotted beasts, or else as base:
But this shall my employment be,
Daily to serve and wait on Thee.

Some so enhance the price of gold,
They judge their souls to be but dross;
And are so saving that they hold
The air, the breath, a mighty loss:
But this shall my employment be,
I will love nothing like to Thee.

Some are so loyal to the book
Till they can criticise, and tell
How many steps old Time has took
Since our great father Adam fell:
But this shall my employment be,
Better to know myself and Thee.

FRIDAY AFTER ASH WEDNESDAY

NOW are the days of humblest prayer,
When consciences to God lie bare,
And mercy most delights to spare.
Oh! hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions hear!

Now is the season, wisely long,
Of sadder thought and graver song,
When ailing souls grow well and strong.
Oh! hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions hear!

The feast of penance! oh, so bright
With true conversion's heavenly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night!
Oh! hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions hear!

We who have loved the world must learn
Upon that world our backs to turn;
And with the love of God to burn.
Oh! hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

SATURDAY AFTER ASH WEDNESDAY

IT is not heavy, agonizing woe,
Bearing me down with hopeless, crushing load,
Not reputation lost, nor friends betrayed—
That such is not my cross I thank my God.

It is not sickness with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon a couch of pain,
Longing each morning for the weary night,—
At night for weary day to come again.

Mine is a daily cross of petty cares,
Of daily duties pressing on my heart,
Of little troubles hard to reconcile,
Of inward struggles—overcome in part.

My feet are weary in their daily round,
My heart is weary of its daily care,
My sinful nature often doth rebel;
I pray for grace my daily cross to bear.

It is not heavy, Lord, yet oft I pine;
It is not heavy, but 'tis everywhere,
By day and night each hour my cross I bear;
I dare not lay it down—Thou keep'st it there.

I dare not lay it down, I only ask
That, taking up my daily cross, I may
Follow my Master humbly, step by step
Through clouds and darkness unto perfect day.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT

HOW long and deep the shadows of our Lent,
Flung o'er its penitential forty days,
With here and there a ray of sunshine sent
From Sunday's gladness and its burst of praise!

Our sins and sorrows, like some surging tide,
Wave after wave, beat o'er our struggling life,
The deeds of darkness that we fain would hide—
The broken vow, the fainting in the strife.

Helpless and sad, O Christ, we come to Thee!
Thou for our sake wast to the desert led,
Unharmed didst cross temptation's stormy sea,
That we, Thy children, might be comforted.

In all points tempted, e'en as we are now,
O Man Divine! like to Thy brethren made,
The thorny crown girdled Thy sacred Brow,
That weary hearts might look to Thee for aid.

Thy Cross, upreared on Calvary's altar high,
The nail-print, and the Side so rudely riven,
The mid-day darkness and the piercing cry,
Tell the glad story of our sin forgiven.

Thus to our hearts the long, long gloom of Lent,
Leading us on to Easter's brightest glow,
Becomes a living type and sacrament
Of all God's discipline of love below.

The bitter first, and then the endless sweet,
The hard, rough way, and then the golden floor,
The fiery furnace, then nor sun nor heat,
The Cross, and then the Crown for evermore.

ROBERT HALL BAYNES

WEEK OF THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT

MONDAY

"GET thee hence, Satan!" at His withering look
Hell's tottering kingdom to its centre shook;
While from the myriad Angel hosts on high
Burst forth loud shouts of praise and victory.
'Gainst man the fiend had tried his worst in vain
And hope for ruined man shone forth again.
Dismayed, undone, the baffled tempter fled,
In lowest hell to hide his bruised head;
Crippled his power, his reign of darkness o'er,
The kingdoms of this world his own no more.
Yet not unscathed the Conqueror in the strife,
Who there had won for unborn millions life;
Crushed was the foe beneath His conquering tread,
But bruised the Victor's heel by that foul head.
As Man, not God, He fought in that dark hour,
And braved alone the tempter's utmost power;
The Woman's Seed, the Virgin's mighty Son,
As Man had fought, as Man the victory won;
Wielding that sword alone which man can wield,
Quenching the fiery darts with man's own shield.
And still as Man, with fasting faint and worn,
His inmost soul by that fierce conflict torn;

Alone He stands upon the mountain now,
Cold drops of anguish on His suffering brow,
Sadly foreshadowing that tremendous night,
When drops of blood should start in deadlier fight.
Alone? no, not alone, for swift draw near
Bright Angel forms, to strengthen and to cheer;
To minister to all His wants and woes,
And soothe His weary form in calm repose.

SOPHIE F. F. VEITCH

TUESDAY

WHEN first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day: these are set awful hours
'Twixt Heav'n and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; far day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And Heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow creatures: note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I Am.—Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! go this way
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

HENRY VAUGHAN

WEDNESDAY

BOAST of thine honours, wealth, and power,
Thy triumphs vast, and victory's dower,—
Prate of thy gains, thy sensual ease,
Thy mirth, and thy festivities,—
Fill thy heart big with subtle pride,
By rustling dignity supplied;—
Yet hear the words of Wisdom plead,
"Amen, thou hast received thy meed."

But, as for me, I will not seek
For aught but this—a conscience meek.
This is the season God hath given,
To rise from earth, to work for Heaven.
This is the time, by mortal strife,
To win an entrance into life,—
Here we must labour, toil, and weep,
Here we must nurse contrition deep.

Here must we labour, war, and fight,—
This is no time for triumph bright.
Here we are in the battle-field,
Here watch lest we should fail and yield.
It is no time to speak of gains,
While struggling with our iron chains.
When death is come, and battle done,
Then may we rest,—and then alone!

THURSDAY

NOT ashes on the head,
But ashes on the heart, O Lord
To check the bursting flame of sinful pride,
The vivid embers of fierce worldly thought,

By worldly passion fed,—
This is the fast Thy holy Word
Proclaims,—the better proof that we have died
To sin, and our wild fires to due subjection brought.

Not tearfulness of eye,
Nor sign of sorrow on the cheek,
Blighted and furrowed all with briny woe:—
But Thou dost rather choose the hidden tear,
The broken contrite sigh
Of troubled spirits Thou dost seek
For grief that may the deep heart overflow;
So best to Thy keen eye doth the heart's truth appear.

Not sackcloth, but instead
The better sign of penitence,
The stole of purity, the pilgrim weeds
Hung thick around the faint and erring soul,
Contrition's sting for bed
Of thorns—the keen awaken'd sense
Of vows long since forgot, of heartless deeds
Doing or done—of hopes that own not faith's control.

The pamper'd flesh subdued,
The open'd fount of charity,
The veil that "from our own flesh hides" us close
Remov'd, and kindly beams of comfort dealt
At large for others' good—
This "the fast to sanctify":—
Not unacceptable to Him Who knows
How long, how low in faith the breaking heart has knelt.

H. K. C.

FRIDAY

MY God, to keep my heart,
That it from Thee may never start,
I know is Thy dread will,
But how shall I that task fulfil?
The traitor with my rebel lusts will mix,
And 'tis beyond my power the mercury to fix.

My heart inclines to bliss,
Yet studies the straight way to miss:
My thoughts are loose and vain
When I most strive them to restrain;
They fly at random all the world about,
And render my best prayers careless and indevout.

Opinions false onewhile
My fond credulity beguile;
In a mistaken way
With pertinaciousness I stray;
I no destructive consequences heed,
Am harder to reclaim the farther I proceed.

Sin the internal cells
Invades, where my remembrance dwells;
Past foul ideas there
In lively colours pictured are;
When to recall truths heavenly I design'd,
Things sensual overspread the surface of my mind.

My God, Thou only art
Able to know, keep, rule, the heart;
Oh, make my heart Thy care,
Which I myself to keep despair!
No rebels then will garrison my breast;
Beneath Almighty wings my heart will live at rest.

THOMAS KEN

SATURDAY

THERE is a time to fast,
Which Christ hath sanctified,
Shadowed of ages past
For them who to the world have died.

Let there be holy guard
O'er word, and food, and sleep,
That in her widowed ward
The soul her strictest watch may keep.

That so she best within
Her rebel lusts may quell,
Lest the dark foe, unseen,
Steal in and seize the citadel.

Let us bow down and weep,
Ere yet it be too late,
His path with tears to steep
Before the Judge be at the gate.

Tremendous Judge, e'en now
Our crimes like mountains rise,
But yet a Father Thou,
And mightier are Thy clemencies.

Frail as the potter's clay,
Yet by Thy work are we:
Oh, leave us not a prey
For whom Christ paid the penalty.

Heal us from all our sin,
Restore us to our place,
With contrite hearts to win
Thine all abounding, pitying grace.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

"HAVE mercy on me, Lord!"
She followed Him, and cried; and when
there came
No answer, follow'd, crying still the same,—
"Have mercy on me, Lord!"

"Send her away," they said—
They who should be dispensers of His grace,
Would have Him turn from her who sought His
face:
"Send her away," they said.

He spoke their thought aloud—
"It is not meet to take the children's bread
And cast it to the dogs"—as if He said,
"How poor ye are and proud."

"Yea, Lord, and yet the dogs
Eat of the crumbs that from the children fall,"
She pleaded—"And there is enough for all—
For children and for dogs."

And He to her replied,
"Even as thou wilt, so be it unto thee.
Thy heart the measure of the grace shall be,
From My rich store supplied."

She had the thing she would.
Lord, if I dip my cup into the sea,
It rises full. Such cup each soul may be,
Such ocean is Thy good.

WEEK OF THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

MONDAY

THE pilot's skill how can we know
Till tempests blow?
How is that soldier's valour seen
Which ne'er hath been
In fight? they scarce true soldiers are
That have no wound to show, or scar.

Those soldiers which the general
Calls out of all
His army to attempt some great
And brave exploit,
Are those sure whom he means to grace
With honour, and some higher place.

Except we fight, there is no crown
And no renown;
Unless we sweat in the vineyard,
There's no reward:
Unless we climb Mount Calvary,
Mount Olivet we shall not see.

ALEXANDER ROSSE.

TUESDAY

HOW long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark prison lie;
Where at the grates and avenues of sense,
My soul must watch to have intelligence;

Where but faint gleams of Thee salute my sight,
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night;
When shall I leave this magic sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear?

How cold this clime! And yet my sense
Perceives e'en here Thy influence.
E'en here Thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine,
Sometimes my erroneous needle does incline;
But yet, so strong the sympathy,
It turns and points again to Thee.

I long to see this excellence
Which at such distance strikes my sense.
My impatient soul struggles to disengage
Her wings from the confinement of her cage.
Would'st Thou, great Love, this prisoner once set free,
How would she hasten to be link'd to Thee!
She'd for no Angel's conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way.

JOHN NORRIS

WEDNESDAY

WHAT though we bear a heavy load,
And have to strive and struggle long,
We have meanwhile an urging goad
To soothe its weight, to lull the throng.

A Harvest of approved repose,
Fruitful and rich, shall be our gain,
If meekly we endure our woes,
And bow to sorrow, loss, or pain.

Whoe'er would win the crown, must dare
The weary day of trial and strife;
Aye! unto death thou must prepare,
If thou wouldst enter into life!

Yet fear not, coward-like, nor shrink,
Unnerved too soon, before th' attack,
Press boldly on, and meanwhile think,
"Who goes not forward, falleth back."

Thou hast a path before thee set,
Fear not to tread, no harm may come
To him, who spite of toil, and sweat,
And peril, hastens to his home.—

There, all thy suffering repaid,
Thou shalt repose with tranquil breast;
And count all strife, and struggle weigh'd
As nought, against that goodly rest!

THURSDAY

THE sunset falls on Isaac's tent—
And all the glowing Syrian sky
Is flooded with a mingled dye
Of gold, and faintest crimson blent.

But never more at evening's close
Her loved son's voice Rebekah hears;
That was a true chord to her ears
More sweet than any music knows.

And he that shared her fond deceit
That could not wait the appointed time,
He feels, by night, the frosty rime,
By day, the summer's noon-tide heat.

An exile in another land;
And never more his head to rest
Upon a mother's patient breast,
And never feel her soothing hand.

Learn of his sorrow, Christian youth,
When tempted sore, when right shall seem
To come by wrong; nor ever deem
That Heaven has need of thine untruth.

Like fountains lost, and traced in vain,
That blend at last with ocean's blue—
Like birds that wander winter through,
But find their summer's nests again,—

God's ways, though dark, nor understood,
Shall work His righteous will at last!
Keep virtue's path, though clouds o'ercast:
Nor sin for any seeming good.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

FRIDAY

HEARE me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein Thy love.

If Thou hadst not
Beene sterne to me
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myselfe and Thee.

For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Untill they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than Thou hast done?
That gav'st a Sonne,
To free a slave:
First made of nought;
Withall since bought.

Sinne, Death, and Hell
His glorious Name
Quite overcame,
Yet I rebell
And slight the same.

But I'll come in
Before my losse
Me further tosse,
As sure to win
Under His Crosse!

BEN JONSON

SATURDAY

MERCY, my Judge, mercy, I cry
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye,
The conscious colours of my sin
Are red without and pale within.

O let Thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself: and so discharge that day.
If sin can sigh, love can forgive,
O say the word, my soul shall live.

Those mercies which Thy Mary found,
Or who Thy Cross confessed and crowned,
Hope tells my heart the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my pray'rs and tears combine,
Both worthless are: for they are mine.
But Thou Thy bounteous self still be;
And show Thou art, by saving me.

O when Thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all Thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let "Come ye blessed" then call me.

When the dread "Ite" shall divide
Those limbs of death from Thy left side,
Let those life-giving lips command
That I inherit Thy right hand.

O hear a suppliant heart, all crush'd
And crumbled into contrite dust.
My hope, my fear! my judge, my friend!
Take charge of me and of my end.

RICHARD CRASHAW

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

HOW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessèd footsteps swerve
Which lead me to His seat above?

Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?

'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

Lord! should my path through suffering lie
Forbid it I should e'er repine.
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

Oh, let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

JOSIAH CONDER

WEEK OF THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

MONDAY

INTO some wave, which heedless night-winds rock,
The moon comes down with all her starry flock,
Her glorious imagery around her brings,
And forms a temple of celestial things.
Thus, sweet-souled Joseph, as thy life ran on,
Each scene disclosed anew the Eternal Son,
Till all thou didst, on thy meek purpose bent,
Became in thee divinely eloquent,
Presenting thee, in all that hurried by,
The mirror of some holier mystery.

Tried by the adulterous world, temptation-proof,
But "numbered with transgressors." Now aloof
Thou sitt'st on high,—around the heathen press,
And from thine hand are filled with plenteousness.
But who are these? lift up thine eyes,—behold
Thy brethren, they who set at nought, and sold!
Bid all depart—ye little company,
Come ye around, behold Me, "It is I,"
Feel Me, fear not! the prisoner's chain unbind:
But who is he that lingers yet behind?
"Out of due time!"—let ye the stranger in,
'Tis Mine own Paul, Mine own loved Benjamin.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

TUESDAY

THOUGH clouds be dark and tempests brood around,
Though fairest hopes betray and dreams deceive,
The mercy of our God is ever sure;
Time cannot bound it, nor can earth confine,
Nor death destroy, nor the cold grave entomb;
But 'twill survive the severance of all ties,
When time and time's dominion are no more.
Flowers wither, nature's greenness fades; whate'er
Of life or loveliness on earth I view
Is passing swift away.
Passing away!
And I am passing too; a little while,
And the big swelling waves of grief will lie
In this breast hushed for ever; o'er my head
Long plumes of grass will flutter in the breeze,
While I shall rest, hope's pris'ner, in the grave.
But joy amid this universal change!
One thing ne'er changes 'midst the ebb and surge
Of time's wild-rocking billows; like a light
It burns, and lamps a dying universe
As with the radiance of immortal day,
And whispers to my spirit, as I go
Down into the dull charnel, of the joy
And endless rapture of the bliss to be.
It is the loving kindness of my God—
O glorious pledge, seal'd with the Saviour's blood!
With His dear promise to assure my soul,
I will take heart upon my pilgrim way,
Inscribing on the battle-flag of life,
As the heraldic motto of my trust,
"Thy mercy is for ever and for ever,
O God, on all that fear Thy Name!"

W. TIDD MATSON

WEDNESDAY

AS travellers, when the twilight's come,
And in the sky the stars appear,
The past day's accidents do summe,
With "Thus wee saw there and thus here,"

Then, Jacob-like, lodge in a place—
A place, and no more, is set down—
Where, till the day restore the race,
They rest and dream homes of their own,

So for this night I linger here,
And, full of tossings to and fro,
Expect still when Thou wilt appear
That I may get me up and go.

I long and groan and grieve for Thee,
For Thee my words, my tears do gush;
Oh! that I were but where I see!
Is all the note within my bush.

As birds robbed of their native wood,
Although their diet may be fine,
Yet neither sing nor like their food,
But with the thought of home do pine;

So do I mourn and hang my head,
And, though Thou dost me fulness give,
Yet look I for far better bread,
Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then! and since I may
Have yet more days, more nights to count,
So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,
That I may travel to Thy Mount.

HENRY VAUGHAN

THURSDAY

FEAR not, for He hath sworn :
Faithful and true His Name
The glorious hours are onward borne ;
'Tis lit, th' immortal flame ;
It glows around thee : kneel, and strive, and win
Daily one living ray—'twill brighter glow within.

Yet fear : the time is brief ;
The Holy One is near ;
And, like a spent and withered leaf
In autumn twilight drear,
Faster each hour, on Time's unslackening gale,
The dreaming world drives on to where all visions fail.

Surely the time is short :
Endless the task and art
To brighten for the ethereal court
A soil'd, earth-drudging heart.
But He, the dread Proclaimer of that hour,
Is pledged to thee in love, as to thy foes in power.

His shoulders bear the key :
He opens—who can close ?
Closes—and who dare open ?—He
Thy soul's misgiving knows ;
If He come quick, the mightier sure will prove
His spirit in each heart that timely strives to love.

Then haste Thee, Lord ! come down,
Take Thy great power, and reign,
But frame Thee first a perfect crown
Of spirits freed from stain :—

Souls mortal once, now matched for evermore
With the immortal gems that form'd Thy wreath before.

JOHN KEBLE

FRIDAY

IS this a fast, to keep
The larder lean?
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No: 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

ROBERT HERRICK

SATURDAY

THERE is a River, deep and broad,
Its course no mortal knows;
It fills with joy the Church of God,
And widens as it flows.

Clearer than crystal is the stream,
And bright with endless day;
The waves with every blessing teem,
And life and health convey.

Where'er they flow, contentions cease,
And love and meekness reign:
The Lord Himself commands the peace,
And foes conspire in vain.

Along the shores, Angelic bands
Watch every moving wave;
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men the waters crave.

To them distressèd souls repair,
The Lord invites them nigh;
They leave their cares and sorrows there,
They drink, and never die.

Flow on, sweet Stream, more largely flow,
The earth with glory fill;
Flow on, till all the Saviour know,
And all obey His will.

WILLIAM HURN

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

AS one who, toiling up some lofty peak,
Pauses to turn his glance where, far below
The narrow, winding path his weary feet
Have trod so long with painful steps and slow,
First leaves the flowery mead and upward winds;
And heaves, perchance, a sigh from vanished ease;
Then upward gazes, where the mountain's brow
Seems to touch heaven and solve its mysteries,
And, weariness forgot, strives onward still—
So we in solemn Lenten-tide look back and on;
And if the path of self-denial seems steep,
And trials, briars that we tread upon,
Yet when we forward look, all pain is nought,
For o'er the mountain's brow a beauteous ray
Breaks on our dazzled sight; we onward press
To greet the radiance of Easter Day.

WEEK OF THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

MONDAY

MY soul once had its plenteous years,
And grew in peace with plenty filled,
Like the good kine and ripened ears,
Which Pharaoh in his dream beheld.

From day to day, with grace refreshed,
With means and ordinances fed,

How happy for a while I lived !
And little feared the want of bread.

But famine came, and left no sign
Of all the plenty I had seen ;
Like the shrunk ears and half-starved kine,
I then was withered, faint, and lean.

To Joseph the Egyptians went ;
To Jesus I made known my case,
He, when my little store was spent,
Opened the treasures of His grace.

For He the time of dearth foresaw,
And made provision long before ;
That famished souls, like mine, might draw
Supplies from His unbounded store.

Now, on His bounty I depend,
And live from fear of death secure ;
Maintained by such a mighty Friend,
I cannot want, or e'er be poor.

Come, souls, and hear His gracious call,
His mercy door stands open wide,
He has enough to feed you all,
And none who come will be denied.

JOHN NEWTON

TUESDAY

IF hasty hand or bitter tongue
Have ever done you causeless wrong
By evil deed or word,
Have no bad thought your heart within,
For malice is a deadly sin
And hateful to the Lord.

Be yours such thought as Joseph felt,
When all his haughty brethren knelt,
As visioned dreams foretold,
And found, in that Egyptian Lord,
The Brother whom their hearts abhorred,
The slave whom they had sold ;

Then not a tear, but such as pour
When hearts with love and joy run o'er,
Then not an angry word he gave,
But said, " My brothers, weep no more ;
'Twas God Who sent me on before
Your dearer lives to save."

A twofold power Forgiveness hath,
She softens hearts, she tempers wrath,
And she is ever strong
To call a blessing down from Heaven ;
Christ said, " If ye would be forgiven,
Forgive your brother's wrong."

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

WEDNESDAY

HERE must the Christian onward press,
Through toil and sweat, through foul and fair ;
In days of gladness or distress
Of looking back he must beware.

His life of grace must still advance,
His onward gaze fix'd on the goal,
With penance, ever new, enhance
The love and virtue of his soul.

There is a strong and running tide
  Sweeps past his boat; and he who stays
To rest upon his oars, shall glide
  Unnoticed back from Heaven's grace.

Still while the haven is ungain'd,
  Still must be stemm'd the troublous stream,—
Each nerve be strung, each muscle strain'd,
  If he would gain his precious aim.

He who stands still, falls back; how few,
  Alas! drink in the fearful truth!
How many lose, in earth's dull show,
  The glowing fervour of their youth!

Then let us on with bold address,
  Unlured by joys, unmoved by woes,
Until our weary feet shall press
  The haven of our last repose!

THURSDAY

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
  The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, He guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; His heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

On thee foul spirits have no power;
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

ISAAC WATTS

FRIDAY

FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,

And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
Our glory, only in the Cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that Sign.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE

SATURDAY

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our Home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring:
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won.
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

JANE BORTHWICK

THE FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT

I BORE with thee long weary days and nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three and thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above;
I not My flesh, I not My spirit spared:
Give thou Me love for love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drought,
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost;
Much sweeter thou than honey to My mouth;
Why wilt thou still be lost?

I bore thee on My shoulders and rejoiced,
Men only marked upon My shoulders borne
The branding Cross: and shouted hungry-voiced,
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon My hands: thy name
Did thorns for frontlets stamp between Mine eyes:
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame
I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon My right hand and My left;
Six hours alone, athirst, in misery:
At length in death one smote My heart, and cleft
A hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking Cross, than bed of down
More dear, whereon to stretch Myself and sleep:
So did I win a kingdom,—share My crown;
A harvest,—come and reap.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

WEEK OF THE FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT

MONDAY

THOU, Lord of all, on earth hast dwelt,
Rejected and unknown;
What bitter grief Thy heart hath felt,
Endured by Thee alone!

But oh! how full of truth and grace
Through all Thou dost appear!

And thus with wonder we retrace
Thy path of sorrow here.

Thou on the Cross didst suffer, too,
More than man's eye could see;
For then the wrath that was our due,
Was poured, O Lord, on Thee!

But Thou art risen; and now we know
That Thou, in Heaven above,
For all God's children here below,
Dost feel a brother's love.

Oh, may we ever look to Thee
For needed grace and strength,
Till we Thy face in glory see,
And reign with Thee at length!

Till then may we, who bear Thy name,
Thy blest example take,
And count the world's reproach and shame
As glory, for Thy sake.

Since Thou the cup of wrath didst drain,
None now for us is there;
The drops of sorrow that remain,
Shall we refuse to share?

SAMUEL PRIDEAUX TREGELLES

TUESDAY

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant Form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed Face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
  Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
  As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
  When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
  And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
  Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
  Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
  And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
  All glorious as Thou art.

RAY PALMER

WEDNESDAY

JESUS! my loving Lord, I know,
  How much my welfare stands,
In loss or cross for Thee, below,
  Therefore I'm in Thy hands;
Do aught that seemeth good to Thee,
  But hide not Thou Thyself from me.

'Tis not the wilderness I dread,
  Its peril or its pain;
No pathway Thou didst ever tread,
  But, with its grief, hath gain:
I can bear all, so it may be,
  Thou wilt not hide Thyself from me.

And well I know Thou dost not love
That gentle face to hide;
Save when 'tis needful, Thou shouldst prove,
Or mercy, Thou shouldst chide:
I know the pain it gives to Thee,
When Thou *must* hide Thyself from me.

By Thine own sorrow on the Cross,
That agonizing cry;
Thy sense of that one moment's loss,
When darkness veiled the sky,
And hid Thy Father's face from Thee:—
Hide not Thy face, O Christ, from me.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

THURSDAY

"HOLY of Holies," awful name—
Where, in a still retreat,
The Presence of the Godhead dwelt,
Upon the mercy-seat:
Veiled from the eye in darkness dim,
Enthroned between the cherubim.

Once in the year, within the veil,
In mystic robes arrayed,
The High Priest entered, and with blood
An expiation made:
But blood of victims could not cleanse
And purge the guilt of man's offence.

O Great Redeemer! God and Man,
Victim and Priest in one;
Thou, entering Heaven with Thine own Blood,
Didst once for all atone;

Thou hast removed the awful cloud,
Which once the oracle did shroud.

Now a bright Rainbow o'er the Throne
Sheds lustre from above,
Where showers of Judgment mildly shine,
Gilded by beams of Love;
Thy Blood, O Lamb of God, is there,
Pleading for us with ceaseless Prayer.

Cleansed by that Blood, we now approach
Boldly the Throne of Grace:
O may we, following the Lamb,
Come to that Holy Place;
Lord, Who for us didst deign to bleed,
Be Thou our help in time of need!

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

FRIDAY

CHRIST, Who our weak flesh didst wear
In Thy Life so sinless fair
And didst consecrate our frame
As a temple to God's Name,
Life's best springs are found in Thee,
Let the Christ be formed in me.

Thou, Who didst on Calvary show
God's strong love, and man's worst woe,
And in death didst manifest
Sacrifice for ever blest,
Make me share the Cross with Thee,
And fulfil Thy life in me.

Thou, Who rising from the grave,
Righteous, pure, and strong to save,

Taughtest men new life to find,
In deeds holy, true, and kind,
Raise me up from sin to Thee,
And fulfil Thy life in me.

Thou, Who at Thy travail's end,
To Thy Father didst ascend,
And in leaving earth didst prove,
God the centre of all love,
In a love that yearns to Thee,
Lord, fulfil Thy life in me.

Christ incarnate, crucified,
King of all things far and wide,
Who hast Life for evermore,
Fill me from Thy boundless store,
Till in Heaven Thy face I see.
And fulfil my life in Thee.

WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER

SATURDAY

SORROW weeps !—
And drowns its bitterness in tears ;
My child of sorrow,
Weep out the fulness of thy passionate grief,
And drown in tears
The bitterness of lonely years.
God gives the rain and sunshine mild,
And both are best, my child !

Joy weeps !—
And overflows its banks with tears ;
My child of joy,
Weep out the gladness of thy pent-up heart,

And let thy glistening eyes
Run over in their ecstasies;
Life needeth joy; but from on high
Descends what cannot die!

Love weeps!—
And feeds its silent life with tears;
My child of love,
Pour out the riches of thy yearning heart,
And, like the air of even,
Give and take back the dew of heaven;
And let that longing heart of thine
Feed upon love divine!

HORATIUS BONAR

PALM SUNDAY

SEE what unbounded zeal and love
Inflamed the Saviour's breast,
When steadfast towards Jerusalem
His urgent way He prest.
Good-will to man, and zeal for God
His every thought engross:
He longs to be baptized with blood,
He thirsts to reach the Cross.

With all His sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the work His spirit flew,
'Twas love that urged Him on:
By His obedience unto death
See Paradise restored:
And fallen man brought face to face
With his forgiving Lord.

Prepare us, Lord, to view Thy Cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on Thee, Whom we have pierced,
To look on Thee, and mourn:
While thus we mourn, may we rejoice,
And as Thy Cross we see,
May each exclaim in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

MONDAY IN HOLY WEEK

WHO is this, with garments gory,
Triumphing from Bozrah's way,
This, that weareth robes of glory,
Bright, with more than Vict'ry's ray;
Who is this unwearied Comer
From the journey's sultry length,
Travelling through Idume's summer,
In the greatness of His strength!

Wherefore red in Thine apparel,
Like the conquerors of earth,
And arrayed like those who carol
O'er the reeking vineyard's mirth.
Who art Thou, the valleys seeking,
Where our peaceful harvests wave!
I—in righteous anger speaking,
I—the mighty One to save.

I—that of the raging heathen
Trod the wine-press all alone,
Now in victor garlands wreathen,
Coming to redeem Mine own.

I am He with sprinkled raiment,
Glorious from My vengeance hour,
Ransoming with priceless payment,
And delivering with power.

Hail, all hail, Thou Lord of Glory!
Thee our Father—Thee we own!
Abra'm heard not of our story,
Israel ne'er our name hath known;
But, Redeemer, Thou hast sought us,
Thou hast heard Thy children's wail,
Thou with Thy dear Blood hast bought us,
Hail, Thou mighty Victor, hail!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE

TUESDAY IN HOLY WEEK

IN the wound of Thy Right Hand
Each earthly toil I view:
By Thee my efforts stand,
Thine arm doth bring me through.
Hail, Holy Blood, life-spring of every nerve;
Strengthen my heart to worship, will, and serve.

In Thy Left Hand's purple stream
Each deed of love I lave,
Till of them all I deem
As steeped in that bright wave.
Hail, Holy Wounds; my worthless actions fill;
Upon their lifelessness Thy dews distil.

In Thy Right Foot's holy scar
My spirit-vision sees
Dimly and from afar
Thy human sympathies.

Thy sacred footprints, day by day,
Lord! may feet the true and perfect way.
Mark for our

's crimson track
In Thy Left Foo steps I trace,
Thy fainting atch me back,
When Thou didst f n the waste.
A wanderer, fro did the winepress tread
Hail, Sacred Feet that h, and healing virtue shed.
Of Heaven's fierce wrat

In Thy loving Heart's red vound
Thy Church her cares n ay steep;
Within its depths inhumed
May wait and watch and w ep.
O bleeding Lamb, our Saviour an d our Guide,
Our All Thou art, and there is non e beside.

WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK

JESUS, we rest in Thee;
In Thee ourselves we hide;
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where could we rest beside?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly Breast
Our weary souls alone can rest!

Thou Holy One of God!
The Father rests in Thee;
And in the savour of that Blood,
Once shed on Calvary,
The curse is gone; through Thee we're blest;
God rests in Thee; in Thee we rest.

The slaves of sin and fear—
Thy truth our bondage broke;
Our happy spirits love to wear
Thy light and easy yoke.
The love which fills our grateful breast
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.

Soon the bright glorious Day,
The Rest of God shall come;
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And we shall reach our Home;
Then, of the promised land possessed,
Our souls shall know eternal rest.

J. G. Deck

MAUNDY THURSDAY

O BLESSED Jesus! when I see Thee bending,
Girt as a servant, at Thy servants' feet,
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending,
To wash their dust away, and make them meet
To share Thy Feast; I know not to adore,
Whether Thy humbleness or glory more.

Conscious Thou art of that dread hour impending,
When Thou must hang in anguish on the Tree;
Yet, as from the beginning, to the ending
Of Thy sad life, Thine own are dear to Thee,—
And Thou wilt prove to them, ere Thou dost part,
The untold love which fills Thy faithful heart.

. . . . . .

Meek Jesus! to my soul, Thy spirit lending,
Teach me to live, like Thee, in lowly love;
With humblest service all Thy saints befriending,
Until I serve before Thy Throne above—

Yes! serving e'en my foes, for Thou didst seek
The feet of Judas in Thy service meek.

Daily my pilgrim feet, as homeward wending
My weary way, are sadly stained with sin;
Daily do Thou, Thy precious grace expending,
Wash me all clean without, and clean within,
And make me fit to have a part with Thee
And Thine, at last, in Heaven's festivity.

O blessed name of SERVANT! comprehending
Man's highest honour in his humblest name;
For Thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,
The throne of mighty power didst truly claim;
He who would rise like Thee, like Thee must owe
His glory only to his stooping low.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE

GOOD FRIDAY

WHEN scorn, and hate, and bitter envious pride
Hurled all their darts against the Crucified,
Found they no fault but this in Him so tried?
"He saved others!"

Those hands, thousands their healing touches knew;
On withered limbs they fell like heavenly dew;
The dead have felt them and have lived anew:
"He saved others!"

The blood is dropping slowly from them now;
Thou canst not raise them to Thy thorn-crown'd brow,
Nor on them Thy parched lips and forehead bow:
"He saved others!"

That Voice from out their graves the dead hath stirred;
Crushed, outcast hearts, grew joyful as they heard;
For every woe it had a healing word:
"He saved others!"

For all Thou hadst deep tones of sympathy—
Hast Thou no word for this Thine agony?
Thou pitiedst all; doth no man pity Thee?
"He saved others!"

So many fettered hearts Thy touch hath freed,
Physician! and Thy wound unstanched must bleed;
Hast Thou no balm for this Thy sorest need?
"He saved others!"

Lord! and one sign from Thee could rend the sky,
One word from Thee, and low those mockers lie;
Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry,
And savest us.

ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES

JESUS! gentle Sufferer, say,
How shall we this dreadful day
Near Thee draw, and to Thee pray?

We, whose proneness to forget
Thy dear love, on Olivet
Bathed Thy brow with bloody sweat;

We, whose sins, with awful power,
Like a cloud did o'er Thee lower,
In that God-excluding hour;

We, who still, in thought and deed,
Often hold the bitter reed
To Thee, in Thy time of need,—

Canst Thou pardon us, and pray,
As for those who on this day
Took Thy precious life away?

Yes! Thy Blood is all my plea;
It was shed, and shed for me,
Therefore to Thy Cross I flee.

At Thy feet, in dust and shame,
I dare breathe Thy holy Name,
And a great salvation claim.

Save me, Jesus: stoop and take
Pity on my soul, and make
This day bright, for Thy dear sake.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

EASTER EVE

I SAW two women weeping by the tomb
Of One new buried, in a fair green place
Bowered with shrubs;—the eve retained no trace
Of aught that day performed,—but the faint gloom
Of dying day was spread upon the sky;—
The moon was broad and bright above the wood;—
The distance sounded of a multitude,
Music and shout and mingled revelry.
At length came gleaming through the thicket shade
Helmet and casque—and a steel-armèd band

Watched round the sepulchre in solemn stand;
The night-word passed, from man to man conveyed
And I could see those women rise and go
Under the dark trees moving sad and slow.

HENRY ALFORD

EASTER DAY

AWAKE, glad soul! awake! awake!
Thy Lord hath risen long,
Go to His grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song;
Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright Blossom may be found
Of an Eternal Spring.

O Love! which lightens all distress,
Love, death cannot destroy:
O Grave! whose very emptiness
To Faith is full of joy;
Let but that Love our hearts supply
From Heaven's exhaustless Spring,
Then, Grave, where is thy victory?
And, Death, where is thy sting?

The shade and gloom of life are fled
This Resurrection-day;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey:
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise;
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

And every bird and every tree
  And every opening flower
Proclaim His glorious victory,
  His resurrection-power:
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice,
  With vernal verdure spread;
The little hills lift up their voice,
  And shout that Death is dead.

Then wake, glad heart! awake! awake!
  And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in His Resurrection take,
  And comfort in His Word;
And let thy life, through all its ways,
  One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
  "Christ died, and rose for me."

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

HE is risen, He is risen,
  Tell it with a joyful voice,
He has burst His three days' prison,
  Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

Tell it to the sinners, weeping
  Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping,
  Brightly breaks their Easter sun:
Blood can wash all sins away,
Christ has conquered hell to-day.

Come, ye sad and fearful hearted,
  With glad smile and radiant brow;

Lent's long shadows have departed,
All His woes are over now,
And the Passion that He bore;
Sin and pain can vex no more.

Come, with high and holy hymning
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray
Breaking o'er the purple East;
Brighter far our Easter feast.

He is risen, He is risen,
He has ope'd the eternal gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state,
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

MONDAY IN EASTER WEEK

AWAKE, thou wintry earth,
Fling off thy sadness;
Fair vernal flowers laugh forth
Your ancient gladness:
Christ is risen.

Wave, woods, your blossoms all,
Grim Death is dead;
Ye weeping funeral trees,
Lift up your head.
Christ is risen.

Come, see, the graves are green;
It is light; let us go
Where our loved ones rest
In hope below.
Christ is risen.

All is fresh and new,
Full of spring and light;
Wintry heart, why wearest the hue
Of sleep and night?
Christ is risen.

Leave thy cares beneath,
Leave thy worldly love;
Begin the better life
With God above.
Christ is risen.

THOMAS BLACKBURNE

TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK

WHY for thy Lord dost thou thus weep and mourn
Like one half broken-hearted and forlorn?
No need for Him that thou shouldst mourn and weep,
No need with tears an empty shroud to steep.

He Whom thou seekest in the murky tomb
Hath sprung bright and victorious from the gloom;
He lives, He greatly lives for evermore;
See open wide the rock's sepulchral door!

Why bring'st thou myrrh and spices, offerings meet
For pallid corpses in their winding sheet?
His Body blooms with immortality,
Meet to return to His paternal sky.

Thy tears proclaim the greatness of thy love,
Nor doth thy Lord thy streaming tears reprove;
Hear'st thou? and know'st thou not that voice adored?
'Tis thine own name! He speaks—thy God and Lord.

Now go first witness and first messenger:
Throughout the city thy glad tidings bear,
And tell the twelve that Christ Himself is nigh,
And, wheresoe'er thou speakest, standing by.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

WEDNESDAY IN EASTER WEEK

TO Him, Who for our sins was slain,
To Him, for all His dying pain,
Sing we Hallelujah!
To Him, the Lamb our sacrifice,
Who gave His soul our ransom-price,
Sing we Hallelujah!

To Him, Who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Hallelujah!
To Him, Who rose that we might rise
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Hallelujah!

To Him, Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Hallelujah!
To Him, Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Hallelujah!

To Him be glory evermore;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Hallelujah!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God most great, our joy and boast,
Sing we Hallelujah!

ARTHUR TOZER RUSSELL

THURSDAY IN EASTER WEEK

ON the Cross we saw Him dying,
Saw Him mid the spices lying,
Saw the nail-prints, and the spear-wound, as we laid Him in the tomb;
And we wept in anguish weary
Through the Sabbath dim and dreary,
And our souls were heavy-laden with the horror and the gloom.

Oh the rush of joy returning!
Oh our hearts within us burning
Very early in the morning, at the rosy dawn of day!
Is it true, Oh starry Angel
Herald of the great Evangel?
Mary, Peter, Holy Women—did ye see Him as ye say?

Yea, we saw Him with us walking,
Heard Him in the twilight talking,
Saw Him by the grassy margent of the misty silver sea:
Saw Him—we, the loved Eleven,
Gathered in the solemn Even,
Saw Him—the five hundred brethren—on the hill of Galilee.

Christ is risen! He is risen!
He hath left the rocky prison,
And the white-robed Angels glimmer mid the cerements of His grave;
He hath smitten with His thunder
Every gate of brass asunder,
He hath burst the iron fetters—irresistible to save!

Oh the gladness and the glory
Of the blessed Easter story!
Oh the quick electric thrilling of the Pentecostal flame!
Death of death, of life the Giver,
Reign, oh Victor King, for ever!
Lowly we Thy sons adore Thee! Glory, Glory to Thy Name!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR

FRIDAY IN EASTER WEEK

IT happen'd on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our Surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event:

They spake of Him they loved, of Him Whose life,
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enrich'd them still the more;
They thought Him, and they justly thought Him,
One
Sent to do more than He appear'd to have done;
To exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wonder'd He should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A Stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,
And ask'd them, with a kind engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.
Inform'd, He gather'd up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all He said,
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, the night, they said, is near,
We must not now be parted, sojourn here.—
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And made so welcome at their simple feast,
He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all He deign'd to say,
Did they not burn within us by the way?

WILLIAM COWPER

SATURDAY IN EASTER WEEK

NOW theirs was converse such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves:
Their views indeed were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aim'd at Him.

Christ and His character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope,
They felt what it became them much to feel,
And, wanting Him to loose the sacred seal,
Found Him as prompt, as their desire was true,
To spread the new-born glories in their view.
Well—what are ages and the lapse of time
Match'd against truths as lasting as sublime?
Can length of years on God Himself exact,
Or make that fiction which was once a fact?
No—marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the graver's memory, pass away;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust;
Their truth divine for ever stands secure,
Its head is guarded as its base is sure;
Fix'd in the rolling flood of endless years
The pillar of the eternal plan appears,
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect Who built the skies.
Hearts may be found that harbour at this hour
That love of Christ in all its quickening power;
And lips unstain'd by folly or by strife,
Whose wisdom, drawn from the deep well of life,
Tastes of its healthful origin, and flows
A Jordan for the ablution of our woes.

WILLIAM COWPER

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

WHEN Royal Truth, released from mortal throes,
Burst His brief slumber, and triumphant rose,
Ill had the Holiest sued
A patron multitude,

Or courted Tetrarch's eye, or claimed to rule
By the world's winning grace, or proofs from learned
school.

But robing Him in viewless air, He told
His secret to a few of meanest mould;
They in their turn imparted
The gift to men pure-hearted.
While the brute many heard His mysteries high,
As some strange fearful tongue, and crouched they
knew not why.

Still is the might of Truth, as it has been:
Lodged in the few, obeyed, and yet unseen.
Reared on lone heights, and rare,
His Saints their watch-flame bear,
And the mad world sees the wide-circling blaze,
Vain-searching whence it streams, and how to
quench its rays.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

WEEK OF THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

MONDAY

WHY art Thou not, O Saviour, here,
As midst the Apostles' band Thou wast?
They need Thee not in loftier sphere,
With all their cares and sorrows past;
But here we wish Thee every day,
To come, and, "Peace be with you," say.

Why is this whirl in heart and brain,
When but Thy word the whole could calm?
Why all this weakness felt, and pain,
When Thou couldst yield both strength and balm?
"If Thou hadst but been here," we cry,
"Cause had not come to faint or sigh."

O Saviour, feeble flesh cries out
For something which with sense agrees;
Still it renews the Apostle's doubt,
Because it handles not, nor sees;
Forgetting what a boon receives
He who, though seeing not, believes.

E'en when Thy death hath paid our debt,
Saviour, to us, as those of old,
Thou prov'st a Master absent yet,
Though from the tomb the stone be rolled:
Near us Thou art, yet mak'st appear
Only at times Thy Presence clear.

LORD KINLOCH

TUESDAY

LORD, with what courage and delight
I do each thing,
When Thy least breath sustains my wing!
I shine and move
Like those above,
And, with much gladness
Quitting sadness,
Make me fair days of every night.

Affliction thus mere pleasure is:
And hap what will,

If Thou be in't, 'tis welcome still.
But since Thy rays
In sunny days
Thou thus dost lend,
And freely spend,
Ah! what shall I return for this?

O that I were all soul! that Thou
Wouldst make each part
Of this poor sinful frame pure heart!
Then would I drown
My single one;
And to Thy praise
A concert raise
Of Alleluias here below.

HENRY VAUGHAN

WEDNESDAY

SPRING is but another birth,
From the grave of earlier springs,
Which to renovated earth
Other resurrection brings.

God hath moulded all that God's
Power could mould, from mortal dust;
Flowers and fruits, from clouds and clods,
Life from ruin and from rust.

'Twas a wondrous hand that laid
In the seed the unborn tree;
Bud and blossom in the blade,
Future ripened fruit to be.

Still more wondrous was the might
That, from night's obscurest shrine,
Brought forth intellectual light,
Souls with thoughts and hopes divine.

Yes? 'twas a transcendent power
Which, for earth's contracted whole,
Gave to Heaven a worthy dower,
Gave an ever-living soul.

Less than earth to Heaven, and less
Than to ages moments seem,
Is the world we now possess,
To the world of which we dream.

Earthly love is faint and small,
When compared with the embrace
Of a love encircling all,
Through all time and o'er all space.

SIR JOHN BOWRING

THURSDAY

LIGHT of the better morning,
Shine down on me!
Sun of the brighter Heaven,
Bid darkness flee!
Thy warmth impart
To this dull heart:
Pour in Thy light,
And let this night
Be turned to day
By Thy mild ray!
Lord Jesus, come,
Thou Day-star, shine,

Enlighten now
  This soul of mine!
Streaks of the better dawning
  Break on my sight,
Fringing with silver edges
  These clouds of night.
Gems on morn's brow,
Glow, brightly glow,
Foretelling soon
The ascending noon,
Wakening this earth
To second birth,
  When He shall come
    To earth again,
  Who comes to judge,
    Who comes to reign.

HORATIUS BONAR

FRIDAY

MY God, I thank Thee, Who hast made
  The Earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
  Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here
  Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
  Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
  Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of Earth
  Some love is found.

I thank Thee *more* that all our joy
  Is touched with pain;

That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that Earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

SATURDAY

NOT as a fallen stone,
Abiding where it hath been flung,
Did Christ remain the dead among,
But sprang from Hades' deep invisible zone,
As the corn springs from where it has been thrown!

Not, as at Nain of yore
The young man rose to die again,
Did He resume the haunts of men,
But closed behind Him Death's reluctant door
And triumphed on to live for evermore!

Not, as we spend our days,
Subject to sorrows, pains, and fears,
Does He persist a Man of tears;
Henceforth He feels no touch of our decays,
But inexpressive joy in all His ways!

Not for Himself alone
He fought, and won that glorious life:
For us He conquered in the strife,
That we might make His victory our own,
And rise with Him before the Father's Throne!

Thus hath the Saviour brought
Our immortality to light!
O may He tarry in our sight,
That, clinging fast to Him with every thought,
We may partake the triumph He has wrought!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray,
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are Mine accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WEEK OF THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

MONDAY

O LORD, our Lord, in all the earth
How bright Thy Name, how high!
Thou Who hast pour'd Thy glory forth
Beyond th' eternal sky.

By lips that hang upon the breast
Thou hast ordain'd Thee might
For war, to lay the foe to rest,
And still th' avenger's spite.

When gazing on the Heavens, I see
The work of Thine own hand,
The moon and stars, array'd by Thee
In order as they stand;

What is frail man, for Thee to bear
In memory and in mind?
Or wherefore visit with Thy care
The child of base mankind?

Thou sett'st him where is little space
'Twixt him and Powers divine,
With glory crown'st him, and with grace,
O'er every work of Thine.

His is the sway: the Word from Thee
Put all beneath his feet,
Both flock and herd, yea wild beast free,
And fowls of Heaven so fleet,

And fishes of the sea, whate'er
Glides deep in ocean ways.—
O, Lord, our Lord, how dread and fair
In all the earth Thy praise!

JOHN KEBLE

TUESDAY

KNOW well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future—a phantom show
Is alone before him:
Past Time is dead and the grasses grow,
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind;
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's Angel, hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night? why shrink from Death?
That phantom wan?
There is nothing in Heaven or earth beneath,
Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from Him
And from one another;
All is spectral, and vague, and dim,
Save God and our brother!
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

WEDNESDAY

GOD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashion'd with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high;
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then, wherefore had they birth?

To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth :

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For Who so careth for the flower
Will much more care for him !

MARY HOWITT

THURSDAY

SOURCE of my life ! to Thee my grateful soul
Renews her wonted flight, and soars above,
Where, loosen'd from earth's bondage, care's control,
She drinks the springs of speechless joy and love !

How full the draught ! Upborne on faith's strong wings,
She mounts, nor heeds th' encumbering load of clay,
Ascending far above earth's loftiest things,
Catching the light of Heaven's unclouded day.

Fountain of light to that all blissful sphere !
Thy beams dispel the darkness of my heart
At this far distance : *who* shall then declare
What they receive who see Thee as Thou art !

O God, our Saviour ! if below Thy light,
Caught by my heart, sin's darkest shades dispel,
Oh, then what ecstasy pervades their sight,
Whose robes reflect the beams in which they dwell.

Shine, ever shine, more brightly constant shine,
To point, to comfort, to make safe our way;
Absent, we differ, murmur, and repine,
Our fallen nature's unresisted prey!

GILBERT N. SMITH

FRIDAY

O HEAVEN! Sweet Heaven! the home of the blest,
Where hearts once in trouble are ever at rest;
Where eyes that could see not rejoice in the light,
And beggars made princes are walking in white.

O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! the mansion of love,
Where Christ in His beauty shines forth from above,
The Lamb with His sceptre, to charm and control,
And love is the sea that encircles the whole.

O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! where purity reigns,
Where error disturbs not, and sin never stains;
Where holiness robes in its garments so fair
The great multitude that is worshipping there.

O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! where music ne'er dies,
But rich pealing anthems of glory arise;
Where saints with one feeling of rapture are stirred,
And loud hallelujahs for ever are heard.

O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! where friends neve part,
But cords of true friendship bind firmly the heart;

Where farewell shall never more fall on the ear,
Nor eyes that have sorrowed be dimmed with a tear.

EDWIN H. NEVIN

SATURDAY

NOTHING resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty: but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours;
But is hidden in her tender leaning
To the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair because the mists fade slowly
Into day, which floods the world with light;
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy,
Just because it ends in starry night.

Childhood's smiles unconscious graces borrow
From strife, that in a far-off future lies;
And Angel glances (veiled now by life's sorrow)
Draw our hearts to some beloved eyes.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

Learn the mystery of progression duly,
Do not call each glorious change, decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they passed away;

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness;
In that want their beauty lies: they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onwards man's reluctant soul.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

THROUGH many a far and foreign land,
With weary feet, and garment rent,
And sandal laced, and staff in hand,
The home-bound pilgrim went;

He passed by many a garden fair,
He looked on many a lordly dome,
But ever whispered, passing there,
"I seek my Father's home."

He lingered not where thousand charms
Wooed him from bank and sunny bower;
He turned not back when night's alarms
Did all around him lour;

Yet gratefully he plucked some flowers
That blossomed brightly at his feet,
He knew, to cheer his travel hours,
That God had made them meet;

And when sharp thorns before him lay,
And rugged was the narrow road,
He did not seek another way,
But bravely onward strode.

Children, all Christians here on earth,
Where'er their weary footsteps roam,
Whate'er their place, or state, or birth,
Are pilgrims going home.

The world shall tempt with vain delight,
Shall try them with contempt and scorn,
They must not think her flowers too bright,
Nor tremble at her thorn.

If doing right seem hard and stern,
They must not shrink and turn away,
But take their Master's Cross, and learn
To bear it, day by day.

Thus praising God for all things sweet
And bright, that He on earth has given,
With watchful prayer their pilgrim feet
Must hasten on to Heaven.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

WEEK OF THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

MONDAY

ALL flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower dishevell'd in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream;
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him, ignoble graves.—
Nothing is proof against the general curse

Of vanity, that seizes all below.
The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.
But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put
To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.
And wherefore? will not God impart His light
To them that ask it?—Freely—'tis His joy,
His glory, and His nature to impart.
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.
What's that which brings contempt upon a book,
And him who writes it, though the style be neat,
The method clear, and argument exact?
That makes a minister in holy things
The joy of many, and the dread of more,
His name a theme for praise and for reproach?
That while it gives us worth in God's account,
Depreciates and undoes us in our own?
What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up,
But which the poor, and the despised of all
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?
Tell me, and I will tell thee, what is truth.

WILLIAM COWPER

TUESDAY

OH for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh for the faith to grasp Heaven's bright "for ever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

"A little while," for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
"A little while," to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest-song.

"A little while," to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

"A little while," midst shadow and illusion,
To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell;
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."

"A little while," the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain Head.

"A little while," to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while," faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

And He, Who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad "for ever"
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

JANE CREWDSON

WEDNESDAY

OH, weak are my best thoughts and poor
Is all that I can say,
Whether I lift my voice in praise
Or kneel me down to pray:

Wherefore I thank Thee, gracious Lord,
Whose love provides for me
A higher and more perfect way
Of drawing nigh to Thee—
The way of sacrifice—ordained
When earth was in its prime;
Used by the hoary Patriarchs
All through the olden time;
To Israel's children in the Law
Of trembling Sinai given;
To us in later days confirmed
By Christ Himself from Heaven.
O sweet ecstatic thought! 'tis mine
To offer as of yore
A Sacrifice, and one in power
Excelling all before;
For me upon an Altar fair
Is pleaded, day by day,
The Body and the Blood of Him
Whom Heaven and earth obey:
And as the scarcely buoyant plank,
Knit in the vessel's side,
With ease careers across the waves
O'er leagues of ocean wide,
So too, though weak my prayer, O Lord,
Though poor my praises be,
Yet, knit with this high Sacrifice,
They win their way to Thee.

EDWARD CASWALL

THURSDAY

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye Stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

FRIDAY

DO not cheat thy Heart and tell her,
"Grief will pass away;
Hope for fairer times in future
And forget to-day."—
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
"Soon she will forget,"—
Bitter truth, alas,—but matter
Rather for regret;
Bid her not "Seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things:"—
Rather nurse the caged sorrow
Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet;
Not as foe, with spear and buckler,
But as dear friends meet;
Bind her with a strong clasp, hold her
By her dusky wings—
Listening for the murmured blessing
Sorrow always brings.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

SATURDAY

LOOK up; the rainy heavens withdraw,
Light flows anew at ebb of day;
Look, and believe the gracious law,
That love shall have the final sway.

The grass is of a perfect green,
Dappled with shades this pleasant hour;
The garden walk is crisp and clean;
Wind shakes the tears from bough and flower.

Its finest life is in the air,
Its finest lustre in the light;
And see! the drifting clouds of care
Are touched with glory in their flight.

In such an hour is understood
The sacred mystery of woe;
We feel a life divinely good
Within us rise, around us flow:

A spirit tranquil as of one
Who finds in happy languor rest,
Sore wearied with his work well done,
But through well-doing richly blest:

A spirit as of one who broods
Of sorrows ceased but unforgot;
Whose heart, like heaven, the rainiest moods
Leave softer, and without a blot.

Come, holy peace, when evening's flame
Burns in the west intensely still,
Come, kindling salutary shame
For half-won good, half-vanquished ill.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

"HE loved His own unto the end,"
And asked their love;
He said, "I call you each My friend,
And not My servant; and I send
One from above,
Who shall reveal such grace and truth to you
As in My sojourn here ye never knew."

"But why depart?" they cry, "why will
To leave us here?
Thou sayest that Thou dost love us still:

Can it be love if thus Thou fill
Our cup of fear?
O Master, Master, should'st Thou now depart
All sorrow needs must overwhelm our heart!"

Yet it is love: He said, "I go;
For could I stay,
Your earth-bound thoughts would never know
Love's fullest mysteries, which flow
From Me alway;
My human heart might linger with you yet,
But now affections must on Heaven be set.

"You could not know Me more, unless
My Spirit came
And taught the ways of righteousness,
How sin and judgment to confess,
How learn to blame
All clinging to inferior things of earth,
Blind to the glory of your heavenly birth.

"My peace I leave with you, but not
As this world gives;
My Spirit comes to you, yet what
He teaches shows no earthly lot;
He ever lives,
The world must learn. I hear the Father's call
Away from earth!—Awhile I leave you all.

"Arise! let us go hence." He rose,
And, as He spake,
Calmly He moved, as one who knows
The coming onset of his foes.
The night winds shake
With distant sounds, as through the olive grove
"Let us depart," is echoed from above.

WILLIAM JOSIAH IRONS

WEEK OF THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

MONDAY

THE world's a floor, whose swelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the ploughman's toil;
The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnow'd grain
Is lodged with chaff and buried in her soil;
All things are mix'd, the useful with the vain;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile;
The world's an ark, wherein things pure and gross
Present their lossful gain, and gainful loss
Where ev'ry pound of gold contains a pound of dross.

The worldly wisdom of the foolish man
Is like a sieve, that does alone retain
The grosser substance of the worthless bran:
But thou, my soul, let thy brave thoughts disdain
So coarse a purchase: O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain;
Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mix'd desires:
Thou art Heav'n's tasker; and thy God requires
The purest of thy flow'r, as well as of thy fires.

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wisdom bless the soul's unblemish'd ways;
No matter, then, how short or long's the lease,
Whose date determines thy self-number'd days:
No need to care for wealth's or fame's increase,

Nor Mars his palm, nor high Apollo's bays.
Lord, if Thy gracious bounty please to fill
The floor of my desires, and teach me skill
To dress and choose the corn, take those the chaff that will.

FRANCIS QUARLES

TUESDAY

MERCY and Truth my song would be;
To Thee, O Lord, I pour my lay;
Mine be the wise true heart, to see
The sure and perfect way.

When wilt Thou come where I abide?
Lo! in my house with perfect heart
I walk; nor have I wistful ey'd
The worthless, evil part.

I hate their work, who swerve to ill;
No spot of theirs on me be thrown!
Avaunt, I say, thou froward will,
No sinner I will own.

Who on his neighbour's name aside
Breathes slander, him I silence quite;
The haughty eye, the heart of pride,
I bear not in my sight.

Mine eyes the loyal of my land
Have mark'd, with me to dwell in love;
Who walks entire on either hand,
My servant he shall prove.

No fraud shall lurk beneath my roof,
No false one find a home with me,
The lying tongue must keep aloof,
Nor rest where I may see.

No miscreant in the land, but I
Will root him out ere morning prime,
Till from Thy city, Lord Most High,
I tear the brood of crime.

JOHN KEBLE

WEDNESDAY

O HALLOWED memories of the past,
Ye legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air,

In vain shall men deny,
Or bid your mission cease,
While stars yet prophesy
Of love, and hope, and peace.

For hearts the beautiful that feel,
Whose pulse of love beats strong,
The opening heavens new light reveal,
Glory to God, their song.

While bursts confession forth,
That, since the world began,
No miracle on earth
E'er match'd the heart of man.

And while from out our dying dust
Light more than life doth stream,
We bless the faith that bids us trust
The Heaven that we dream.

In death there is no fear,
There's radiance through the gloom,
While love and hope are here,
The Angels of the tomb.

Then, hallowed memories of the past,
Or legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air,

In vain shall man deny,
Or bid your mission cease;
The stars yet prophesy
Of love, and hope, and peace.

SARAH F. ADAMS

THURSDAY

"TIRED"!—Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day;
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

"Lonely"!—And what of that?
Some must be lonely! 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another's life into our own;—
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on!

"Dark"!—Well, what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith, and not by sight,—
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

"Hard"!—Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life a summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned. Learn it then, patiently.

"No help"!—Nay, 'tis not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh;
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children's cry.
He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

FRIDAY

ALL round the rolling world, both night and day,
A ceaseless voice ascends from those who pray:
"Thy will be done on earth, as now in Heaven;
Unto our souls a perfect choice be given."

All round the rolling world, both night and day,
A ceaseless answer comes to those who pray;
By shattered hopes, crossed plans, and fruitless pains,
Thy heavenly Master thine allegiance trains.

Guessing some portion of His great design,
Thou seek'st to forward it by ways of thine;
He Who the whole disposes as is meet,
Sees a necessity for thy defeat.

Yet to the faithful there is no such thing
As disappointment; failures only bring
A gentle pang, as peacefully they say,
"His purpose stands, though mine has passed away."

All is fulfilling, all is working still,
To teach thee flexibility of will;
To great achievements let thy wishes soar,
Yet meek submission pleases Christ still more.

When Love's long discipline is overpast,
Thy will too shall be done with His at last,
When all is perfected, and thou dost stand,
Robed, crowned, and glorified at His right hand.

C. M. NOEL

SATURDAY

WHEN is Communion nearest?
When blended anthems dearest?
Is it where far away dim aisles prolong
The cadence of the choral song?
Whose notes like waves in ocean,
When all are heard, yet none,
With ever upward surging motion
Approach the Eternal Throne?
Notes that would of madness tell,
So keen they pierce, so high they swell;
But for Heaven's harmonious spell;
Keen to the listening ear, as to the sight
The purest wintry star's intolerable light,
Yet mild as evening gleams just melting into night.

Or rather where soft soaring
One silent heart adoring
Loves o'er the stillness of the sick man's room
To breathe intensest prayer's perfume,
Whether calm rest be sealing
The pained and wearied eyes,
Or in high blended feeling
Watcher and sufferer rise.

Sweet the sleep, the waking dear,
When the holy Church is near
With mother's arms to hush and cheer.
Seems it not then as though each prayer and psalm,
Came like one message more from that far world of calm,
And earnest of His love, Whose Blood is healing balm?

JOHN KEBLE

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

WHEN prayer delights thee least, then learn to say,
Soul, now is greatest need that thou should'st pray.

Crooked and warped I am, and I would fain
Straighten myself by thy right line again.

O come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits;
Pierce, genial showers, down to my parchèd roots.

My well is bitter, cast therein the tree,
That sweet henceforth its brackish waves may be.

Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying, who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's own light.

While heat the iron in the furnace won,
Withdrawn from thence, 'twas cold and hard anon.

Flowers from their stalks divided, presently
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

The greenest leaf divided from its stem,
To speedy withering doth itself condemn.

The largest river from its fountain head
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

All things that live from God their sustenance wait,
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,
When Angel-hands from Heaven are scattering gold.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

ROGATION MONDAY

MOTHER! with us the Lord doth bide;
Yet but a little while He stays,—
Then for three dim and lonely days
Why keep us from His side?

. . . . . .

When thou wert in thy virgin prime,
Those forty days through all the earth
Thy heart did swell with festal mirth—
It was thy bridal time.

"Talk not, my son, of early days:
My precious stones were passing fair,
My life was Sacrament and prayer,
My unity was praise.

"These glories now are well-nigh past:
My son! the world is waxing strong;
The day is hot; the fight is long,
And therefore do I fast.

"And ye are weak, and cannot bear
Full forty days of Easter mirth:
And nought is left unstained of earth,
But penance, fast, and prayer.

"Oh! weary is my stay below;
And thus with strong and earnest cry,
As each Ascension-day glides by,
I fain with Him would go.

"Then watch and fast, like saints of yore;
These three new days perchance may bring
The earlier Advent of our King,
And we shall fast no more!"

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

ROGATION TUESDAY

UNANSWERED yet, the prayer your lips have pleaded,
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet, though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's Throne,

It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to have it known?
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you will see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, It shall be done—sometime, somewhere.

ASCENSION EVE

BREEZES of spring, all earth to life awaking,—
Birds swiftly soaring through the sunny sky,—
The butterfly its lonely prison breaking,—
The seed upspringing, which had seemed to die,—

Types such as these a word of hope have spoken,
Have shed a gleam of light around the tomb;
But weary hearts longed for a surer token,
A clearer ray, to dissipate its gloom.

And this was granted! See the Lord ascending,
On crimson clouds of evening calmly borne,
With hands outstretched, and looks of love still bending
On His bereaved ones, who no longer mourn.

"I am the Resurrection," hear Him saying;
"I am the Life; He who believes in Me
Shall never die,—the souls My call obeying,
Soon, where I am, for evermore shall be."

Sing Hallelujah! light from Heaven appearing,
The mystery of life and death is plain;
Now to the grave we can descend unfearing,
In sure and certain hope to rise again!

JANE BORTHWICK

ASCENSION DAY

O SHOW me not my Saviour dying,
As on the Cross He bled;
Nor in the tomb, a captive lying,
For He has left the dead:
Then bid me not that form extended
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the Throne.

Weep not for Him at Calvary's station;
Weep only for thy sins.
View where He lay with exultation,—
'Tis there our hope begins:

Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,
  Amid the scenes He trod;
Look up, and see Him interceding
  At the right hand of God.

Still in the shameful Cross I glory,
  Where His dear blood was spilt;
For there the great Propitiatory
  Abolished all my guilt.
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
  Shall strength and succour give?
He lives, the Captain of Salvation;
  Therefore His servants live.

By death, He death's dark king defeated,
  And overcame the grave;
Rising, the triumph He completed;
  He lives, He reigns to save.
Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him;
  He comes, the Judge of men;
These eyes shall see Him, and adore Him:
  Lord Jesus, own me then.

JOSIAH CONDER

FRIDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY

HE is gone—we heard Him say,
  "Good that I should go away":
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be—
No! His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone—towards their goal,
World and Church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the Heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but, not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here;
Far above this earthly sphere:
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY

SATURDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY

KING of kings, and wilt Thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for Thy throne,
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.

Then, like Heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for Thine high commands,
All my powers shall wait on Thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.

At Thy Word my will shall bow,
Judgment, reason, bending low;
Hope, desire, and every thought,
Into glad obedience brought.

Zeal shall haste on eager wing,
Hourly some new gift to bring;
Wisdom, humbly casting down
At Thy feet her golden crown.

Tuned by Thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord;
Love, the Leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

Be it so: my heart's Thy throne,
All my powers Thy sceptre own,
And, with them on Thine own hill,
Live rejoicing in Thy will.

W. A. MUHLENBERG

THE SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY

"LOOK, Master! See yon chariot all on fire
And spirit horses breathing flame and dread:
Ah, woe is me! Angelic powers conspire
To snatch thee in a moment from my head!
O grant me, Lord, responsive to my vow,
A double portion of Thy Spirit now!

"And must I, then, deserted and alone,
Whose help was found in thee (Elisha cried),
Take up thy strenuous war with Israel's Throne,
That scorns Jehovah in its boastful pride?
O grant me, Lord, responsive to my vow,
A double portion of Thy Spirit now!"

So too the Eleven, when they gazed on high,
Felt, like the Prophet, separation's throe:
The cloud, that hid the Saviour in the sky,
Chilled with its gloom their loving hearts below!
Ah! grant them, Lord, responsive to their vow,
A double portion of Thy Spirit now!

Earth's princes and the people of the Jews
Hurling their threats add terror to their loss,
And will the flock of orphaned tremblers choose
To champion in the world the painful Cross?
Oh, grant them, Lord, responsive to their vow,
A double portion of Thy Spirit now!

Nor less to-day the Church prolongs the theme,
Scanning with patience the celestial door;
Human in every part, can she redeem
The whole wide world from shore to distant shore?
Oh, grant her, Lord, responsive to her vow,
A double portion of Thy Spirit now!

And I, too, watching fondly in my sphere,
Till once again the closed Heavens are rife
With signs of Thy return, am oft in fear
Lest I betray the purpose of my life!
Oh, grant me, Lord, responsive to my vow,
A double portion of Thy Spirit now!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

WEEK OF THE SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY

MONDAY

THOU bidd'st us "visit in distress
The widow and the fatherless";
And wilt Thou leave us comfortless?
Wilt Thou depart?

Wilt Thou, O Lord, Thy Church forsake?
Must she a widow's garments take?
Wilt Thou Thy children orphans make?
O grief of heart!

No: Christ will visit in distress
The widow and the fatherless;
Seeming to leave you comfortless,
He loves you most.

For He departs, that He may send
Another Comforter and Friend,
To tarry with you till the end;
The Holy Ghost.

At Thy first birth, Thou, Lord, didst wait,
And forty days from it didst date,
And then Thy Zion's temple gate
Did welcome Thee.

Old age with joy saw Thee appear,
And widowhood found comfort there;
Perhaps the doves, then offered, were
A prophecy.

And now the fortieth from Thy birth,
To endless life, from womb of earth,
Will be a day of joy and mirth
In realms above.

For though Thy earthly course will end,
To Zion's gates Thou wilt ascend,
To be our great High Priest, and send
The Heavenly Dove.

Why then this sorrow and dismay?
'Tis good that He should go away,
He goes, that He for you may pray,
And never cease;

He goes as Man, that you may see
By faith His present Deity;
That here the Comforter may be,
And give you peace!

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

TUESDAY

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye Heavens rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:

Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.

He reigns! Ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the Throne;
And Angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

. . . . . .

Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.
Through earth and Heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

JOSIAH CONDER

WEDNESDAY

HIS eye toward the promised land,
Submiss and gentle, see him stand,
Bent o'er his gifted rod:

Meek amid such magnificence
Of certain power, his heart intense
With faith, and love, and reverence,
He worshipped the true God.

That God had known him face to face,
Had showered upon his spirit, grace,
Upon his features, light:

By him, the Lord of hosts had wrought
His signs and wonders, while He brought
His people home; by Moses, taught
His covenant, His might.

Hard by flowed Jordan; Moses heard
In meekness, and obeyed God's word,
His thrilling chant rung high:

And forth the camp, calm and content,
His eye not dim, his strength not spent,
From Moab's plain the prophet went
Up Nebo's steep to die.

No mortal ear drank his last breath
No mortal eye beheld his death;
He died on Abarim:

His grave, no mortal mourners tend:
His God was with him, as his friend,
Was comforting his latter end,
Now, ever blesses him.

THURSDAY

WHAT a world with all its sorrows!
What a scene, would it but stay;
What an earth, if all its morrows
Were as fair as this "to-day"!

When earth's summer-pulse is beating
With the fever-fire of June,

And the flowers fling up their greeting,
Quivering to the joyous noon:

When the streamlet, smiling gladly,
Hurries calmly, brightly by,
Not a voice around speaks sadly,
Not a murmur nor a sigh.

Sunbeams, with their fond caresses,
Smooth each rosebud's velvet fold,
Lingering in the glowing tresses
Of yon rich laburnum's gold.

Nature all its gay adorning
Opens to the day's bright bliss,
Like a child at early morning,
Wakened by its mother's kiss.

What a world! when all its sorrow
Shall for ever pass away!
What an earth! when each "to-morrow"
Shall be fairer than "to-day."

HORATIUS BONAR

FRIDAY

IT is not Heaven alone,
Which godliness attains;
It makes as much its own
The best of worldly gains:
Since out of all on earth it draws
The ore which of its worth is cause.

From godliness there flows
A current of content:

And ill to blessing grows,
By thought of blessing meant:
Each lot as sent by God it holds;
And each a bounty straight unfolds.

It keeps the mind from wrong,
And so of peace secure;
It keeps the body strong,
Because it keeps it pure:
And hath enough, on which to wait
The heirship of a large estate.

And thus a double bliss
To godliness pertains:
The world which present is,
And that to come it gains:
The earthly good is Heaven's begun;
The promise rolls the two in one.

LORD KINLOCH

WHITSUN EVE

COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

O Thou, of comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O Thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.

O Light Divine, all light excelling,
Fill with Thyself the inmost dwelling
  Of souls sincere and lowly;
Without Thy pure Divinity,
Nothing in all humanity,
  Nothing is strong or holy.

Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
  Raise up the bruised reed,
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
  Guide those that guidance need.

Give to the good who find in Thee
The Spirit's perfect liberty,
  Thy sevenfold power and love.
Give virtue strength its crown to win,
Give struggling souls their rest from sin,
  Give endless peace above.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY

WHITSUN DAY

CREATOR Spirit, by Whose aid
  The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour Thy joys on human kind,
From sin and sorrow set us free
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.
  O source of uncreated light,
Thy Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire,

Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His Almighty hand
Whose power does Heaven and earth command,
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul:
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand and hold them down.
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow.
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name,
The Saviour Son be glorified
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

JOHN DRYDEN

MONDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made,
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would

Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be
Give to Him, Who gave me Thee!

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

TUESDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK

HOLY Spirit, Truth Divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and Inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love Divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

Holy Spirit, Power Divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By the way I strongly live
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right Divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace Divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy Divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;

In the desert ways I sing
"Spring, O Well! for ever spring."
S. LONGFELLOW

WEDNESDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness to my Lord?

Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the Word of God most high?
How then before Thee shall I dare
To stand, or how Thy anger bear?

No; let man rage! since Thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain Thy tender love
Will still my sweet refreshment prove.

Saviour of men! Thy searching eye
Does all my inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise?
Or the world's favour, or its praise?

The love of Christ does me constrain,
To seek the wandering souls of men:
With cries, entreaties, tears to save,
To snatch them from the gasping grave.

. . . . .

My life, my blood I here present,
If for Thy truth they may be spent:
Fulfil Thy sov'reign counsel, Lord:
Thy Will be done! Thy Name ador'd!

Give me Thy strength, O God of power!
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be—
'Tis fix'd! I can do all through Thee!

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

THURSDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK

HOLY SPIRIT, come, we pray,
Come from Heaven, and shed the ray
Of Thy light divine.

Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Giver from a boundless store,
Light of hearts, O shine!

Matchless Comforter in woe,
Sweetest Guest the soul can know,
Living waters blest;

When we weep, our solace sweet,
Coolest shade in summer heat,
In our labour rest.

Holy and most blessèd Light,
Make our inmost spirits bright
With Thy radiance mild;

For without Thy sacred powers
Nothing can we own of ours,
Nothing undefiled.

What is arid fresh bedew,
What is sordid cleanse anew,
Balm on the wounded pour.

What is rigid gently bend,
On what is cold Thy fervour send,
What has strayed restore.

To Thine own in every place
Give the sacred sevenfold grace;
Give Thy faithful this.

Give to virtue its reward,
Safe and peaceful end afford;
Give eternal bliss.

KING ROBERT SECOND OF FRANCE

FRIDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK

I HOLD a joy, with which I feel
A stranger intermeddleth not:
Which lies too deeply hid to steal;
Which wears a form too pure to blot.

Mine own it is, all claim beyond;
For none its secret treasure knows;
No joy can wholly correspond;
Nought earthly give it cause, or close.

It wakes within, I know not how,
Save that from Thee, O Holy Dove,
There comes, Christ's cleansing to avow,
A gladness lighting from above.

Thy teaching of an holy walk
The heart with healthful glow imbues;
And checked desire, and chastened talk,
The gleam of conscious grace diffuse.

I hold the joy midst cares and pains,
  Like secret kept on martyr's rack;
And 'neath repented sin remains
  A spark to bring the radiance back.

It cannot boast a rapturous sense,
  Like relish of earth's lofty state;
But surer rests, though less intense,
  In bosom fixed to hope and wait.

An heirship in the future lies;
  And present wealth I lightly miss:
Joy whatsoe'er would dim defies,
  Bright in the gleam of coming bliss.

LORD KINLOCH

SATURDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK

SPIRIT, exiled long from earth,
  Who, like rainfall after dearth,
    Poured'st down from Christ on high,
Leave no more this world of ours,
But with all Thy heavenly powers
    In the Church be ever nigh!

Thou Who, by our Prophet sent,
Didst the Apostles' mind frequent,
    Till they grasped the Truth He taught,
Oh, in this perplexèd age
Shine upon the Holy Page
    And illuminate our thought!

Unction from our great High Priest,
Flowing down to be increased

Through the Lord's ordainèd signs
Come, anoint each sacred Rite
And Thyself with us unite,
When our soul to God inclines!

Power of Heaven's enthronèd King,
Who to Peter's heart didst bring
Strength to brave the angry Jews,
Oh that now with royal sway
Thou would'st teach us to obey
Every thought Thou dost infuse!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

TRINITY SUNDAY

MOST High and Holy Trinity!
Who of Thy mercy mild
Hast form'd me here in Time, to be
Thy image and Thy child:
Oh let me love Thee day and night
With all my soul, with all my might;
Oh come, Thyself my soul prepare,
And make Thy dwelling ever there!

Father! replenish with Thy grace
This longing heart of mine,
Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred inmost shrine!
Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares.
Enfold her in Thy changeless peace,
So she from all but Thee may cease!

O God the Son! Thy wisdom's light
On my dark reason pour;

Forgive that things of sense and sight
  Were all her joy of yore;
Henceforth let every thought and deed
On Thee be fix'd, from Thee proceed,
Draw me to Thee, for I would rise
Above these earthly vanities!

O Holy Ghost! Thou fire of love,
  Enkindle with Thy flame my will;
Come with Thy strength, Lord, from above,
  Help me Thy bidding to fulfil:
Forgive that I so oft have done
What I as sinful ought to shun;
Let me with pure and quenchless fire
Thy favour and Thyself desire!

Most High and Holy Trinity!
  Draw me away far hence,
And fix upon eternity
  All power of soul and sense!
Make me at one within; at one
With Thee on earth; when life is done
Take me to dwell in light with Thee,
Most High and Holy Trinity!

LYRA GERMANICA

MONDAY AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY

FAITH of our fathers! living still
  In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
  Whene'er we hear that glorious word;
Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers chain'd in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life;
Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

TUESDAY AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY

SPIRIT, soul and body's union,
Mingling with the heavenly host,
One with God in Christ's communion,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

With the water, blood, and spirit
Sanctified in one on earth,
Wholly blameless, may be merit,
Wholly all the heavenly birth.

Light and cloud of God's indwelling,
Breathed to make a living soul,
Spirit, passion's fury quelling
With a more than man's control.

Mirror of that breath's reflection,
Soul, yet dew'd with earthly sense,

Source of holiest affection,
Shrine of purest innocence.

Body, that shall be celestial,
Now so sinful and so frail,
Outer court of things terrestrial,
Parted with the fleshly veil.

O the joy, when, without ending,
When your three-fold work is done,
Spirit, soul, and body blending,
You shall be with God in one.

HERBERT KYNASTON

WEDNESDAY AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY

"OUR Father"—happy he that knows
Of that dear word the sweet repose;
Who on Thy Will doth strive to lean,
And hopes of comfort wean
From her, our evil mother's breast;—
Yea, like a weanèd child doth yield, and is at rest.

As darker vengeance seem'd to dwell
On Thy forsaken Israel,
And Zion's daughter had her throne
Upon the desert stone,
As Canaan's sun sunk down beneath the sea,
The brighter broke the lights of Gospel prophecy.

Now that we, wise and prudent grown,
Forget the lore to babes made known,
And there are sounds upon the wind
Of Judgment close behind,

All will be well, if sights of stern alarm
But teach to cling more close unto a Father's arm.

So may we walk through that dark dell
Where death and death's dim shadows dwell,
Knowing beyond in that bright vale
Nor health nor peace shall fail;
The silver eye of Heaven looks out afar
On evening going down upon her golden car.

And we too may look back erewhile,
And from a Parent's bosom smile,
And sing His praise for endless day,
"Who left us not a prey;
As birds from fowler's snare, so we
Have 'scap'd; the snare is broke, we are for ever free."

ISAAC WILLIAMS

THURSDAY AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY

I LATELY talked with one who strove
To show that all my faith was dim,
That his alone, the road to Heaven;
And thus it was I answered him—

"Strike not the staff I hold away,
You cannot give me yours, dear friend;
Up the steep hill our paths are set
In different wise, to one sure end.

"What though with eagle-glance upfixt
On heights beyond our mortal ken,
You tread the broad sure stones of faith
More firmly than do weaker men.

"Snatch not away the glimmering light
The father holds, the son rejects,
Nor thrust your candle in their eyes,
And blind them,—into narrow sects.

"To each according to his strength:
But as we leave the plains below,
Let us carve out a wider stair,
A broader pathway through the snow.

"And when upon the golden crest
We stand at last together, freed
From mists that gather round the base,
And clouds that but obscure our creed,

"We shall perceive that though our steps
Have wandered wide apart, dear friend,
No pathway can be wholly wrong
That leads unto one perfect end."

HAMILTON AIDÉ

FRIDAY AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY

LET thy gold be cast in the furnace,
Thy red gold, precious and bright;
Do not fear the hungry fire
With its caverns of burning light:
And thy gold shall return more precious,
Free from every spot and stain;
For gold must be tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain!

In the cruel fire of Sorrow
Cast thy heart; do not faint or wail;

Let thy hand be firm and steady;
  Do not let thy spirit quail:
But wait till the trial is over,
  And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
  So a heart must be tried by pain!

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
  Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving
  Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, for ever;
  Shine bright, strong golden chain;
And bless the cleansing fire
  And the furnace of living pain.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

SATURDAY AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY

WIDE the compass of the world,
  Peopled by a countless host;
And the flag of Sin unfurled
  Waves in pride o'er every coast!
Therefore, Lord, we said:—"In vain
Strive we to enlarge Thy reign!"

Yet we hear Thy sure command:—
  "Go and make your voices ring
With My Gospel in each land,
  Till the nations own Me King!"
Therefore woe be on us, Lord,
Should we fail to preach Thy Word!

Something greater, too, than fear
Sways us now with fond control:
Moved by love, we know how dear
Is Thy service to the soul!
Therefore, Lord, we will proclaim
Joyfully Thy blessèd Name!

What though we ourselves are weak
And the task beyond our power?
Thou, O Lord, to those who seek,
Givest Grace from hour to hour.
Therefore we advance to fight,
Sure of victory by Thy might!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"GOD is Love," the Heavens tell it,
Through their glorious orbs of light;
In that glad and golden language,
Speaking to us day and night,
Their great story,
"God is Love," and God is Might.

And the teeming earth rejoices,
In that message from above;
With ten thousand thousand voices,
Telling back, from hill, and grove,
Her glad story,
God is Might, and "God is Love."

Through these anthems of Creation,
Struggling up with gentle strife,
Christian songs, of Christ's salvation,

To the world, with blessings rife,
Tell their story,
"God is Love," and God is Life.

Through that precious "Love" He sought us,
Wand'ring from His holy ways;
With that precious "Life" He bought us;
Then let all our future days,
Tell this story,
Love's our life—our lives be praise.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

WEEK OF THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free;
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth Love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How far and wide we stray!

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear;

Why forward reach, or backward look,
For Love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

. . . . . .

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years,—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And Faith has still its Olivet,
And Love its Galilee.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

TUESDAY

LOVE hath descended from His Throne on high,
And taken brotherhood with man below;
A Man full pledged to sorrow, pledged to sigh,
He pour'd His Love on those that wrought His woe.
What surer proof could best affection show
Than thus to suffer? And, for us if He,
Shall we not for His sake, some suffering know;

That we, as lov'd, may also loving be,
And for Love's sake, by Love, from sin and shame
be free?

But Love doth not in contemplation dwell,
Lock'd in the bosom's innermost recess,
Which it doth still with sighs and longing swell
But never passeth; which it may oppress
By brooding thoughts, to utter hopelessness,
But never ease by action;—forth it goes
And doth itself to that high task address
Whence only cometh solace to all woes,
And which alone the fount of endless gladness
knows.

The task of Love is that of man below,
Fulfilment of the law of God above;
The only task which doth perfection know,
And which for its own sake doth merit love,
And upon earth, as not of earth, doth move:
O happy, happy, who Love's task fulfil,
Nor from affection's settled purpose rove;
But their true loving Lord do copy still,
And, for Love's sake, by Love, do execute Love's
will.

A. H. WRATISLAW

WEDNESDAY

ALL things that are on earth shall wholly pass
away,
Except the Love of God, which shall live and last
for aye.
The forms of men shall be as they had never been;
The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and
tender green;

The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant song,
And the nightingale shall cease to chant the evening long;
The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills,
And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the hills.
The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the fox,
The wild boar of the wood, and the chamois of the rocks,
And the strong and fearless bear, in the trodden dust shall lie;
And the dolphin of the sea, and the mighty whale, shall die.
And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be no more,
And they shall bow to death, who ruled from shore to shore;
And the great globe itself, so the holy writings tell,
With the rolling firmament, where the starry armies dwell,
Shall melt with fervent heat—they shall all pass away,
Except the Love of God, which shall live and last for aye.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THURSDAY

WHAT joyful harvester did ere obtain
The sweet fruition of his hopeful gain,
Till he in hardy labours first had passed
The summer's heat, and stormy winter's blast?
A sable night returns a shining morrow,
And days of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow;

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
And he that has no cross deserves no crown.
There's but one Heaven, one place of perfect ease,
In man it lies, to take it where he please,
Above, or here below: and few men do
Enjoy the one, and taste the other too:
Wisdom, the antidote of sad despair,
Makes sharp afflictions seem not as they are,
Through patient sufferance; and doth apprehend,
Not as they seeming are, but as they end.
Who sends affliction, sends an end, and He
Best knows what's best for Him, what's best for me:
'Tis not for me to carve me where I like;
Him pleases when He list to stroke or strike.
I'll neither wish, nor yet avoid temptation,
But still expect it, and make preparation:
If He think best my faith shall not be tried;
Lord, keep me spotless from presumptuous pride:
If otherwise, with Thy trial, give me care
By thankful patience to avoid despair:
Fit me to bear whate'er Thou shalt assign;
I kiss the rod, because the rod is Thine.
Howe'er let me not boast, nor yet repine,
With trial, or without, Lord, make me Thine.

FRANCIS QUARLES

FRIDAY

O BRIGHT Ideals, how ye shine,
Aloft in realms of air!
Ye pour your streams of light divine
Above our low despair.

I've climbed, and climbed these weary years
To come your glories nigh;

I'm tired of climbing, and in tears
  Here on the earth I lie.

As a weak child all vainly tries
  To pluck the evening star,
So vain have been my life-long cries
  To reach up where ye are.

Shine on, shine on, through earth's dark night,
  Nor let your glories pale!
Some stronger soul may win the height
  Where weaker ones must fail.

And this one thought of hope and trust
  Comes with its soothing balm,
As here I lay my brow in dust,
  And breathe my lowly psalm,—

That not for heights of victory won,
  But those I tried to gain,
Will come my gracious Lord's "Well done!"
  And sweet effacing rain.

Then on your awful heights of blue
  Shine on, for ever shine;
I come! I'll climb, I'll fly to you,
  For endless years of mine.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

SATURDAY

WE all are in one school;
  Each hath his daily lesson, line on line;
But sterner chastisement and stricter rule
  God doth for some design.

Nor chief nor only those
Who break their bands, and cast their cords away,
Who, unsubmissive, murmur and oppose,
He scourgeth day by day.

But whom the Master's eye
With wise discernment singles from the throng,
Beholding that far down which, raised on high
Shall turn to Angel's song;—

Unseen, deep-hidden love,
Of power untried, or wise unconscious skill,
By outward hindrance marred, He thus doth prove
Chastising to His will.

He wisely loveth all;
And whom He loves, He still doth train and teach;
But whom He loveth most, on them doth fall
Ofttimes His sharpest speech;

Whereat they wonder much
And envy oft, when other souls the while,
That lightlier serve, receive the gentler touch,
The kinder-seeming smile.

But He doth all things right,
Gathering both pearls and diamonds for His crown,
Those cleansing, these transforming for delight,
Pruning all roughness down.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

SKIRTING the azure of the summer sky
Along the horizon like a wall of snow,
A bank of cloud appeared, and, soaring high,
Upraised at intervals a warlike show
Of glistering bastions in an ordered row.
But ah! what change a few brief moments wrought!
The fleecy rampart lost its radiant glow:
Its towery forms to other shapes were brought
And the proud vision passed and spake another thought.

All this was done with utter quietude,
Far, far above the sounds of earthly care;
And I was moved therewith, and understood
God speaking to me from the silent air:—
"Seest thou," He asked, "the clouds enforced to wear
Their shapes and hues for but a little space?
They teach thee how the world itself must fare;
That stars and planets ebb and flow apace,
And man must vary too before he see My Face!"

"If this be so, Eternal God," I said,
"If every form must change but Thou alone,
How are we mortals piteously misled!
Alas, we place the creatures on Thy Throne,
Which, when Thine all-prevailing Breath has blown,

Vanish like mists, that last not half a day!
Thou changeless Lord, since yonder clouds have shown
Mortality its doom by their array,
O draw my wandering love to rest in Thee alway!"

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

WEEK OF THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

"GOD is my strength!"—Be this my shield,
Whether my duty calls me forth
To the high places of the field,
Or to some modest path on earth,
When the fierce fight begins to thicken,
And the soul wrestles as for life,
Striving my weary steps to quicken
Ever onward through the strife;
How often would my spirit fail me,
If I could not, amidst the fight,
Hear the Lord's voice, when foes assail me,—
"My son, go on in this thy might."

When the world's enchantments lure me,
Or when its menaces appal;
Nature too feeble to secure me,
And certain in its pride to fall;
When tempted to forsake the way,
Loving the present world too well,
Backward to work, and watch, and pray;
In bondage to the enchanter's spell;

When, Lord, I walk too much by sight,
  When faith and hope are well-nigh flown,
Teach me to lean upon Thy might,
  For I have none to call my own.

. . . . . .

In ev'ry trial and temptation,
  In all life's burdens, toils, and cares,
The one great end,—the soul's salvation,
  Is that for which true faith prepares.
Faint in myself, and yet pursuing,
  Faith is contented to obey,
Knowing, like Gideon, God is doing
  His own great work in His own way.
The way, however dark and dreary,
  Leads to a land where all is light,
And I am strong, though faint and weary,
  If journeying in this Thy might.

JOHN STREATFEILD

TUESDAY

EVERMORE their lauds the Angel hosts are singing,
  Honour, praise, and glory to the Three in One;
Wherefore should not we too, our lowly service bringing,
  Swell that mighty chorus ever here beneath the sun?

Saviour, Thou hast told us, wheresoe'er assemble
  Two or three to praise Thee, there Thou art surely nigh,
There too are Thine Angels: so let the haughty tremble,
  For those mighty spirits fold their snow-white wings and cry—

Lowly, lowly bending in deepest adoration—
" Holy, holy, holy, God of Hosts," they sing :
With their glorious voices they swell our faint oblation ;
Round us still they hover when our sacrifice we bring.

Into all the glories of our Rites most holy,
Sacrificial wonders, Angels deign to look :
Christ hath died for mortals in self-devotion lowly :
Thence do Angels wait on man, so saith the Sacred Book.

How can we be worthy, we weak and erring creatures,
Of such wondrous blessing, that Angels us befriend ?
Something grant us, Saviour, of those Angel natures,
Love for Thee as boundless, love to serve Thee without end.

ARCHER GURNEY

WEDNESDAY

WORKMAN of God ! oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

. . . . . .

Oh learn to scorn the praise of men !
Oh learn to lose with God !
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave
From time's misjudging shame;
In His own world, He is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine Angel to the field,
Good luck shall crown thy part.

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay:
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

THURSDAY

OH! help me, Lord, to seek Thy face,
Obedient to Thy call,
To seek the presence of Thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

All I can wish is Thine to give;
I only ask Thy love—
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of Heaven above.

In these dark scenes of pain and woe,
What can my spirit find?
No happiness can dwell below,
To fill th' immortal mind!

To Heaven my restless soul aspires:
Oh, for a quickening ray
To strengthen my poor faint desire,
And cheer the tiresome way.

The path to Thy divine abode
Through weary deserts lies,
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.

Satan and sin unite their art
To keep me from my Lord;
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by Thy Word.

My Guardian, my Almighty Friend,
On Thee my soul would rest:
On Thee alone my hopes depend—
Be near, and I am blest.

ANNE STEELE

FRIDAY

THE Poet scanned with mighty awe
The mystery of Man;
He spake the strange things that he saw,
And thus it ran:—

"The silent stars are overhead,
The silent graves below:
A dream between—how quickly fled!—
Is all we know."

He pointed up—he pointed down—
The witnesses were there.
O'er the between a veil was thrown
He could not tear.

The Preacher saw the hand he raised,
And heard the words he spake;
And in his soul with grief amazed
A fire outbrake.

"Poet," he cried, "the things we see
They are not all we know;
The web of thy philosophy
I rend it so!"—

He pointed with his eager hand
Behind and then before,—
And there, and there, for ever stand
Two wonders more.

"The silent stars sing out with mirth,
The graves with grass are green:—
Christ cometh twice upon the earth;—
We live between!"

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW

SATURDAY

OFT when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task
Involving care and strife:
Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems;

We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams;
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

We toil as in a field,
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
Which may be all our own:
And shall we of the toil complain
That speedily will bring such gain?

We dig the wells of life,
And God the waters gives;
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives;
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The Temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a Voice Divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the Temple-child,
The little Levite kept;

And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive, and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word:
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates.
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS

WEEK OF THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

GOD called the nearest Angels who dwell with Him above,
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," He said, "My Angels! a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gate of Heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain!"

Two faces bowed before the Throne veiled in their golden hair:
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the Angels came,
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness, and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him Who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake—

"Welcome, My Angels! ye have brought a holier joy to Heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

TUESDAY

BLESSED Light of saints on high,
Who fill the mansions of the sky;
Sure defence, Whose mercy still
Preserves Thy subjects here from ill;
O, my Jesus, make me know
How to pay the thanks I owe.
As the fond sheep that idly strays,
With wanton play, through winding ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till, wearied out with idle fear,
And, passing there, and turning here,
He will, for rest, to covert run,
And meet the wolf he wish'd to shun;
Thus wretched I, through wanton will,
Run blind and headlong on in ill:

'Twas thus from sin to sin I flew,
And thus I might have perish'd too:
But Mercy dropp'd the likeness here,
And show'd, and sav'd me from my fear.
While o'er the darkness of my mind
The Sacred Spirit purely shin'd,
And mark'd, and brighten'd all the way
Which leads to everlasting day,
And broke the thickening clouds of sin,
And fix'd the light of love within.
From hence my ravish'd soul aspires,
And dates the rise of its desires.
From hence to Thee, my God! I turn,
And fervent wishes say I burn,
I burn, Thy glorious face to see,
And live in endless joy with Thee.

THOMAS PARNELL.

WEDNESDAY

ONE in one hundred lost! and ninety-nine
That never knew another will than Thine!
O Love! that holds so many to Thee bound,
Yet cannot rest until the lost be found.

And one in ten through man's untoward neglect,
Lost from the number of the Lord's elect!
Yet light Truth's candle, search the house well round,
And that lost image of the Lord is found.

And one in two, lost through the perverse will
That cannot rest contented, and be still!
Loves triple cord, unbroken though unwound,
Draws back to pardon, and the lost is found.

Thus lost! lost! lost! blight with their threefold curse
The beauty of heart, home, and universe!
But threefold Love, with threefold glory crown'd,
That lost! lost! lost! blots out with found! found! found!

O Love! so little losing! at such cost
Restoring to Thyself that little lost!
This, this Thy praise, through worlds on worlds renown'd
"Was dead, and is alive—was lost—is found!"

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

THURSDAY

DARK was my lot, and long it spurned
The poor reliefs that man could give;
Till God my wayward spirit turned,
And bade me see, believe, and live.
Then flowed my tears, then woke my tongue,
And loud His gracious mercies sung.

O what return can I bestow
On Him Who needeth nought from me?
What can I give that will not flow
In blessings back, my God, from Thee?
How rich on earth Thy cup of Love!
How richer still the fount above!

Be mine to own Thy gentle sway,
To live, to die to Thee alone;
Whom should I love, and whom obey
But Him Who made me twice His own?
Who formed me by His living breath?
Who rescued me from sin and death?

Him will I praise; heart, hand, and voice
To Him shall daily offerings bring;
E'en now, in hope, I will rejoice,
With all above, in spirit, sing;
Till I shall join those brighter choirs
And add fresh themes for Angels' lyres.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

FRIDAY

NOT here, not here: not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands, as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters:
I shall be satisfied—but oh, not here.

Not here—where every dream of bliss deceives us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know;
Where Heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-toss'd currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us
Than these few words: "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! satisfied! the spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds;
The silent love that here meets no returning,
The inspiration which no language finds.

Shall they be satisfied?—the soul's vague longings,
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O what desires upon my soul are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary feet are tending—
Saviour and Lord with Thy frail child abide:
Guide me toward home, where, all my wanderings ended
I then shall see *Thee* and "be satisfied."

SATURDAY

STRIVE; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure
You would not perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;

An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it;
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power Who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night:
And, grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,

And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WEEK OF THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

CHARMING flowers! your day is come—
Hours of sunshine, hope, and joy;
Cruel blasts no longer roam
You to scatter and destroy.

Open then your queenly state,
All your boundless charms display;
Nature's eyes expectant wait
With the watchful god of day.

Western zephyrs crowd around
With their fond devoted sighs,
Constant lovers ever found
Of your thousand magic dyes.

And for you amid the trees
Tuned is yonder serenade,
Wafted softly on the breeze,
By admiring songsters made.

Happy flowers! what bliss for you!
Dwelling all the day in light,
Bathed at eve in showers of dew,
Homage of the silent night.

Go then, beauties! proudly reign,
Nobly spend your little breath:
Fell disease and blight and pain
Onward stalk with nipping death.

Fleeter still than human glory,
All your gorgeous pomps decay;
None to tell the fragrant story.
Of your little royal day.

Flowers of virtue only last,
Fading though to mortal eyes—
Lo! their blossoms new they cast
In the bowers of Paradise!

E. D. JACKSON

TUESDAY

MAN hath a voice severe,
His neighbour's fault to blame,
A wakeful eye, a listening ear,
To note his brother's shame.

He, with suspicious glance,
The curtained breast doth read,
And raise the accusing balance high
To weigh the doubtful deed.

O Thou, Whose piercing thought
Doth note each secret path,
For mercy to Thy Throne we flee,
From man's condemning wrath.

Thou Who dost dimness mark
In Heaven's resplendent way,
And folly in that Angel host
Who serve Thee night and day;

How fearless should our trust
In Thy compassion be,
When from our brother of the dust
We dare appeal to Thee.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

WEDNESDAY

HOW beautiful is Truth! she wins her way,
Through deepest night, to realms of glorious day;
But fierce the struggle,—fierce the moral fight,
Ere Truth serene can sun herself in light.

The age moves on!—the nation's heaving mind
Struggles to leave opposing mists behind;
And, having once its onward course begun,
Aims at the light, as eagles seek the sun.

The future children of this favour'd land
Shall reap rewards from learning's liberal hand;
And education's blest and lucid beam
On all shall fall with rich and copious stream.

Those helpless poor—the aged, wan, and weak;
The sick who sigh, the child which cannot speak;
Rights have they—*rights*, by claim of kindred blood,
The right of freedom and the right of food.

Too long stark poverty has been a crime,
Darkly recorded on the rolls of time!
Too long, indeed!—but now 'tis past, 'tis o'er,
And civil slavery soon shall be no more.

Ye lofty ones of earth, ye so-call'd "Great,"
Ye potent rulers in our Church and State,
Give ear to what shall stamp th' historic page,
Nor lag behind the progress of the age.

The age moves on! The nation's heaving mind
Feels the true brotherhood of humankind,
Expands its wings, and lo! (its course begun)
Aims at the light, as eagles seek the sun!

JOHN PEAT

THURSDAY

THOUGH I am slow to trust Thee, Lord,
Slow to believe Thy gracious word,
Yet sweet Thy promise is to me,
"Sufficient is My grace for thee."

Though trials often here, and care,
This weary heart of mine must share,
How comforting Thy word to me,
"My grace sufficient is for thee."

Thus I can triumph in distress,
And find that even pain can bless,
Feeling how sure Thy word to me,
"Sufficient is My grace for thee."

Thy love I know, O Lord, can shed
Its beams o'er every path I tread,
Reviving me and teaching me,
"Sufficient is My grace for thee."

For *Thou* canst feel each grief *I* feel,
Canst sympathize, sustain, and heal,

And sweetly bring the truth to me,
"Thy grace sufficient is for me."

O Saviour! grace on me bestow,
Then though my tears may sometimes flow,
The precious truth my faith shall see,
"My grace sufficient is for thee."

And when I see Thee in the light
Thy matchless glory makes so bright,
Then shall I own, adoring Thee,
"Sufficient was Thy grace for me.

E. C.

FRIDAY

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one—bright gifts from Heaven—
Joys are sent thee here below
Take them readily when given,
Ready be to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee
Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

SATURDAY

SEE how yon little lark is borne
With music up to heaven,
To bask in sunlight ere the morn
To vales beneath is given.

That bird Salvation's sign hath made
By stretching forth its wings;
The cross upon his back is laid,
And lo! he soars and sings.

Take off the fardel that he bears,
He falleth in his flight;

The cross is in the wings he wears;
He proves the burden light.

So Christ hath laid His Cross on me;
It wings me to the sky,
And day by day, though sore it be,
By that dear Cross live I.

It beareth those by whom 'tis borne,
And by its weight we rise,
Who casts it down, he sinks forlorn;
Who takes it up, he flies.

Easy the yoke, and light the load,
Indeed, my spirit sings;
To him that pants for God's abode
His cross shall prove his wings.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

THERE are no little things on earth,
There's nought beneath the Christian's care,
No virtuous deeds of little worth;
The flower, upon the mountain bare,
Where never came admiring eye,
The Lord has carved as curiously,
Has stained it with as gorgeous dye,
As though a thousand looks were there.

Deem not the simple charms, that dwell
In gentle tone and smiling face,
The courtesy, that flings a spell
Of winning love and quiet grace

O'er common deeds in silence wrought,
Beneath the Christian's careful thought;
Another love our Lord has taught,
  Adorning many a secret place.

Upon the lonely mountain height
  He bids His fair young blossoms swell,
For fragrance all and beauty bright
  Forth bursting from each dark green shell;
And shall no flowers of courtesie
Within our lowly hamlets be,
To brighten with their fragrance free
  The homes where poor men dwell?

Oh! yes, the temple stones of old
  Admiring glances ever drew,
All fair and beauteous to behold,
  Ranged in their polished order due;
And lovely deeds beseem us all,
The stones in Christ's own temple wall,
And nought is trivial, nought is small,
  That we, for His Great Name, can do.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

WEEK OF THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

HOW sweet the ways of wisdom early gain'd
  Growing with growth; and strength by strength attain'd,
As higher heights and broader ways expand
A freer air more near th' immortal land,

More treasure stor'd in Heaven! Then habit's might
Gives armour, makes the yoke and burden light,
When with spontaneous spring the heart ascends
In prayer to Heaven, in prayer begins and ends;
Till custom shall to nature's strength attain,
Duty her present joy, her future gain,
Opening a wider path in green old age
Strewed with calm hopes of her high heritage.
Then wisdom's self descending from the sky
Shall train thy heart to glad philosophy;
And Christ Himself upon the way appears
In things of Heaven to school thine eyes and ears,
To walk with thee, as erst with them of old,
And all the world around thee to unfold.
The scene to worldlings where their glory dies,
The grave, wherein their hope in ruin lies,
Becomes replete with pictures ever new,
Presenting heavenly lessons to the view;—
Portraying things of our immortal birth,
As evening clouds oft shadow things of earth,
Obscure and transient, yet as by they sail
There the full heart reads many a solemn tale;
Each object seen becomes a speaking sign,
Which with a finger points to things divine,
A mirror wherein things celestial pass,
Eternity disclosed as in a glass.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

TUESDAY

TO be thought ill of, worse than we deserve,
To have hard speeches said, cold looks displayed
By those who should have cheered us when we swerve,—
Is one of Heaven's best lots, and may be made

A treasure ere we know it, a lone field
Which to hot hearts may bitter blessings yield.
Either we learn from our past sins to shrink,
When their full guilt is kept before our eye,
And, thinking of ourselves as others think,
We so are gainers in humility :—
Or the harsh judgments are a gloomy screen,
Fencing our altered lives from praise and glare ;
And plants that grew in shades retain their green,
While unmeet sternness kindly chills the air.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

WEDNESDAY

MY heart was glad to hear their call,
Who said, "To God's own house we go,"—
Thy gate and glorious wall
Our due feet early know ;

Jerusalem ! 'tis there we stand ;
Jerusalem ! for ever sure,
Built by th' unswerving Hand
In union to endure ;

Fair city, in herself at rest !
The tribes are there, the tribes of God
To her their way address'd,
And climb the holy road,

(A law for Israel through all time ;)
There praising God's high Name, they met ;
Full many a throne sublime
For judgment there is set,

Full many a throne for David's seed :—
Come frame your prayer, come breathe your spell,

For Salem in her need!
Thy lovers, fare they well!

Peace in thy forts her refuge make,
And plenty in thy bowers increase!
For friends and brethren's sake
I bid thee joy and peace;

For friends and hearts that are as mine,
Fain would I speak thee peace entire;
For God's own glorious shrine
Thy blessing I desire.

JOHN KEBLE

THURSDAY

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle, marked by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst and now a world.
Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

ALEXANDER POPE

FRIDAY

'TIS first the true and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good and then the beautiful,—
Not first the beautiful and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful,—
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad;
Tears for a day,—for earth of tears is full,
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,—
But first the dark, and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

'Tis first the night,—stern night of storm and war,—
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies;
Then the far sparkle of the Morning-star,
That bids the saints awake and dawn arise.

HORATIUS BONAR

SATURDAY

IN thorny thickets blow the sweetest roses;
Lilies in damp woods droop their snow-white bells;
The yellow primrose 'neath the brier reposes;
The purest water springs from deepest wells.

From common clay are form'd the fairest vessels;
The diamond glitters in the darksome mine;
The golden wren, in her snug dwelling nestles,
Slung from the branches of the gloomy pine.

The scarlet seaweeds wave their trembling tresses
In the deep ocean-caves by man unseen;
And rocks, all black and bleak, the sea-fern dresses
With spiny tufts of glistening evergreen.

And so from out the gloom and smoke of cities
Deeds of deep love and meek endurance shine;
In squalid lanes is found the heart that pities,
The soul that hungers after things Divine.

In fœtid courts the steadfast love of woman
Makes oftentimes the house of toil seem bright;
And princely hearts, which beat 'neath garments common,
In midst of wrong are ruled by truth and right.

Not men of high degree alone in story,
In human hearts and histories, are enshrined;
The poor and humble have their meed of glory;
Some wreaths of laurel poor men's foreheads bind.

GREVILLE J. CHESTER

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

ALL things a prophecy contain
Of something higher still;
A close relation all sustain,
A place and purpose fill.

The mineral, the moss, the flower,
The life with instinct fraught,
All indicate a growing power
That trembles into thought.

Feeling and thought expression gain
And grow to perfect speech;
Philosophy and science reign
And still we higher reach.

Our life on earth is incomplete;
For larger life we plead;
Who made the heart, aspiring, beat
Will answer to its need.

Beyond the bound of time and space
A fairer world we see;
Within the soul of man we trace
The sign and prophecy.

We trust the Lord in faith serene,
A ladder He hath given;
The lower rounds on earth are seen,
The higher reach to Heaven.

THOMAS BREVIOR

WEEK OF THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

IF thou hast lost a friend
By hard or hasty word,
Go call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.
Remind him of those happy days,
Too beautiful to last;
Ask, if a word should cancel years
Of truth and friendship past.
Oh! if thou'st lost a friend
By hard or hasty word,
Go call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

Oh! tell him, from thy thought
The light of joy hath fled;
That, in thy sad and silent breast,
Thy lonely heart seems dead:
That mount and vale, each path ye trod
By morn or evening dim,
Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
And ask your soul for him.
Then, if thou'st lost a friend
By hard or hasty word,
Go call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

CHARLES SWAIN

TUESDAY

LET me count my treasures
All my soul holds dear,
Given me by dark spirits
Whom I used to fear.

Through long days of anguish,
And sad nights, did Pain
Forge my shield, Endurance,
Bright and free from stain!

Doubt, in misty caverns,
'Mid dark horrors sought,
Till my peerless jewel,
Faith to me she brought.

Sorrow, that I wearied
Should remain so long,
Wreathed my starry glory,
The bright Crown of Song.

Strife, that racked my spirit
Without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower,
Patience, on my breast.

Suffering, that I dreaded,
Ignorant of her charms,
Laid the fair child, Pity,
Smiling, in my arms.

So I count my treasures,
Stored in days long past—
And I thank the givers,
Whom I know at last!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

WEDNESDAY

FOND heart, when learnest thou to say,
I love not pomps that fade away
Nor glories that decay and wane,
Nor lights that rise to set again?
When wilt thou turn where Abraham turned,
And learn the lesson Abraham learned?
Beyond the river while he dwelt,
He with his kin to idols knelt,
And nightly gazing on the sky,
Worshipped the starry host on high.
But when he saw their splendours fail,
And that bright multitude grow pale,
He left them and adored the moon;
But she too wanly wanèd soon.
Baffled, he knelt unto the sun;
But when his race of light was done,
He cried "To such no vows I bring—
I worship not the perishing!"
And turned him to the God Whose hand
Made sun, and moon, and starry band—
An everlasting Light, in Whom
Decrease and shadow find no room.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

THURSDAY

WHERE then shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?

Inquirer cease! petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise, for good, the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice;
Safe in His power, Whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore His aid; in His decisions rest
Secure: whate'er He gives, He gives the best;
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a peaceful mind,
Obedient passions and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal for retreat;—
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain;
These goods He grants, Who grants the means to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

FRIDAY

I WALK as one who knows that he is treading
A stranger-soil;
As one round whom a serpent-world is spreading
Its subtle coil.

I walk as one but yesterday deliver'd
From a sharp chain;
Who trembles lest the bond so newly sever'd
Be bound again.

I walk as one who feels that he is breathing
Ungenial air;
For whom as wiles, the tempter still is wreathing
The bright and fair.

My steps, I know, are on the plains of danger,
For sin is near;
But looking up, I pass along, a stranger,
In haste and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drag me downward;
Its spell is gone;
My course is now right upward, and right onward,
To yonder Throne.

Hour after hour of time's dark night is stealing
In gloom away;
Speed Thy fair dawn of light and joy and healing,
Thou Star of day!

For thee its God, its King, the long-rejected,
Earth groans and cries;
For Thee the long beloved, the long expected,
Thy bride still sighs!

HORATIUS BONAR

SATURDAY

THIS is true glory and renown, when God,
Looking on the earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all His Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises: thus He did to Job,
Who famous was in Heaven, on earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.

They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing arts of peace destroy.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd,
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance.

JOHN MILTON

THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

SEE the rivers flowing
Downwards to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free—
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed—

Yet their lavish spending
  Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
  By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures—
  From fair Nature learn ;
Give thy love—and, ask not,
  Wait not a return !
And the more thou spendest
  From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
  God will give thee more.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

WEEK OF THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

THOUSANDS completely fed
  With a few loaves of bread
Such as would barely form one household's fare,
  And, when the feast was o'er,
  The fragments were a store
Enough for needy hundreds still to share.

  What was the Power that wrought
  This wonder passing thought?
What but that Word Divine, which called of yore
  Systems and suns to grace
  The mighty realms of space,
And then with life and beauty spread them o'er?

God only can create ;
None less could arrogate
The power to sway all Nature with a nod :
O Christ ! be Thou adored,—
For that creative word
Which blessed the bread was God's,—and Thou art God !

JOSEPH H. CLINCH

TUESDAY

LIFE, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say ;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all ;
If the shower will make the roses bloom
O why lament its fall ?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by,
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly !

What though Death at times steps in,
And calls our Best away ?
What though Sorrow seems to win,
O'er Hope, a heavy sway ?
Yet Hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell ;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.
Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear,

For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage quell despair!

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

WEDNESDAY

O NATURE! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
It is His Presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable, o'er mountain, wood, and stream.
To think that He, Who hears the heavenly choirs,
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song;—
To think that He, Who rolls yon solar sphere,
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky;
To mark His Presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds, as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower, to hear His awful Voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale;
To know, and feel His care for all that lives;—
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.
Yes! place me 'mid far-stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard; the heath-bell there,
Would soothe my weary sight, and tell of Thee!
There would my gratefully uplifted eye
Survey the heavenly vault by day,—by night,
When glows the firmament from pole to pole;
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
"The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shows forth His handiwork!"

JAMES GRAHAME

THURSDAY

I WALKED the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The skylark sang his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, "the ardent boy,
His pulse with rapture beating,
Deems life's inheritance is joy—
The future proudly greeting."

I wandered forth at noon:—Alas!
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass,
And stretched the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.

Once more, at eve, abroad I strayed,
Through lonely hay-fields musing,
While every breeze that round me played,
Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
Scattered the balm of healing.

For thus "the actions of the just,"
When memory hath enshrined them,

E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odour leave behind them.

BERNARD BARTON

FRIDAY

WE cannot stay, said the winter stars;
We shall set to-night, to-morrow to rise
Upon other worlds and other eyes:
Gaze fondly and well on our glorious light,
For our silver lamps must go out to-night:
We cannot stay.

We are hurrying on from our mother hills,
Said the little springs; we shall soon be gone:
Drink a long draught as we hurry on;
With the falling eve we shall join the river,
To-morrow be lost in the sea for ever:
We cannot stay.

We cannot stay, said my petted flowers;
Gay tendrils next year shall cover your door,
But we shall have fled to bloom no more:
Go, gather some leaves to keep for our sake,
For next year there shall be no leaves to take:
We cannot stay.

I follow those stars, said a dying child;
And all my hopes, said I, follow those waves,
And they sleep like those flowers in perfumed graves;
And I heard them sing as I saw them flee,
There's a brighter world for us, and for thee:
We cannot stay.

Changing friends of a changing world,
Keep heart!—we may love what we have loved best
In a changeless world, where all are blest;
Where only the sorrows that make us mourn,
And only our sighs shall sigh in their turn:
We cannot stay.
JOHN EMMET

SATURDAY

VIEW not forms with heedless scorn;
These are but the seemly dress,
Holy feast-time to express,
And the bride of Christ adorn.

Forms are fetters, wrong entwined;
But, to those who rightly wear,
Girdle that sustaineth prayer,
Due compression to the mind.

Forms are helps to infant speech,
Aiding it to go alone;
Strength at times to minds full-grown,
When too weak their aim to reach.

Forms are rules, by which to tame
Zeal into decorous mood;
Bonds of ancient brotherhood,
Binding those who said the same.

Forms supply the humble tale,
Easy to repentant sin;
Faith, when near the crown to win,
Words obtains, when others fail.

Forms afford the means to hush,
Through devotion, others' care;
Yielding him a ready prayer,
Who himself to pray would blush.

Who may e'er 'gainst forms inveigh,
As unmeet or insincere,
When he thinks, how Christ, when here,
Taught us, by a form, to pray?

LORD KINLOCH

THE EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

LOVE hath taught me to obey
All His precepts, and to say,
"Not to-morrow, but to-day."

What He wills, I say, "I must";
What I must, I say, "I will";
He commanding, it is just,
What He would, I should fulfil;
Whilst He biddeth, I believe;
What He calls for, He will give;
To obey Him is—to live.

His commandments grievous are not
Longer than men think them so;
Though He send me forth, I care not,
Whilst He gives me strength to goe.
When or whither, all is one;
On His bus'nesse, not mine owne
I shall never goe alone.

If I be compleat in Him,—
And in Him all fulnesse dwelleth,—
I am sure aloft to swim
Whilst that ocean overswelleth;
Having Him that is All in All,
I am confident I shall
Nothing want for which I call.

CHRISTOPHER HARVEY

WEEK OF THE EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee:

Not rudely, as a beast
To runne into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glasse
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, thro' it passe
And then the heav'n espie.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgerie divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told.

GEORGE HERBERT

TUESDAY

IF Solomon for wisdom prayed,
The Lord before had made him wise;
Else he another choice had made
And asked for what the worldlings prize.

Thus He invites His people still;
He first instructs them how to choose,
Then bids them ask whate'er they will,
Assured that He will not refuse.

Our wishes would our ruin prove,
Could we our wretched choice obtain,
Before we feel the Saviour's love
Kindle our love to Him again.

But when our hearts perceive His worth,
Desires, till then unknown, take place;
Our spirits cleave no more to earth,
But pant for holiness and grace.

And dost Thou say, "Ask what thou wilt"?
Lord, I would seize the golden hour,—
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

More of Thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of Thy image let me bear;
Erect Thy throne within my heart
And reign without a rival there.

JOHN NEWTON

WEDNESDAY

IN silence mighty things are wrought—
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky;
And like a citadel with towers,
The soul with her subservient powers
Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow
The saplings of the forest grow
To trees of mighty girth;
Each nightly star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.

The silent frost with mighty hand
Fetters the rivers and the land
With universal chain;
And, smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

O Source unseen of life and light,
Thy secrecy of silent might
If we in bondage know,

Our hearts, like seeds beneath the ground,
By silent force of life unbound,
Move upward from below.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

THURSDAY

THIS did not once so trouble me,
That better I could not love Thee,
But now I feel and know
That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray:
But now we only think with shame,
How seldom to Thy glorious Name
Our lips their offerings pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our brother's suffering need,
Our hearts reproached us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone;
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

FRIDAY

I WOULD not ask Thee that my days
Should flow quite smoothly on and on:
Lest I should learn to love the world
Too well, ere all my time was done.

I would not ask Thee that my work
Should never bring me pain nor fear;
Lest I should learn to work alone,
And never wish Thy presence near.

I would not ask Thee that my friends
Should always kind and constant be:
Lest I should learn to lay my faith,
In them alone and not in Thee.

But I would ask Thee still to give,
By night my sleep—by day my bread,
And that the counsel of Thy Word,
Should shine and show the path to tread.

And I would ask a humble heart,
A changeless will to work and wake,
A firm faith in Thy Providence,
The rest—'tis Thine to give or take.

ALFRED NORRIS

SATURDAY

STILL evermore for some great strength we pray,
Seeking and yearning for it day by day;
A strength whereon undoubting we may lean,
And find that rest we have but dimly seen.

To lean our heart upon another heart,
In love that neither life nor death can part;

So seek we still to end our life-long quest,
For only in true love we find true rest.

That love which makes another's life our own,
And tunes our jarring natures to one tone;
The filling up of all we've sought so long;
For leaning on itself no strength is strong.

No love is perfect here, it leads us on
To love's great source—the Uncreated One;
Most true is that through which we learn to see
Most of Thy strength, and most, O Lord, of Thee.

Which sees, in all its happiness and bliss,
The promise of a joy more great than this;
Which seeks its perfectness for evermore,
In the love-light that gilds the happy shore.

O strength, O love and rest, the light that steals
From the pure sunshine of those golden fields!
Faint rays we catch e'en now upon our way,
Lighting our footsteps to the land of day.

Thou art the light, the sunshine is from Thee;
And in Thy heart is strength and purity;
There lean our weary hearts, there ends our quest,
For there is perfect love and perfect rest.

L. R.

THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

WE seek a land of more delight
Than aught that promised Canaan gave;
We have escaped from sin's dark grave,
Have passed the pure Baptismal wave;
Christ leads us on by day and night,
The Bread, that feeds our weariness,

The Rock, that, in the wilderness,
Still gushes pure and free to bless
Our souls with spiritual might.

We must not be like Israel's band,
Who tempted God by deed and thought,
Who scorned the Law His Prophet taught,
Who loathed the precious food he brought,
And wished again for Egypt's land;
His Holy Faith they would not hold,
But loved the tales the Heathen told,
And made them idol Gods of gold,
Provoking His Almighty hand.

These things are our examples, given,
That we, who walk in brighter day,
May hold our Faith more pure than they;
Nor in this bad world go astray
To sin, by evil passions driven;
Till He, Whom type and lay foretold
In mystic signs and songs of old,
Shall lead us o'er life's dreary wold,
Safe to our happy home in Heaven.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

WEEK OF THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs:
Come good, or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

TUESDAY

HOW happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath.

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book, or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

WEDNESDAY

WHY throbs this breast? Why heave these piteous sighs?
Say, doubting heart, why do such fears arise?
Hast thou forgotten One, Whose loving power
Is strong to save in sorrow's saddest hour?

Oh! when cast down, remember days gone by,
When earthly comforts failed, but He was nigh!
Remember how He stayed thy falling tears,
Subdued the storm, and drove away thy fears.

And now again, He says to thee, "Be still,
For I am God—thy God—and ever will;
Though dark to thee, yet all My ways are just,
And, where thou seest not, believe and trust.

"A little while, and all these clouds shall pass;
Then thou no more shalt see through earth's dark glass,
But face to face; hereafter thou shalt know
That out of love I sent thee that brief woe."

Then, Lord, whatever seemeth good to Thee—
Bitter or sweet—let it be done to me;
And should'st Thou bid each earthly stay be gone,
Oh! give me grace to say, "Thy Will be done."

C. H. I.

THURSDAY

LONG have I view'd, long have I thought,
And held with trembling hand this bitter draught:
'Twas now just to my lips applied;
Nature shrank in, and all my courage died.
But now resolved and firm I'll be,
Since, Lord, 'tis mingled, and reach'd out by Thee.

Since 'tis Thy sentence I should part
With the most precious treasure of my heart,
I freely that and more resign;
My heart itself, as its delight, is Thine;
My little all I give to Thee—
Thou gav'st a greater gift, Thy Son, to me.

He left true bliss and joys above,
Himself He emptied of all good, but love;
For me He freely did forsake
More good than He from me can ever take.
A mortal life for a divine
He took, and did at last even that resign.

Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish that I had still to give.
I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me quit
My paradise, I bless and do submit.
I will not murmur at Thy word,
Nor beg Thy Angel to sheath up his sword.

JOHN NORRIS

FRIDAY

TO pray to God continually;
To learn to know Him rightfully;
To honour God in Trinity;
The Trinity in Unity;
The Father in His majesty;
The Son in His humanity;
The Holy Ghost's benignity;
Three persons one in a Deity;
To serve Him alway holily;
To ask Him all thing needfully;
To praise Him alway worthily;
To love Him alway stedfastly;
To dread Him alway fearfully;
To ask Him mercy heartily;
To trust Him alway faithfully;
To obey Him alway willingly;
To abide Him alway patiently;
To thank Him alway thankfully;
To live here alway virtuously;
To use thy neighbour honestly;
To look for death still presently;
To help the poor in misery;
To hope for heaven's felicity;
To have faith, hope, and charity;
To count this life but vanity;—
Be points of Christianity.

THOMAS TUSSER

SATURDAY

"STAY, Master, stay upon this heavenly hill;
A little longer, let us linger still;
With these two mighty ones of old beside,
Near to the Awful Presence still abide;

Before the throne of light we trembling stand,
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

"Stay, Master, stay! we breathe a purer air.
This life is not the life that waits us there:
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come and go
We cannot speak them—nay we do not know;
Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be
The thing we fain would grow eternally."

"No!" saith the Lord, "the hour is past, we go;
Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there:
Here we sought God that we might know His will:
There we must do it,—serve Him,—seek Him still."

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
He who best does his lowly duty here,
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere:
At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.

SAMUEL GREG

THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

O ONLY source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But Whom the hours of mortal moral strife
Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
Chastised each rebel self-encentred thought,
My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart,
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
Can see Thee as Thou art?—

If well assured 'tis but profanely bold
In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion hold
In ways unworthy Thee.

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
And if in work its life it seem to live,
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it flies,
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
In recognition start.

But, as Thou willest, give, or e'en forbear,
The beatific supersensual sight,
So with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
Approach Thee morn and night.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

WEEK OF THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

IS thy cruse of comfort wasting? haste its scanty drops to share,
And through all the years of famine thou shalt still have drops to spare.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew,
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle? many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty? none but God its
void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless
longings still.

Is the heart a living power? self-entwined, its
strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving; and, by serving, love
will grow.

ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES

TUESDAY

SHOW me the tears, the tears of tender love,
Wept over Salem in her evil day;
When grace and righteousness together strove,
And grace at length to righteousness gave way.

Dread hour of conflict between law and love!—
When not from tears couldst Thou, O Christ,
refrain;
When grace went forth to save, but like the dove,
Returned disconsolate, its errand vain.

Theirs the great woe, yet Thine, O Lord, the deep
And awful anguish for their coming fears;
Thou weepedst because they refused to weep,
And grief Divine found vent in human tears.

They closed the ear against Thy tender words;
They chose another lord, and spurned Thy
sway;
Thou wouldst have drawn them, but they snapped
Thy cords;
Thou wouldst have blest them, but they turned
away.

Thou lovedst them, but they would not be loved,
And human hatred fought with Love Divine;
They saw Thee shed the tears of love unmoved,
And mocked the grace that would have made them Thine.

O Son of God, Who camest from above
To take my flesh, to bear my bitter cross;
Show me Thy tears, Thy tears of tender love,
That I for Thee may count all gain but loss.

That I may know Thee, and by Thee be known;
That I may love Thee, and may taste Thy love;
That I may win Thee, and in Thee a crown;
That I may rest and reign with Thee above.

HORATIUS BONAR

WEDNESDAY

THERE is a dwelling-place above;
Thither to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go;
There is a paradise of rest;
For contrite hearts and souls distrest
Its streams of comfort flow.

There is a goodly heritage,
Where earthly passions cease to rage;
The meek that haven gain:
There is a board, where they who pine,
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,
May feast, nor crave again.

There is a voice to mercy true;
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart;

There is a sight from man concealed;
That sight, the face of God revealed,
Shall bless the pure in heart.

There is a name, in Heaven bestow'd;
That name, which hails them sons of God,
The friends of peace shall know:
There is a Kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high,
Who serve Him best below.

Lord! be it mine like them to choose
The better part, like them to use
The means Thy love hath given!
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in Heaven!

RICHARD MANT

THURSDAY

PRAYER is omnipotence descending, when
We pray through Him Who died upon the Tree,
Pray through His merits and His agony;
The prayer of them who pray as dying men,
Who pray as they who ne'er can pray again,—
Such power is mighty to bring down the sky
With all that bright and glorious company;
Which made thus sensible to mortal ken,
Are but the spiritual deeds that go before,
Or follow after to the Judgment door.
Prayer hath the power to draw them from their sphere,
And bring them unto us in spirit near.

Oh, if those bright ones come on earth to dwell,
It is the golden age which poets tell!
It is in prayer, as at celestial springs,
Those Virtues live, and breathe ethereal air:
Prayer brings on all around Angelic care;—
Prayer o'er each scene Love's radiant halo flings;—
Prayer spreads o'er all we love protecting wings,
Makes all events a cloud-surmounting stair:—
Prayer, eye-enlightening, soul-transforming prayer,
Hallows the Church, o'er parents spreads, and kings,
Bears and is borne to Heaven. When monarchs call
On God they build a more than earthly wall;
The mother's prayer, in the calm midnight hour,
Brings on her child the moonlight's silver shower;
And, at the Altar kneeling, Christ's own poor
For worldly gifts Heaven's Kingdom have in store.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

FRIDAY

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me!

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far-off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

When I have err'd and gone astray
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me!

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in Heaven for me!

When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast wash'd them all away;
O say, Thou plead'st for me!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

SATURDAY

SOWER Divine!
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity.
'Tis a rough barren soil,
Yet by Thy care and toil,
Make it a fruitful field
An hundredfold to yield.
Sower Divine,
Plough up this heart of mine!

Sower Divine!
Quit not this wretched field
Till Thou hast made it yield,
Sow Thou by day and night,
In darkness and in light.
Stay not Thy hand, but sow;
Then shall the harvest grow.
Sower Divine,
Sow deep this heart of mine!

Sower Divine!
Let not this barren clay
Lead Thee to turn away;
Let not my fruitlessness
Provoke Thee not to bless;
Let not this field be dry,
Refresh it from on high.
Sower Divine,
Water this heart of mine!

HORATIUS BONAR

THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

TO Thy temple, Lord, or table,
Ne'er by me be access sought,
Save, as much as I am able,
In the temper Christ hath taught.

Though in aspect all agree,
Each alike a Christian man,
Here there stands a Pharisee,
There an humble Publican.

Lord, I'd shun the former's part,
Fair though seen in outward view;
Keep the other's lowly heart;
Still, like him, for mercy sue.

Nought of pride I'd mix with praise;
Nought for boast in grace would see;
Ever this the prayer I raise,
"God be merciful to me."

All my proper sins and faults
  Bending downwards I would own ;
Ne'er a thought which self exalts
  Nurse, by charge on others thrown.

Some a glance around me scans,
  Far from God who seem to be ;
Yet, who names them Publicans,
  Proves himself a Pharisee.

Nought I'd think, far less would say,
  These by contrast to condemn ;
Only would I further pray,
  "God be merciful to them."

LORD KINLOCH

WEEK OF THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

THE Pharisee informed the Lord
  How good a life he led ;
The Publican shrank back in shame,
  And smote his breast instead :
But when the Lord, in tender love,
  The penitent commended,
The hypocrite, with heart unchanged,
  Straightway his prayer amended.

Said he : "The man who says he's worst
  Is by the Lord thought best" ;
So next when he to worship went,
  As Publican he drest,

And smote upon his hollow heart,
  And bowed him down and groaned,
And, proud of his humility,
  His unfelt sins he owned.

The Publican, an altered man,
  Came, too, with lifted head,
And joyfully gave thanks to God
  For the new life he led;
The Lord again his offering took,
  Still spurned the Pharisee's,
For sometimes tears, and sometimes thanks,
  But only Truth can please.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

TUESDAY

GOD never meant that man should scale the heavens
By strides of human wisdom. In His works,
Though wondrous, He commands us in His Word
To seek Him rather where His mercy shines.
The mind indeed, enlighten'd from above,
Views Him in all; ascribes to the grand cause
The grand effect; acknowledges with joy
His manner, and with rapture tastes His style.
And never yet did philosophic tube,
That brings the planets home into the eye
Of observation, and discovers, else
Not visible, His family of worlds,
Discover Him that rules them; such a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine. Full often too
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her Author more,

From instrumental causes proud to draw
Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.
But if His Word once teach us, shoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philosophy baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees,
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives Him His praise, and forfeits not her own.

WILLIAM COWPER

WEDNESDAY

SORE was the famine throughout all the bou
Of Israel, when Elijah by command
Of God, journeyed to Cherith's failing brook.
No raindrop falls, no dew-fraught cloud at morn
Or closing eve, creeps slowly up the vale;
The withering herbage dies; among the palms,
The shrivelled leaves send to the summer gale
An autumn rustle; no sweet songster's lay
Is warbled from the branches; scarce is heard
The rill's faint brawl. The prophet looks around,
And trusts in God, and lays his silvered head
Upon the flowerless bank; serene he sleeps,
Nor wakes till dawning: then with hands enclasp'd
And heavenward face, and eyelids closed, he prays
To Him Who manna on the desert shower'd,
To Him Who from the rock made fountains gush;
Entranced the man of God remains; till roused
By sound of wheeling wings, with grateful heart,
He sees the ravens fearless by his side
Alight, and leave the heaven-provided food.

JAMES GRAHAME

THURSDAY

CHRISTIAN, did no one, thinkest thou, behold thee,
What time thou faintedst in the noonday heat?
Heardst thou no Angel's voice, which sweetly told thee,
"The journey is too great; arise and eat"?

An Angel's voice? Nay, 'twas thy God that spake it,
In sweeter tones than Angel could repeat;
Himself the Food, His own the Hands that brake it,
His own the words that bade thee "Rise and eat;

"This is the Bread of Life which came from Heaven,
And now for thee is on My table spread;
This is My Body, which for thee was given,
And this My Blood, which for thy sins was shed."

O fainting, faltering wanderer, art thou able
Still to refuse thy suppliant God's request?—
"Be filled, ye hungry, from My bounteous table;
And come, ye weary, I will give you rest."

Oh, may His gracious, oft-urged invitation
Subdue thee with its tones so soft and sweet;
Mayst thou, at length, with heartfelt adoration,
And tearful penitence, arise and eat.

Another banquet is for thee preparing;
Another feast thy longing eyes shall greet;—
An Angel's voice shall break thy rest, declaring,
"Behold, all things are ready; rise and eat!"

FRIDAY

THE voice of God was mighty, when it brake
Through the deep stillness of chaotic night,
Uttering the potent words "Let there be light!"
And light was kindled as th' Eternal spake;
While hosts seraphic hymned the wondrous plan
Which formed Heaven, earth, sun, sea, and crowned
the work with man.

The voice of God was mighty, when it came
From Sinai's summit, wrapt in midnight gloom;
When ceaseless thunders told the sinner's doom,
And answering lightnings flash'd devouring flame,
Till prostrate Israel breathed th' imploring cry,
"Veil, Lord, Thy terrors; cease Thy thunders, or
we die!"

The voice of God was mighty, when alone
Elijah stood on Horeb, and the blast
Rent the huge mountains as Jehovah passed,
And the earth quaked beneath the Holy One:
When ceased the storm, the blast, the lightning
glare,
And, but the "still small voice" was heard, yet
God was there.

Yet not alone in thunder or in storm
The voice of God was mighty, as it came
From the lurid mount, or from the car of flame
When stooped the Godhead to a mortal form,
When Jesus came to work His Father's will,
His was the voice of God, and it was mighty still.

THOMAS DALE

SATURDAY

WHY dost thou heap up wealth which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,
O man ordained to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art underground to lie?
Thou sowest and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For death, alas! is sowing thee.

Suppose thou fortune couldst to tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose thou couldst on fate so far prevail
As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet death at all that subtilty will laugh:
Death will that foolish gardener mock
Who does a slight and annual plant engraff,
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband thou wouldst seem;
Fond man! like a bought slave thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

. . . . . .

O scene of fortune, which dost fair appear
Only to men that stand not near!
Proud poverty that tinsel bravery wears,
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep;
In a weak boat trust not the deep:

Placed beneath envy, above envying rise;
Pity great men, great things despise.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

'TIS not the whirlwind, o'er our fair fields sweeping
That speaks God's present wrath:
This is but nature's course, for all men keeping
One indiscriminate path.

Nor yet the earthquake, firm foundations shaking
Of houses long since built:
This is but fortune's chance, its havoc making,
Without affixing guilt.

Nor yet the fire, whate'er is near confounding
In blind remorseless flame:
This is but man's fierce ire, which all surrounding
Treats, good or bad, the same.

It is the still small voice within which speaketh,
When guilt's fierce gust is done,
That tells the doom God's righteous anger wreaketh,
Yet tells, that we may shun.

O gentle Lord, Who like a friend reprovest,
Tender not less than true;
Thou our hard hearts by whispered warnings movest,
Their erring ways to rue.

Thou, Whose pure eye like lightning might consume him,
On man with pity look'st;
Thou Who to fire, storm, earthquake, well might'st doom him,
With still small voice rebuk'st.

LORD KINLOCH

WEEK OF THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

WOMAN of pure and heaven-born fame!
Though Scripture's hallow'd page
Has made no mention of *thy name*,
Thou liv'st from age to age!

Thy labour of unwearied love
To soothe the prophet's lot,
Prompted by kindness from above,
Shall never be forgot.

The chamber built upon the wall,
The bed whereon he lay,
Stool, table, candlestick, and all—
These things endure for aye.

If humble was each boon conferred,
Their giver nameless too,
The record many a heart hath stirr'd
Kind acts of love to do.

And thus in human hearts to dwell,
A pure undying flame,

Is a more glorious chronicle,
Than most that boast *a name.*

For ne'er was brighter lustre thrown
On path by woman trod,
Than hers, who *dwelt among her own*—
And cared for those of God.

BERNARD BARTON

TUESDAY

LEAD us aside, we would not ever stay
In pleasure's gilded haunts, but come away
That we may hear more clear Thy heavenly voice;
Too often we have sought the world's false glare,
Too often shunned the solitude of prayer,
And thrusting Thee quite out, thought we had made a goodly choice.

Perchance in some tremendous hour
Thou wilt deprive us both of pride and power,
And make us on some tearful bed lie down;
Still Thou dost lead aside, and pain is sweet
If we but kiss Thy wounded hands and feet,
And on our pillow for companion have Thy thorny crown.

Lead us aside, over the holy dead
It may be that we stand, and idly shed
Tears which both dim our eyes and shut out heaven:
Give us to see the Resurrection Light,
And, ere our wavering faith shall quite take flight,
To pray beside the open grave that strength to us be given.

Like him of old we come, O Lord, to Thee,
Both deaf and dumb he was, and so are we;
Good Master, now put forth Thy healing Hand;
Our ears, O Lord, unstop, our tongues untie,
And make the powers of ill and darkness fly,
Before that sigh of love, the Ephphatha of Thy command.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX

WEDNESDAY

AH! dearest Lord, I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from Thee.

The world that looks so dull all day,
Grows bright on me at prayer;
And plans that ask no thought but then,
Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
And makes a deluge round.

Old voices murmur in my ear,
New hopes start into life,
And past and future gaily blend
In one bewitching strife.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord,
In weak, distracted prayer:
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds Thee there.

And prayer that humbles, sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly
It hangs, dear Lord, on Thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

THURSDAY

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The Light of Truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His employment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray;
Lead me to Heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give
And sure directions how to live.

Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants, and seek supply;

Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence
To fetch all quick'ning influence.

Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be;
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

SIMON BROWNE

FRIDAY

MY Maker! of Thy power the trace
In every creature's form and face
The wond'ring soul surveys:
Thy wisdom, infinite above
Seraphic thought, a Father's love
As infinite displays!

From all that meets or eye or ear,
There falls a genial holy fear
Which, like the heavy dew of morn,
Refreshes while it bows the heart forlorn!

Great God! Thy works are wondrous fair!
Yet sinful man didst Thou declare
The whole Earth's voice and mind!
Lord, ev'n as Thou all-present art,
O may we still with heedful heart
Thy presence know and find!
Then, come what will of weal or woe,
Joy's bosom-spring shall steady flow;
For though 'tis Heaven THYSELF to see,
Where but Thy *shadow* falls, grief cannot be!

S. T. COLERIDGE

SATURDAY

TRUE honour bides at home, and takes delight
In keeping, not in gaining, of a right;
Scorns usurpation, nor seeks she blood,
And thirsts to make her name not great, as good:
God gives a right to man; to man, defence
To guard it given; but when a false pretence
Shall ground her title on a greater might,
What doth he else but war with Heav'n, and fight
With Providence? God sets the princely crown
On heads of kings; who then may take it down?
No juster quarrel, or more noble fight,
Than to maintain where God hath given a right:
There's no despair of conquest in that war,
Where God's the leader: policy's no bar
To His designs; no power can withstand
His high exploits, within Whose mighty hand
Are all the corners of the earth; the hills
His fensive bulwarks are, which when He wills,
His lesser breath can bandy up and down,
And crush the world, and with a wink can drown
The spacious universe in suds of clay:
Where Heav'n is leader, Heav'n must win the day;
God reaps His honour hence; that combat's safe
Where He's a combatant, and ventures half;
Right's not impaired with weakness, but prevails
In spite of strength, when strength and power fails:
Frail is the trust reposed in troops of horse;
Truth in a handful finds a greater force.
Lord, mail my heart with faith, and be my shield,
And if a world confront me, I'll not yield.

FRANCIS QUARLES

THE THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

THY neighbour? it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain—
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human lot
Less favoured than thine own,
Ne'er be this truth by thee forgot,
Thou dost not live alone.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedlessly;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

WEEK OF THE THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

SWORDS of fire around us play,
Shafts of flame around us fly;
Though no lightnings glare the day,
Though no meteor cross the sky.

In the sunniest summer noon,
There is war amidst the calm;
In the loveliest beaming moon,
Adverse spirits working harm.

Yet the intellectual strife,
Fierce and mighty as it glows,
Wakes no earthly sound to life,
Nor moves the tresses of the rose.

Fallen man to slay, in soul,
Is the prize for which they fight;
Counter warriors onward roll,
Demons dark and Angels bright.

The swift artillery of Heaven
Passes round us every hour,
Though to man it be not given
While on earth to see its power.

Yet the prophet's servant saw,
When the Syrian host assailed,
Every heavenly warrior,
And bright encampment all unveiled.

And from yonder distant sky
All the conflict we shall view:
Turn, and see the dangers fly,
And praise the God that led us through.

JAMES EDMESTON

TUESDAY

"WHO yonder on the desert heath,
Complains in feeble tone?"
"A pilgrim in the vale of Death,
Faint, bleeding and alone!"

"How cam'st thou to this dismal strand
Of danger, grief, and shame?"
"From blessèd Zion's holy land,
By Folly led, I came!"

"What ruffian hand hath stript thee bare?
Whose fury laid thee low?"
"Sin for my footsteps twined her snare,
And Death has dealt the blow!"

"Can art no medicine for thy wound,
Nor nature strength supply?"
"They saw me bleeding on the ground,
And pass'd in silence by!"

"But, sufferer! is no comfort near,
Thy terrors to remove?"
"There is to Whom my soul was dear,
But I have scorned His love."

"What if His hand were nigh to save
From endless death thy days?"
"The soul He ransom'd from the grave
Should live but to His praise!"

"Rise, then, oh rise! His health embrace,
With heavenly strength renew'd;
And, such as is thy Saviour's grace,
Such be thy gratitude!"

REGINALD HEBER

WEDNESDAY

COME let us sound her praise abroad,
Sweet Charity, the child of God!
Her, on whose kind maternal breast
The shelter'd babes of misery rest;

Who, when she sees the sufferer bleed,
Reckless of name, or sect, or creed,
Comes with prompt hand and look benign,
To bathe his wounds in oil and wine;

Who in her robe the sinner hides,
And soothes and pities while she chides;
Who lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery.

Her tender mercies freely fall,
Like Heaven's refreshing dews on all;
Encircling in their wide embrace
Her friends, her foes—the human race.

Nor bounded to the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown;
Wherever Faith's rapt thought has soar'd,
Or hope her upward flight explor'd.

Ere these received their name or birth,
She dwelt in Heaven, she smiled on earth;
Of all celestial graces blest,
The first—the last—the greatest—best.

When Faith and Hope, from earth set free,
Are lost in boundless ecstasy,
Eternal daughter of the skies,
She mounts to Heaven, and never dies.

W. H. DRUMMOND

THURSDAY

SINCE without Thee we do no good,
And with Thee do no ill,
Abide with us in weal and woe,
In action and in will.

In weal,—that while our lips confess
The Lord that "gives," we may
Remember, with an humble thought,
The Lord Who "takes away."

In woe,—that, while to drowning tears
Our hearts their joys resign,
We may remember *Who* can turn
Such water into wine.

By hours of day,—that when our feet
O'er hill and valley run,
We still may think the light of truth
More welcome than the sun.

By hours of night,—that when the air
Its dew and shadow yields,
We still may hear the voice of God
In silence of the fields.

Oh! then sleep comes on us like death,
All soundless, deaf and deep:
Lord! teach us so to watch and pray,
That death may come like sleep.

Abide with *us*, abide with *us*,
While flesh and soul agree;
And when our flesh is only dust,
Abide our souls with *Thee*.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

FRIDAY

AUTUMN has come at last; and Nature now
Binds up her summer tresses and disrobes,
That she may lay herself in silence down
Upon her winter's couch, and there by sleep
Repair her worn-out energies, and draw
New life into her veins, that when the sun
Flames out again, and the long-silent voice
Of happy birds and happier children wakes
Spring's first glad matin song, she may arise,
Girt with new strength and with fresh beauty clothed.
Thus comes life's autumn, and the happy spirit,
Calmly disrobing, lays its garments down,
Upon the leaf-strewn soil of this old earth,
Committing them, in quiet confidence,
To the safe keeping of the trusty tomb,
Till death's brief winter shall have passed away.
Then these old robes, with which she walked the earth,
Purged from each stain of vile mortality
By the all-cleansing winter of the grave,
And blanch'd to glorious whiteness by its gloom,
Shall shine in fairer, fresher purity,
When earth's long-promised spring at last arrives,
And the unsetting sun smiles down in peace
O'er a new Paradise of love and joy.

HORATIUS BONAR

SATURDAY

IN every place, in every hour,
Whate'er my wayward lot may be,
In joy or grief, in sun or shower,
Father and Lord, I turn to Thee.

Thee, when the incense-breathing flowers
Pour forth the worship of the spring,
With the glad tenants of the bowers
My trembling accents strive to sing.

Thee, when upon the frozen strand
Winter, begirt with storms, descends;
Thee, Lord, I hail, Whose gracious hand
O'er all a guardian care extends.

Thee, when the golden harvests yield
Their treasures to increase our store;
Thee, when through ether's gloomy field
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar.

Thee, when athwart the azure sky
Thy starry hosts their mazes lead,
And when Thou sheddest from on high
Thy dewdrops on the flowery mead.

Thee, when my cup of bliss o'erflows;
Thee, when my heart's best joys are fled;
Thee, when my breast exulting glows;
Thee, while I bend beside the dead.

Alike in joy and in distress,
O let me trace Thy hand Divine;
Righteous in chast'ning, prompt to bless,
Still, Father, may Thy will be mine.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS

THE FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

LORD, through infinity, which lay outspread,
Thou lookedst for a form and it was mine:
From nothingness to happy life I sped—
And yet I linger with the ungrateful nine!

Thou giv'st me to behold the teeming earth,
With glimpses through it of Thy vast design:
I feel its glory and its mystic worth—
And yet I linger with the ungrateful nine!

I placed the creatures on the Maker's Throne,
Lost in their glamour to Thy claim Divine:
And Thou didst plan to bring me back Thine own—
And yet I linger with the ungrateful nine!

Thy Son forgot the raptures of the sky,
Entering our nature as a lowly shrine,
And was content because of me to die—
And yet I linger with the ungrateful nine!

And now He comes to me as heavenly Food,
Like Manna hidden 'neath the Bread and Wine:
What? Can I still prolong my thankless mood
And linger always with the ungrateful nine?

Nay, Lord, behold me full of thankfulness:
Help my ingratitude, for I am Thine:
O teach my lips to praise Thee and to bless—
I will arise and leave the ungrateful nine!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

WEEK OF THE FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

HAPPY is he, who at each gift of grace,
Turns back to bless the bountiful Bestower,
In whom the plentitude of largess stays,
And welling ever, gathers more and more!

Happy is he, in whom o'erflowing love
Finds a responsive heart to love again,
Happy the soil, that goodly seeks to prove,
By rapid growth the gentle falling rain!

Like two sweet lutes, accorded well the two,
When swept the one, the other murmurs sweet,
So happy is the heart accorded true,
That murmurs soft response and echo meet.

Happy is he, whose streams of grace return,
Laden with sweets, to whence they first have well'd,
Who keeps the freshness of youth's early morn,
Fervent and fresh to late declining eld!

A few short years shall quickly pass away,
Life's orbit traced, to be retraced no more,
But he, whose course in love was guided aye,
A wider orb shall reach, and goodlier shore;—

Where everlasting love shall crown his soul,
With new and fathomless depths, wherein to trace,
As countless years pass by, and ages roll,
The ample plenitude of loving grace!

TUESDAY

LORD, what am I? A worm, dust, vapour, nothing!
What is my life? A dream, a daily dying!
What is my flesh? My soul's uneasy clothing!
What is my time? A minute ever flying!
My time, my flesh, my life, and I:
What are we, Lord, but vanity?

Where am I, Lord? Downe in a vale of Death:
What is my trade? Sin my dear God offending:
My sport sin, too; my stay a puffe of breath:
What end of sin? Hell's horrour never ending:
My way, my trade, sport, stay and place
Help up to make my doleful case.

Lord what art Thou? pure life, power, beauty, bliss:
Where dwell'st Thou? up above in perfect light:
What is Thy time? Eternity it is:
What state? attendance of each glorious spirit:
Thyself, Thy place, Thy dayes, Thy state
Pass all the thoughts of powers create.

How shall I reach Thee, Lord? Oh, soar above.
Ambitious soul! But which way should I flie?
Thou, Lord, art way and end. What wings have I?
Aspiring thoughts of faith, of hope, of love,
Oh, let these wings that way alone
Present me to Thy blissful throne.

JOSEPH HALL

WEDNESDAY

AND is it so that Nature stints her praise,
With niggard thanks makes offering to her God;
As though His Spirit knew not all her ways,
And there were paths that He had never trod?

See, the lone iceberg glittering in the sun,
Reflecting back his beams with thankfulness,
And reck'ning up Heaven's blessings one by one,
Does every separate ray with joy confess.

It is not now and then that flowers are fair,
And smile their gratitude for blessings given;
Or gleam at morning, through a grateful tear,
For all the mercy showered down by Heaven.

It is not here and there that woods grow green,
And bud beneath the spring's reviving breath,
Or in their brightest hues arrayed are seen
With double beauty from their transient death.

No, Nature is not backward; she declares
Each blessing as it comes, and owns her Lord;
She is no miser of her thanks, nor spares
What due is to the Giver, loved, adored.

Alas! for man day after day may rise,
Night after night may shade his thankless head;
He sees no God in the bright morning skies,
He sings no praises for his guarded bed.

But one in ten is found to bend him low,
To thank that Father, Who has given him all.—

Down on thy knees, thou thankless one, and know
That He Who gives can, at a word, recall.

T. MARSLAND HOPKINS

THURSDAY

SWEET Hope is soveraigne comfort of our life:
Our joy in sorrow and our peace in strife;
The dame of beggars and the queene of kings:
Can these delight in height of prosperous things
Without expecting still to keep them sure?
Can those the weight of heavy wants endure
Unless persuasion instant paine allay,
Reserving spirit for a better day?
Our God, Who planted in His creature's breast
This stop, on which the wheeles of passion rest,
Hath rays'd, by beames of His abundant grace,
This strong affection to a higher place.
It is the second vertue which attends
That soule whose motion to His sight ascends.
Rest here, my mind, thou shalt no longer stay
To gaze upon these houses made with clay:
Thou shalt not stoope to honours or to lands,
Nor golden balles, where sliding fortune stands;
If no false colours draw thy steps amisse,
Thou hast a palace of eternal blisse,
A paradise from care and feare exempt,
An object worthy of the best attempt.
Who would not for so rich a country fight?
Who would not runne that sees a goal so bright?
O Thou, Who art our Author and our End,
On Whose large mercy chains of hope depend;
Lift me to Thee by Thy propitious hand,
For lower I can find no place to stand.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT

FRIDAY

WHY should we vex our foolish minds
So much from day to day,
With what concerning us an idle World
May think or say?

Do we not know there sits a Judge,
Before Whose searching eyes
Our inmost hidden being cleft in twain
And open lies?

O my Omniscient Lord and God!
Enough, enough for me,
That Thou the evil in me and the good
Dost wholly see.

Let others in their fancies deem of me,
Or say, whate'er they will,
Such as I am before Thy Judgment-throne
So am I still.

Praise they my good beyond desert,
And all my bad ignore;—
That am I which in Thy pure sight I am,
No less, no more!

Decry they all my good, and blame
My evil in excess;—
That am I which in Thy pure sight I am,
No more, no less!

EDWARD CASWALL

SATURDAY

NEATH the full beamings of an orient sky
The prophet sat, watching what God would do
Unto the doomèd city. Nought was there
Of lofty rock or shadowing palm-tree tall,
From the sun's heat to shelter, so he made
A booth and sat therein, and God prepared
A gourd, which straightway grew; and pleasantly
Beneath the shadow of its spreading leaves
The prophet felt refreshed. Brief pleasantness:
For *in* the gourd—the gourd which gladdened him,
The gourd which God's own goodness had prepared—
There was a worm, which smote it that it withered,
Withered and died. Was it not strange that God,
Whose power prepared the comfort, should Himself
As well prepare the blight? but from the fact
Is drawn a useful lesson, which our God
Sees that His servants need.
Ponder, my soul,
The history: to nothing earthly yield
Thy soul's affections! In a night earth's joys
Spring up, and ofttimes in a night they die—
Die, blighted by the worm within themselves!
Neither presumptuously, my soul, arraign
His ways Whose steps are on the shoreless sea;
But, holding earth's delights with loosened hand,
Walk softly, humbly, prayerfully with God.

EBENEZER PALMER

THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

THEN give Thy saints
That faithful zeal which neither faints
Nor wildly burns, but meekly still
Dares own the truth and show the ill.
Frustrate those cancerous, close arts
Which cause solution in all parts,
And strike them dumb, who, for mere words
Wound Thy beloved more than swords.
Dear Lord, do thus! and then let grace
Descend and hallow all the place;
Incline each hard heart to do good,
And cement us with Thy Son's blood;
That like true sheep, all in one fold,
We may be fed and one mind hold.
Give watchful spirits to our guides:
For sin—like water—hourly glides
By each man's door, and quickly will
Turn in, if not obstructed still.
Therefore write in their hearts Thy law,
And let these long, sharp judgments awe
Their very thoughts, that by their clear
And holy lives Mercy may here
Sit regent yet, and blessings flow
As fast as persecutions now.
So shall we know, in war and peace,
Thy service to be our sole ease,
With prostrate souls adoring Thee,
Who turned our sad captivity.

HENRY VAUGHAN

WEEK OF THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

LIKE Israel's king, oft have I too received
From some who fear not God, neither regard
Man or man's laws, a letter, false, unkind,
Threatening to injure. They are too hard for me.
What can I but as Hezekiah did,
Take it to God, and on the knee of prayer
Supplicate, earnestly supplicate, in faith
My Heavenly Father's all-sufficient aid?
O Thou Who dwell'st between the cherubim,
Bow down Thine ear, and hear my sad complaint,
Bow down Thine eye and see my deep distress;
Save, Father, that Thy children and the world
May know that Thou and only Thou art God.
In every gone-by trouble Thou hast heard,
Thou hast upheld, till now! Across the waste,
The dreary wilderness of trodden years,
Faith can full many an Ebenezer see,
Pillars erected to commemorate
The answered prayer, the great deliverance known.
I plead no merit, Lord; no worthiness;
I plead Thy Name, Thy promise; yea, I look
To Thee in Thy true temple, confident
That while the prayer of faith is lisped without,
Our great Melchizedek will incense give
From His gold censer in the sanctuary,
Perfumed by which my prayer acceptably
Will reach the presence of the Lord of Hosts.
Spirit of prayer! teach me the prayer of faith;
I need the blessing, the protection need;

Let not the chariot and the war-horse, Lord,
Crush one who trusts in Thee, on Thee the Rock,
The Rock to which I cling, all destitute;
Shelterless else! Lord, hear me! hear and save!

EBENEZER PALMER

TUESDAY

WE walk amid a world of beauteous things,
Unnumbered blessings all around us flowing,
Till we forget the gracious Hand that brings,
Unheeded in Its bountiful bestowing.

Sweet sights, glad sounds, are round us every day—
The golden dawn, the gentle breath of even,
The scent of summer flowers, the sun's warm ray,
And all for pleasure, all for comfort given.

We walk in a new life; for us the stain
That fell on this bright world, God's fair creation,
Is washed away; and we are made again
The sons of God, the heirs of Christ's salvation;

And Angels wave their guardian wings around;
Communion with eternal things is ours,
Hopes brightening still, and joys that are not found
On this fair earth with all her songs and flowers.

Where are our deeds in grateful service done?
Where are the words with thankful rapture burning?
Alas! though we are cleansed, there's scarcely one
With voice of praise and works of love returning.

But words are weak when thoughts lie deep and strong;
Then hearts run o'er, in deeds their love expressing;
Be all your holy lives one grateful song,
Be all your acts one voice of praise and blessing.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

WEDNESDAY

WEIGHING the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless date
And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flowers,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowers:

I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To His divine appointment ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowers without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

Man hath still either toys or care;
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But ever restless and irregular
About this earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where;
He says it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams;
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave;
Man is the shuttle to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

HENRY VAUGHAN

THURSDAY

NAY, but these are breezes bright,
Currents pure from deeps of light;
Bracing to all hearts are they.
He Whom winds and seas obey
To the children of His love
Tempers them that they may prove
Free, not lawless, chastely bold,
Self-controlling, Heaven-controlled.
Fear not if strong o'er thee such gales should blow,
Even when autumnal life might sigh for calm;
But test them ere thine heart o'erflow,
By pureness, and by love's soft balm.

From the rushing of that breeze
Far away the ill spirit flees.
What were else a storm and strife,
Blotting the last gleam of life,
Now shall waft thee steadily
Upward through the lucid sky,
Like the deep air gathering
Underneath an eagle's wing.
Then fearless let the sacred whirlwind bear
Thee, wearied else, where Christlike souls ascend;

But mark:—no gales may waft thee there,
But thence were breathed, and homeward tend.

JOHN KEBLE

FRIDAY

THO' nothing once, and born but yesterday,
Like Him Who knows nor ending nor decay,
So shalt thou live, my soul, immortal one!
Strong as the firm, the dread, eternal throne,
Endless as God, Who sits for aye thereon.
Infinite Father! shall Thy creature dare
Look forth, and say, Eternity I share
With Him Who made me? May he forward send
His thoughts, and say, Like God I know no end?—
Stretch onward, age on age, till mind grows dim,
Yet conscious, cry, There still am I with Him?
Worm of the dust, thought almost blasphemy!
Dread glory!—I, like God, shall ever be!
O goodness searchless! Thou Who once didst walk
With man on earth, with man familiar talk,
Bringing Thyself to him, to lead the way
From darkness up to glory and to day,
Uniting with our form, that man, when blind
To all but sense, the high intent might find
Of his own soul, his never dying mind,—
Teach us, in this Thy Sacrifice, to see
Thy love,—our worth, in this great mystery.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

SATURDAY

SPIRIT of God! descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No Angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own—soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy Cross—there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find!

Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswer'd prayer.

Teach me to love Thee as Thine Angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the Heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

GEORGE CROLY

THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

THEY came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the crowd that in the burning sun
Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas one
Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers pass'd,
Bending beneath their burden. There was one—

Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands,
Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thicken'd convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Follow'd apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world,
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.
Forth from the city-gate the pitying crowd
Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands,
Closer upon her breast she clasp'd the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin grey lashes of her fever'd eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He look'd upon her, and His heart was moved.
"Weep not!" He said; and as they stay'd the bier,
And at His bidding laid it at His feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And gazed on His calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and pray'd. Then, taking the cold hand,
He said, "Arise!" And instantly the breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on His way to Nain.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

WEEK OF THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

OH sweetest words that Jesus could have spoke,
To soothe the widow's heart which grief had broke;
They fall with comfort on mine ear,
When life is sad and trouble near.

They were not whispered accents, but aloud
The Saviour spake them to the silent crowd;
That each might hear His heavenly voice,
And in the widow's joy rejoice!

Words that were spoken amid sorrow's strife,
And in the very midst of death and life;
They shall refresh my soul at last,
And strengthen me till life is past.

If poverty obscures my earthly lot,
Then shall I hear my Saviour say, "Weep not";
To God, our Father, raise thine eye,
For He still hears the raven's cry.

Though death the dearest to my heart has slain,
Jesus shall yet restore my dead again;
"Weep not," He says, "poor weary one,
But think on what at Nain I've done!"

And when I shall myself draw near to death,
This Jesus shall be there, and thus He saith,
"The race is run, the battle fought,
I am thy light, thy life, 'weep not!'"

Oh, sweetest words that Jesus could have spoke,
To raise the weary hearts which grief had broke;
Thrice blessed words! I listening stay
Till grief and sorrow melt away.

JANE BORTHWICK

TUESDAY

ME hath He called to love Him, me hath deign'd
To call His child, for me His life-blood pour'd;
And when I wander from Him He is pain'd:
To all things else His all-constraining word
Sets bounds, and o'er them throws His holding cord,
But to our love: He asks our being whole:
And who unto the soul can bounds afford?
'Tis He, Who can the infinite control,
Alone can meet her love, alone can fill the soul.

I ask not wealth, I ask not length of days,
Nor joys which home and rural sights bestow,
Nor honour among men, nor poet's praise,
Nor friendship, nor the lamp of thought to know,
Which, with its own warm light, bathes all below;
Nor that the seed I sow should harvest prove;
I ask not health, nor spirit's gladdening flow,
Nor an assurèd pledge of rest above,
If only Thou wilt give a heart to know Thy love.

As many as the crosses which abound
On every side our road which leads to Heaven,

So many tokens of Thy care are found
To wean our fancies unto pleasure given,
To aid Thy Spirit which with ours hath striven,
And bring us to the Cross of Thy deep woes.
Here in the twilight of the silent even,
While life's short day to stable darkness goes,
My heart shall fly to Thee, and rest in Thy repose.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

WEDNESDAY

SEPTEMBER'S woods are clothed in darker green,
Though yet autumnal crimson spares the trees;
The sunshine slants athwart the quiet scene,
And harvest waves around in golden seas.

No more the tender blade will cleave the soil,
For now the swelling corn has filled the ear;
The husbandman awaits to-morrow's toil,
The crown and issue of the busy year,

But ere that sun can set and rise again,
That slopes e'en now to hide beneath the west,
There is a farewell respite for the grain;
A final evening of unhindered rest.

And O, my heart, inspired by such a view
Of rich and silent fields, that calmly wait,
Frets at the countless turmoils, which pursue
The hurrying moments of our mortal state!

And it becomes the prophet of a day,
When God shall bid the whirl of labour cease,
Yet hold the heavenly reapers from my way,
And grant me too a parting hour of peace!

But, kindly harvest, though I view thee now
With longings for an evening rest like thine,
Behold, 'tis God's to yield or disallow,
And 'tis my part to make His pleasure mine!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

THURSDAY

ETERNAL Father! God of peace!
Being Whose bounties never cease!
While to the heavens in grateful tones
Ascend our mingled orisons,
Listen to these, the notes of praise,
Which we, a happy people, raise.
Our hamlets, sheltered by Thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are;
Our tillage by Thy blessing yields
An hundredfold—the ripen'd fields
Of waving grain—the burdened vine—
Are tokens of Thy love divine.
The cradled head of infancy
Oweth its tranquil rest to Thee—
Youth's doubting step, and firmer tread
In years mature, by Thee are led—
Secure may trembling age, O Lord,
Lean on its staff, the Holy Word.
Teach us these blessings to improve;
Teach us to serve Thee, teach to love—
Exalt our hearts, that we may see
The Giver of all Good in Thee:
And be Thy Word our daily food,
Thy service, Lord, our greatest good.
Whether in youth, like early fruit,
Or in the sere and solemn suit
Of our autumnal age, like wheat
Ripen'd, and for the reaper fit,

Thou cut us off, O God, may we
Gathered into Thy garner be.

H. HASTINGS WELD

FRIDAY

ALAS! my torments; my distracted fears
Have no commerce with reasonable tears:
How hath Heaven's absence darken'd the renown
Of Zion's glory with one angry frown!
How hath the Almighty clouded those bright beams
And changed her beauties' streamers into streams!
Zion, the glory of whose refulgent fame
Gave earnest of an everlasting name,
Is now become an indigested mass;
And ruin is, where that brave glory was.
How hath Heaven struck her earth-admired name
From th' height of honour to the depth of shame!

Thou great Creator, Whose diviner breath
Preserves Thy creature, joy'st not in his death,
Look down from Thy eternal Throne, That art
The only Rock of a despairing heart;
Look down Heaven, O from Thou, Whose tender ear
Once heard the trickling of one single tear:
How art Thou now estrangèd from his cry,
That sends forth rivers from his tearful eye!
How often hast Thou, with a gentle arm,
Raised me from death, and bid me fear no harm!
What strange disaster caused this sudden change?
How wert Thou once so near, and now so strange!

FRANCIS QUARLES

SATURDAY

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.

Oh ! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will ;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And Thy rebellious child is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine ;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

WILLIAM COWPER

THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

ONE baptism, and one faith,
One Lord, below, above!
The fellowship of Zion hath
One only watchward,—Love.
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our Sacrifice is One;
One priest before the Throne,—
The Crucified, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

Oh, why should they who love
One Gospel to unfold,
Who look for one bright home above,
On earth be strange and cold?
Why, subjects of the Prince of Peace,
In strife abide, and bitterness?

Oh, may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
The utterance of His latest care,
Ere to His Throne He passed,—
No longer unfulfilled remain
The world's offence, the people's stain!

Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic,—the true,—
On her disjointed members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!

Then shall Thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

E. ROBINSON

WEEK OF THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

AN earnest, ardent will for good,
Increasing still with new desire,
Still longing more and more for food—
Such is love's holy, heavenly fire!

Zeal for all virtue, more and more,
Is the instinctive mark to prove
That thou hast rightly learn'd to soar
Upon the upward wings of love!

Who does not every hour apply
Fresh fuel to increase the flame,
Who lifts not up his heart on high,
Knoweth of love but by the name!

Who does not every day improve,
And grow more pure each forward pace,
Knows not the fire of holy love,
Nor basks within its kindly rays.

A firm resolve to welcome death,
Rather than grovel back in sin,
To cling more loving to thy faith,
And every day new worth to win;—

To bow before affliction's rod,
To nurse a contrite soul apart.—
Such are the fruits of love to God,
Within the faithful's glowing heart!

TUESDAY

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please:
Oh! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
To spread large bounties though we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain:
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet liberal still,
Heaven gives its counterpoise to every ill;
Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers,
When kindness, love, and concord, may be ours.
The gift of ministering to others' ease,
To all alike, impartial, God decrees:
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above:
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppressed, the taunting thought;
Subduing and subdued, the petty strife,
Which clouds the colour of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend.
There, kind affection, there thou best may reign,
Home is thy true legitimate domain.

A solitary bliss thou ne'er could'st find,
Thy joys with those thou lov'st are intertwined;
And he whose helpful tenderness removes
The rankling thorn which wounds the breast he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But clears the obstructions which impede his own.

HANNAH MORE

WEDNESDAY

WORK while it is called to-day,
Watch and pray!
With both thine hands right earnestly,
As in sight of God most high,
Thy calling ply.

Watch! it is the Master calls thee;
Pray! it is His ear that hears;
Up! shake off thy chilly fears!
Mindful that whate'er befalls thee
Leaves thee further on thy way,
Watch and pray.

Watch! for demons haunt around thee,
Sin and harm beset thy path;
Yet be sure that nothing hath
Power to hinder or confound thee,
So thou faithfully alway
Watch and pray.

Pray! lest watching make thee weary;
Praying thou shalt never fail,
Though the night be long and dreary,

Though the dawn be faint and pale,
Brightens fast the perfect day:
Watch and pray.

H. G. TOMKINS

THURSDAY

THERE are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep
As ever summer saw,
And cool their water is, yea, cool and sweet;
But you must come to draw.
They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
And not unsought will give;
They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst
To follow dusty ways,
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
Where the tired traveller strays;
That never ask the meadows if they want
What is their joy to give;
Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,
So self-bestowed they live.

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,
Wherein all waters fall;
That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,
Feeding and bearing all.
That breeds the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,
That takes again to give;—
Even the great and loving heart of God,
Whereby all love doth live.

FRIDAY

ARISE, my soul, the morning sun
Will soon disperse the silv'ry mist;
Its giant course is just begun;
E'en now the rose of dawn hath kiss'd
The topmost branches of the trees;
Arise, my soul, the early birds
Are waken'd by the whisp'ring breeze
Rustling the foliage, and the words
Of God Himself join with the song, and say:
"Arise, come forth, and work while it is day."

But, O my soul! thy morn is o'er,
The mid-day of thy course is past;
Is pass'd to be recall'd no more,
And ev'ning shades are falling fast.
Hast thou indeed no work to do,
That I may fold my arms and sleep?
Thou hast to battle with the foe;
A race to run; a guard to keep.
Look to the Cross! The Saviour never cried
"'Tis finish'd" till He bowed the head and died.

O Lord! I loitered by the way,
And slumber'd while the golden light
Call'd me to work, to watch and pray,
To run the race, and fight the fight:
I paus'd to pluck some fragile flower
Which faded ere the sun went down,
Forgetful that the Christian's dower
Is first the cross, and then the crown.
Restore my soul, may I no longer roam;
But keep the narrow way that leads me home.

JOHN STREATFEILD

SATURDAY

SOUL, when your flesh dissolves to dust,
To God's safe hands yourself entrust;
Be not too curious to inquire
Where to aspire;

Whether to Paradise you fly,
Or in bless'd Abram's bosom lie,
Or to that orb your flight you raise
Where Enoch stays;

Or to the third celestial sphere,
Where wonders Paul was rapt to hear,
Or Hades blest, where souls elect
Full bliss expect.

Secure your love while here below,
And dying you'll to Jesus go:
Paul long lov'd Jesus' face to view,
For that long you.

Bless'd Jesus' boundless bliss divine,
In you a miniature will shine,
Glory for glory, beam for beam
Will on you stream.

A crown, a throne on God's right hand,
Where saints their robes of ray expand,
Where saints are kings, and on their state
High Angels wait.

Such blessings on the saints attend,
When Jesus-like they Heaven ascend,
The Lamb of joys, the boundless Spring,
They'll ever sing.

Death our forerunner is, and guides
To Zion where the Lamb abides;
There saints enjoy ecstatic rest
In mansions blest.
THOMAS KEN

THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

CHRIST had two several wrongs to bear;
Two sets of foes to flee;
The Pharisee drew nigh to snare,
To sneer, the Sadducee.

And still the Lord two classes sees
His Gospel's spread oppose;
Professing hypocrites are these;
And sensual worldlings those.

Both to the temple take their way,
And join the Saviour's walk,
But chiefly still, that Christ they may
Entangle in His talk.

Both hear His gracious words of truth,
Then straight their grace pervert;
These a self-righteous pride to soothe,
And those a carnal heart.

Each to the other bears a grudge;
These harshly censure those;
And catch what words of Christ they judge
To silence put their foes.

Both the true Lord alike reject,
Alike from grace far off;
Though these a coming Christ expect,
And those Messiah scoff.

With both the Lord alike is wroth;
Both shall to shame be driven:
Lord, help me, while I mix with both,
To shun of each the leaven.

LORD KINLOCH

WEEK OF THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

CLEARLY I see,
My God, how Thou, in every fate Thou send'st,
Only by different wile of love intend'st
To draw to Thee.

In joy's bright hour,
Thou'dst have us bring our flowers to Thee for gift;
Close to Thy side our place of refuge shift,
When tempests lour.

But each event
We construe wrong; joy to the festive room
Sends us from Thee; woe to a sullen gloom,
In our frail tent.

Like children we,
Whom in the market-place their fellows try,
With varied speech ; but who, perverse or shy,
To nought agree.

The merry pipe
Is tuned to rouse them ; but they will not dance ;
Sad tales are told, yet ne'er, for one mischance,
A tear they wipe.

E'en thus, and more,
Our folly, Lord, tow'rds Thee ; the bliss bestowed
Finds us unthankful ; and love's sadder mode,
Hard to the core.

Lord, take away
This childish mind, and give a healthier tone :
Make, both by beam and cloud, each heart Thine own,
For all the day.

LORD KINLOCH

TUESDAY

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, are but shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain.

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more—they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all that seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
That this *is* blessing, this is life.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

WEDNESDAY

WIDELY midst the slumbering nations
Darkness holds his despot sway;
Cruel in his habitations,
Ruthless o'er his prostrate prey.
Star of Bethlehem!
Rise and beam in conquering day!

Light of Life, our sole Defender,
Rise with healing on Thy wing;
Rise in all Thy soothing splendour;

Rise, and earth with joy will sing!
Israel's glory!
Gentiles call Thee "Lord and King!"

Christians, haste! the morn is breaking;
Darkness wheels his downward flight;
But, your polished armour taking,
Stand, nor quit the waning fight.
Great Redeemer!
Guard us with Thy shield of light.

Onward, Christians, onward pressing,
Triumph in the Crucified!
Endless honour, rest and blessing,
Wait you at His radiant side.
Cease not, cease not,
Till you see Him glorified.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL

THURSDAY

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear:—

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

Oh holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes
And into glory peep.

HENRY VAUGHAN

FRIDAY

O PIETY! O heavenly Piety!
She is not rigid as fanatics deem,
But warm as Love, and beautiful as Hope.

Prop of the weak, the crown of humbleness,
The clue of doubt, the eyesight of the blind,
The heavenly robe and garniture of clay!

. . . . . .

Clad in that raiment, ever white and pure,
The wayside mire is harmless to defile,
And rudest storms sweep impotently by.

. . . . . .

Shown by that clue, the doubtful path is clear,
The intricate snares and mazes of the world
Are all unlabyrinth'd and bright as day.

Sweet Piety! divinest Piety!
She has a soul capacious as the spheres,
A heart as large as all humanity.

Who to his dwelling takes that visitant,
Has a perpetual solace in all pain,
A friend and comforter in every grief.

The noblest domes, the haughtiest palaces,
That know not her, have ever open gates
Where misery may enter at her will.

But from the threshold of the poorest hut
Where she sits smiling, sorrow passes by,
And owns the spell that robs her of her sting.

CHARLES MACKAY

SATURDAY

LORD, canst Thou condescend indeed to dwell
In such a frail, ungracious heart as mine?
Then from that heart the idol self expel,
And make it Thine, O Lord, and only Thine.
When Israel chose Thy mercy as their theme,
The glory shone most brightly from Thy face;
When we are lowest in our own esteem,
Our hearts become Thy favour'd dwelling-place;

When grace alone is sought, and self is lost,
Our souls will then reflect Thine image most.

"Christ in us"!—who can reach the depth and height,
The length and breadth of such a gift as this?
In weakness He is strength, in darkness light,
Amidst the world's distress an untold bliss,
Treasures of wisdom to a simple mind,
Riches of grace the contrite heart to bless,
A clear and open vision to the blind,
And to the naked soul a comely dress;
Compared with this all other gifts are dim:
Poor in ourselves, yet we have all in Him.

With "Christ in us," our glorious hope is sure;
Dwelling in Him the true and living way,
Our souls are safe, and to the end endure;
Through faith all sin and guilt on Him we lay:
See through the veil our great High Priest within,
Prepared His own redeemed ones to bless;
Himself made sin for us, Who knew no sin,
That we might perfect righteousness possess;
While by His Spirit, dwelling in our hearts,
His peace, His joy, His glory He imparts.

JOHN STREATFEILD

THE NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

IF we scan
The wide or narrow circle of our friends
And weigh their worth, we find, alas! that all,
Even in the glance of charity, possess

Some spot; and if we haply mark ourselves,
We are not perfect! E'en humanity,
Like the spoilt picture of some master-mind,
Hath much it may admire, but prominent
The fault obtrudes! And as when Lucifer
Poured the dark drop at Eden's fountain-head,
He poisoned every stream; e'en so when Eve
The cup of disobedience tasted there,
She gave to all her children naughtiness,
Which only death can end! The silent grave
Is Nature's crucible! our bodies thence,
Crumbled to dust, and yet, new modelled there,
Shall rise in pristine beauty, like the Lord,
If, in the Lord, on earth regenerate!
Oh! let this truth teach tenderness to all!
And when we mark unlovely tempers rise,
When in our brother, in God's likeness made,
And more especially in one new-born,
We see the shadow of the tempter flash
O'er features God made good, oh, let us ask,—
Not of the tempter, nor of his own pride,
Indignant to reply,—but at the throne,
The mercy throne, where sits the Prince of Peace,
Let us, all conscious we are liable
To the same temper, the same tempest too,
Ask larger measure of that heavenly grace
Which calms, and loves, and wins!

EBENEZER PALMER

WEEK OF THE NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

"LOVE God, love truth, love virtue, and be happy";
These were the words first uttered in the ear
Of every being rational made, and made
For thought, or word, or deed accountable.
Most men the first forgot, the second none.
Whatever path they took, by hill or vale,
By day or night, the universal wish,
The aim and sole intent was happiness.
But, erring from the heaven-appointed path,
Strange tracts indeed they took through barren wastes,
And up the sandy mountain climbing toiled,
Which pining lay beneath the curse of God,
And nought produced. Yet did the traveller look
And point his eye before him greedily,
As if he saw some verdant spot, where grew
The heavenly flower, where sprang the well of life,
Where undisturbed felicity reposed;
Though Wisdom's eye no vestige could discern,
That happiness had ever passed that way.

Wisdom was right, for still the terms remained
Unchanged, unchangeable—the terms on which
True peace was given to man, unchanged as God,
Who, in His own essential nature, binds
Eternally to virtue happiness,
Nor lets them part through all His universe.

ROBERT POLLOK

TUESDAY

I STOOD and watched my ships go out,
Each, one by one, unmooring free,
What time the quiet harbour filled
With flood-tide from the sea.

The first that sailed,—her name was Joy;
She spread a smooth and ample sail,
And eastward strove, with bending spars,
Before the singing gale.

Another sailed,—her name was Hope;
No cargo in her hold she bore,
Thinking to find in western lands
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed,—her name was Love;
She showed a red flag at the mast,—
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she sped south right fast.

The last that sailed,—her name was Faith;
Slowly she took her passage forth,
Tacked and lay to—at last she steered
A straight course for the north.

My gallant ships they sailed away
Over the shimmering summer sea;
I stood at watch for many a day,
But only one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain;
Hope ran upon a hidden reef;
And Love took fire, and foundered fast
In 'whelming seas of grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn;
She recompensed me all my loss,
For as a cargo safe she brought
A Crown, linked to a Cross!

WENESDAY

NIGHT turns to day when sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sight;
Cheer up, cheer up, ere long the opening flowers,
With dewy eyes shall shine in light!

Winter wakes spring, when icy blasts are blowing
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees;
Cheer up, cheer up, all beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

Storms die in calms, when over land and ocean
Rolls the loud chariot of the wind;
Cheer up, cheer up, the voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

War ends in peace: though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corses load the ground;
Cheer up, cheer up; where groan'd the field of battle
The corn shall deck the peaceful ground.

Toil brings repose; with noontide fervours beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast;
Cheer up, cheer up, gray twilight cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life, though sad and brief thy
story,
Thy years all spent in grief and gloom;
Look up, look up, eternity and glory
Dawn through the terrors of the tomb.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

THURSDAY

RISE! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;—
The others have buckled their armour
And forth to the field have gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern *to-day*.

Rise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield.
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need more great, than to-day.

Rise! if the past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret.
Sad or bright, she is lifeless for ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;
The low sound you scarcely hear,
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise, for the foe is near!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past!

FRIDAY

NOW weary men are tending to their home,
The sun is going down on mount and sea;
Where shall the way-worn pilgrim cease to roam,
Or find on earth a resting-place but Thee?

This is the pilgrim's way-side hospital,
With oil and wine meet for his sorrowing breast;
From thence Thy loving accents seem to call,—
"Come unto Me, ye weary, and find rest."

This shall be fire to warm his world-chilled heart,
A light to lighten in the darkest gloom,—
In life or death in Thee to have his part,—
Here shall the homeless traveller find a home.

Home-loving men, amid their homes at ease,
They are of all most homeless; and where'er
The palmer strays, each man on earth he sees
Is but a stranger and a sojourner.

And village-homes that seem so still and bright
By golden streams and meadows rich and fair,
And castellated holds on mountain height
That catch the sun's last gleam, rais'd high in air,—

All these unreal things appear to me
The melancholy shadow of a shade;
Or cloudy pageants in the setting sun,
That seem so fair because so soon to fade.

The sun is going down, and bids good night
To homeward wandering men, and field, and town;
Thou art my light in darkness, and more bright
When this sun fails,—a star that goes not down.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

SATURDAY

'TIS not the temple's shrine
Which holy makes the place;
Where'er God is, is power divine;
Where'er God helps, is grace.

The bush on Horeb's peak,
Burning, and unconsumed,
The prophet bent to reverence meek,
For God the spot illumed.

The sword at night beheld,
By Jordan's swelling bed,
The captain of the host compelled
To own the Lord Who led.

Think of thy God as near;
And, once His presence found,
Be sure, whate'er around appear,
Thou tread'st on holy ground.

Put off, O man, thy shoes,
With which thou earth hast trod;

Thee from earth's dust and toil unloose
And worship pay thy God.

So shalt thou find a light,
To burn, and still endure;
A leader of all-conquering might,
To make thy Canaan sure.

LORD KINLOCH

THE TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

SOLDIER, go—but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
That thy path is strewn with roses;
Turn no wistful eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes:—
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through:
See the plain behind thee burning!
Forward!—there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow;
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Longer than a restless waking:
Such a watch as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.

Sleep, as on the battle-field,
Girded—grasping sword and shield :
Foes thou canst not name or number
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise ! the war is done ;
Lo, both death and hell are flying ;
'Twas thy Lord the battle won ;
Jesus vanquish'd them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
All the conquer'd land of glory ;—
Hark !—what songs of rapture rise !
These proclaim the Victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Sheath the sword, and take the crown :
Triumph ! all thy foes are banished ;
Death is slain ; and earth has vanished.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA

WEEK OF THE TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

WHAT had I been if Thou wert not ?
What were I now if Thou wert gone ?
Anguish and fear were then my lot,
In this wide world I stood alone ;
Whate'er I loved were safe no more,
The future were a dark abyss,
To whom could I my sorrows pour,
If Thee my laden heart should miss ?

But when Thou mak'st Thy presence felt,
And when the soul has grasped Thee right,
How fast the dreary shadows melt
Beneath Thy warm and living light:
In Thee I find a nobler birth,
A glory o'er the world I see,
And Paradise returns to earth,
And blooms again for us in Thee.

Thou strong and loving Son of Man,
Redeemer from the bonds of sin,
'Tis Thou the living spark dost fan
That sets my heart on fire within.
Thou openest Heaven once more to men,
The soul's true home, Thy Kingdom, Lord,
And I can trust and hope again,
And feel myself akin to God.

Brethren, go forth beside all ways,
The wanderer greet with outstretch'd hand,
And call him back who darkly strays,
And bid him join our gladsome band.
That Heaven hath stoop'd to earth below,
Proclaim the glad news everywhere,
That all may learn our faith, and know
They too may find an entrance there.

LYRA GERMANICA

TUESDAY

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;

And to our high-raised fantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow;
And the Cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise,
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, Whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial concert us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!

JOHN MILTON

WEDNESDAY

BEHOLD the Sun from eastern gloom arise
Circling the heavens upon his glittering way:
Transparent glory flashes from the skies
And gladsome earth exults to greet the day!

E'en thus, where souls of men are plunged in night,
I view the Church's Lord in splendour shine!

O how He sheds the Spirit's quickening light
And bathes the human heart in tints divine!

Yea, as the gold narcissus, the red rose,
The snowdrop, white as winter nearly done,
The violet and each blushing flower that blows,
Draw each their dye from the pellucid Sun,

So from the shining of the Incarnate's Face,
Grow Martyrs' courage and the tearful care
Of penitents, rich Love and Virgins' grace—
The countless gifts that Saints have won by prayer!

Never may Sin with dark embowering leaves
O'ershade and blanch my soul to deathlike hue:
But some rich glow, such as Thy light achieves
In Thine elect, work in me, Saviour, too!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

THURSDAY

AS men, for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have spheres supplied;
As if a star were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other Heaven they also serve,
Divinity's transcendent sky:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reason triumphs, and faith lies by.

Could not that Wisdom, which first broach'd the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd His seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine, which He taught and gave,
Was clear as Heaven, from whence it came.
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark instructions, e'en as dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But He doth bid us take His blood for wine.
Bid what He please; yet I am sure,
To take and taste what He doth there design,
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man;
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head;
Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To Heaven alone both go, and lead.

GEORGE HERBERT

FRIDAY

THY ways, O Lord, are unlike ours;
Thy thoughts surpass our own;
And Angels, when they scan their powers,
Fall, wing-veiled, round the Throne.

Resistance seems a noble gift
To reason's haughty view;
And passions, which proud self uplift,
Re-echo it as true.

But He, Whose will was crucified
Throughout His sad career.

Whom earth abhorr'd and man denied
One sympathetic tear,

On bearing outrage, wrong and hate,
This Heaven-born lesson taught,
That souls are not divinely great
Except with meekness fraught.

Submission, tender, mild, and deep,
Not sullen, stern, or sad,
But gentle, as when Angels weep
While they watch o'er the bad,—

Such the meek virtue Christ commends,
Believer, as divine;
And, if thy knee to Jesu bends,
That lowly grace be thine.

In Christ the lamb and lion met,
Their graces were combined;
And blest are those who follow yet
The path He left behind.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

SATURDAY

THERE is a Sabbath won for us,
A Sabbath stored above,
A service of eternal calm,
An altar-rite of love.

There is a Sabbath won for us,
Where we shall ever wait
In mute or voiceful ministries
Upon the Immaculate.

There shall transfigured souls be filled
With Christ's Eternal Name,
Dipped, like bright censers, in the sea
Of molten glass and flame.

Yet set not in thy thoughts too far
Our Heaven and Earth apart,
Lest thou should'st wrong the Heaven begun
Already in thy heart.

Though Heaven's above and Earth's below
Yet are they but one state,
And each the other with sweet skill
Doth interpenetrate.

Yea, many a tie and office blest,
In earthly lots uneven,
Hath an immortal place to fill
And is a root of Heaven.

And surely Sundays bright and calm,
So calm, so bright as this,
Are tastes imparted from above
Of higher sabbath bliss.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

THE TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

GIRD thy loins up, Christian soldier;
Lo! thy Captain calls thee out:
Let the danger make thee bolder;
War, in weakness; dare, in doubt.

Buckle on thy heavenly armour;
Make thou no inglorious peace;
Let thy courage wax the warmer
As thy foes and fears increase.

Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
Truth—to keep thee firm in fight;
Never shall the foe confound thee
While the truth maintains the right.
Righteousness within thee rooted
May appear to take thy part;
But let righteousness imputed
Be the breastplate of thy heart.

Though to speak thou be not able,
Always pray, and never rest.
Prayer's a weapon for the feeble;
Weakest souls can wield it best.
Ever on thy Captain calling,
Make thy worst condition known;
He shall hold thee up when falling,
Or shall lift thee up when down.

JOSIAH HART

WEEK OF THE TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

OH! Thou, that driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe;

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even hope, that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too.

Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy Word of love
Come brightly bearing, through the gloom,
A peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We could not see by day.

THOMAS MOORE

TUESDAY

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove!

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and, lo! Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine
The highest, holiest manhood Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day, and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord! art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music, as before.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

WEDNESDAY

LORD, Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
If mine I am: and Thine much more,
Than I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be Thine, doth me restore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more.

Since this being mine, brings with it Thine
And Thou with me dost Thee restore.
If I without Thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor Thine.

Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine:
So mine Thou art, that something more
I may presume Thee mine, than Thine.
For Thou didst suffer to restore
Not Thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since Thou in death wast none of Thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore.
O be mine still! still make me Thine;
Or rather make no Thine and mine!

GEORGE HERBERT

THURSDAY

GIVE us Thy blessed peace, God of all might!
Without it, we must weary in the fight;
Without it, our weak service soon must cease:
Give us Thy blessed peace.

Life's day is sultry, and its evening chill,
With little left to cheer; yet the heart still
Cleaveth to dust, nor can obtain release,
Excepting through Thy peace.

Lord, give us peace, let it refresh anew
The deeply tempted, yet the tried and true,
Lest earthly spirits foil us in the strife,
Of this too earnest life.

The fathers, loved by Thee, this blessing knew:
Their children in the desert need it too.
Give peace, and hope to lay our weapons down,
And gain the victor's crown.

Our life below, until the journey close,
Is often stormy, and beset with foes;
Lord, in the shadow of Thy peace give rest,
When we are most opprest.

And whensoever death itself appear,
Then may Thy Angel messengers be near,
And bear us hence, to share, when troubles cease,
Thine everlasting peace!

JANE BORTHWICK

FRIDAY

OH, were I ever what I am sometimes,
And never more what I sometimes have been;
For oft my spirit, singing as it climbs,
Can make of winter bleak a summer green:
And yet sometimes, and in the sunniest weather,
My work and I have fallen out together.

Now, earth seems drossy, Heaven the land of gold,
Anon Heaven fabulous, substantial earth;
And sometimes in my God I can be bold,
And say, "What hopes are mine in right of birth?"
And yet sometimes at former faith I wonder,
And fears I once defied I now sink under.

Lord, rid me of this natural waywardness,
Unworthy one who is a child of Thine;
Calm let me be when rudest winds distress,
Nor lose occasion if the day be fine;
But faithful to the light of sacred reason,
One heart be mine in every changing season.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

SATURDAY

THAT which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness Whom we guess;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice "believe no more"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"GO thou thy way!" It is thy Lord Who speaks;
He trod the narrow way in all its length,
And His firm hand and all enduring strength
Were never since denied to him who seeks.

Go thou thy way, wherever it may lead:
Through greenest pastures or on thorny road;
With gladsome heart, or bent beneath a load
Of anxious cares, or sick with sorest need.

The birds that wanton in the summer air
Are vext by no forebodings, such as go
To fret thy spirit; but they trust, and so
They sing to tell us of a Father's care.

From sin's enticements see thou walk aloof;
And if they come, to Christ for succour fly;
With Him thou shalt the powers of hell defy:
The armour of His love is evil-proof.

Let not past follies keep thy spirit sore;
Sin sorrowed for and conquered should impart
A deeper wisdom and a purer heart;
So, go in peace, and see thou sin no more.

Room for thy soul to grow, to rise above
These common things of earth? Oh, hush thy strife!
'Tis lowly work well done that makes of life
A holy sacrifice of patient love.

Go thou thy way until the end shall be,
Leaving, in faith, thy fate for God to cast;
And so stand steadfast in thy lot at last,
For ever in thy God, and God in thee.

PHILIP SOUTHERN

WEEK OF THE TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

LORD! how oft shall I forgive?
O my soul! dost thou not live,
Every day, and every hour,
On thy Father's Love, and Power?
Still vouchsafed thee, tho' with sin
Days will end, as days begin;
Life, with all in life bestowed,
Justly forfeit to thy God?

. . . . . .

Count the pulses of thy heart,
Search thro' memory every part;
All the thousand nameless ways,
In which God, thro' all thy days,
Hath thy life sustain'd and blest,
Giving thee the thing that's best;
Tho' alas! that life has proved,
All unworthy to be loved:—

When thou hast the sum of all
Blessings that, uncounted, fall
Round thy path; the light and love,
Waiting on thee from above,
All by boundless Mercy brought,
Into judgment entering not;
Thou some faint reply from Heav'n
Hast, how man should be forgiven.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

TUESDAY

IN the Apocalypse sublime
The new-created world shall see
Eternity embracing time,
Space swallowed in infinity.
Each sun, each star, each heavenly orb,
Shall one pervading light absorb.

No temple there, for boundless Heaven
Shall be a temple; not a prayer
Shall from the trembling soul be riven,
For all shall be devotion there;
All day, no darkness, no eclipse,
In that divine Apocalypse.

This world, these cycles, mortal life
And mortal death, are but the scene
Of shifting, surging, struggling strife,
The powers of ill and good between;
Though in that strife so rough and rude
We see the conquering march of good.

But in the glorious time revealed
Each form of ill shall fade and fall;
And every, every wound be healed.

And God, our God be all in all—
All light, all love, all God, all good,
All infinite beatitude.

SIR JOHN BOWRING

WEDNESDAY

AND though some impious wits do questions move,
And doubt if souls immortal be, or no;
That doubt their immortality doth prove,
Because they seem immortal things to know.

For he who reasons on both parts doth bring,
Doth some things mortal, some immortal call;
Now, if himself were but a mortal thing,
He could not judge immortal things at all.

For when we judge, our minds we mirrors make;
And as those glasses which material be,
Forms of material things do only take;
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see;

So when we God and Angels do conceive,
And think of truth, which is eternal too;
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,
Which, if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly show,
They should the name of reasonable bear;
For, without reason, none could reason know:

So when the soul mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternal things she doubts can move!

She proofs of her eternity doth bring,
  E'en when she strives the contrary to prove.

For e'en the thought of immortality,
  Being an act done, without the body's aid,
Shows that herself alone could move and be,
  Although the body in the grave were laid.

SIR JOHN DAVIES

THURSDAY

O GOD, Whose thunder shakes the sky,
  Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
  Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,—
  The shadows of celestial light,—
Are past the power of human skill,
  But what the Eternal acts is right.

Oh, teach me in the trying hour
  When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
  Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
  Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
  And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
  Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
  For God created all to bless.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.
THOMAS CHATTERTON

FRIDAY

OH, bright and happy Olivet,
Where once the Master trod,
From whence He first went up on high—
True Man and Very God.

Incarnate Christ in human flesh,
We wait till Thou appear,
With glory crowned, and saints around
Caught up in joy and fear.

Oh, bright and happy Olivet,
Once more shalt Thou behold
The blessed form of God's own Son,
As by those Angels told.

And then shall David's throne be set,
And Israel too shall be
Amid the happy throng that shall
The true Messiah see.

Oh, bright and happy Olivet,
How glad that day and fair,
When Jew and Gentile in accord
His love shall then declare.

For when He comes, they shall return
With joy upon their head,
For Israel shall accepted be
As living from the dead!

Oh, bright and happy Olivet,
The time now draweth near
When Israel, God's beloved, shall know
Contrition's sweetest tear.

For Christ shall come to earth again,
His scattered flock to save;
And on the throne of David reign,
Victorious o'er the grave.

TOM L. BROWN

SATURDAY

CONTEMPLATE all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

WHEN across the inward thought
Comes the emptiness of life,
And it seems that earth has nought
But a vain and weary strife:

All to do, and nothing done,
Useless days fast fleeting by,
Wanderings many, progress none,
Faltering steps by fountains dry,

Shall we, in that hapless mood,
Fainting fall beside the way?
Help us, Giver of all good!
Teach Thy wretched ones to pray.

Thou that with the Father art,
One in power, in glory One,
Yet within the trusting heart
Bearest witness with the Son:

Oh, forgive our faithless mind,
  Raise us from our low estate,
Breathe in us the will to find
  Higher life in small and great!

Give us watchful eyes and clear,
  Purgèd from the scales of sense,
Seeing still the Master near,
  And the City far from hence.

Higher lead our love and faith,
  Lower our humility;
Let the words that Jesus saith
  Be illumined all by Thee!

And in them let us discern,
  Calming all our sinful strife,
While our hearts within us burn,
  Him, the Word, the Truth, the Life!

H. G. Tomkins

WEEK OF THE TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

HOW should I praise Thee, Lord! how should my rhymes
Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
  My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some forty heavens, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;

Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
Those distances belong to Thee:
The world's too little for Thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that Thou dost stretch
A crumb of dust from heaven to hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall he Thy stature spell?

O let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there:
Then of a sinner Thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take Thy way; for sure Thy way is best
Stretch or contract me Thy poor debtor:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music better.

Whether I fly with Angels, fall with dust.
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place everywhere.

GEORGE HERBERT

TUESDAY

YOU say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

WEDNESDAY

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers
O come, great Spirit, come!

Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire—and purge our hearts
  Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
  To our Redeemer's name.

Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
  This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
  Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,
  The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy Church on earth become
  Blest as the Church above.

Come as the wind—with rushing sound
  And Pentecostal grace;
That all of women born may see
  The glory of Thy face.

Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
  Make this lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
  O come, great Spirit, come!

ANDREW REED

THURSDAY

THAT early love of creatures, yet unmade,
  To frame the world the Almighty did persuade:
For love it was that first created light,
Moved on the waters, chased away the night
From the rude chaos, and bestowed new grace
On things disposed of to their proper place,

Some to rest here, and some to shine above:
Earth, sea, and heaven, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be returned but there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known.
The world a palace was without a guest,
Till one appears that must excel the rest;
One like the Author, whose capacious mind
Might by the glorious work the Maker find;
Might measure heaven, and give each star a name,
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know;
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
When by His word God had accomplished all,
Man to create He did a council call:
Employed His hand to give the dust He took
A graceful figure and majestic look;
With His own breath conveyed into his breast
Life and a soul fit to command the rest;
Worthy alone to celebrate His name
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came.
Birds sing His praises in a wilder note,
But not with lasting numbers, and with thought—
Man's great prerogative.

EDMUND WALLER

FRIDAY

IF thou art one whose cry is Liberty,
Pass not the portal of our hallow'd shrine;
We in a holier freedom would be free.
If thou in wealth or honour lov'st to shine,

To build in cedars, or at ease recline,
No holy awe thy tongue and foot shall hold
In those lov'd haunts, where ancient discipline
Keeps watch amid her treasures manifold,
And welcomes to stern walls and dim cathedrals old.

At her command the apostolic key
Opens the solemn doors; in speaking stone
Her glories far withdraw, where none can see,
Seeking the Infinite in secret known,
And tell of wonders which surround His throne;
Her carv'd embroideries, which retire aloof,
Are ancient virtues, seen by God alone
And His good Angels, mysteries learn'd by proof,
And prayers which hide from man o'er heaven's embowering roof.

Ye cloistral shades, and Angel-haunted cells,
Chantries, and tuneful roofs, and altars old,
Wherein communicable Godhead dwells!
Let your dread spirit fill me, my hand hold,
And every thought to your obedience mould;
While through the avenue of number'd years,
As through a pillar'd vista, I behold
Where Christ for me the bleeding burden bears,
Till all my heart be love, and soul-constraining fears.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

SATURDAY

WE do not dread the darkest night,
If we but know the path we tread;
The longest way is smooth and light,
If home beyond us lift its head.

Oh ! turn not in the hours of sin
The thoughts of sinners to the grave :
Where proffer'd love may fail to win,
Oh ! deem not terror strong to save !

But when the cares of earth molest,
Her rosy wreaths to fade begin,
Point to your own unruffled breast,
And tell them of the sweets within.

Persuade them how each pilgrim hour
Is brightened by a Saviour's love ;
How longs the soul like summer flower
To view unveiled His face above.

Bid them expect, as some dear friend,
The hour that calls their soul away ;
And death with holier thoughts to blend,
Than the dark grave or cold decay.

Away with these—away with fear,
That deadly fear, which sinners know ;
Then, fairer is the placid bier
Than all the joys possessed below.

W. SEWELL

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

JAIRUS knew it now !
To his fond cries no breath of answer came ;
Cold was his darling's brow,
And never a pulse moved in her silent frame.

Therefore with many a tear
They bade the Saviour draw no longer near,
And, when He questioned if the soul were fled,
Laughed with a bitter laugh, knowing the maid was dead.

But still He sought the child
And, dreading only lest by unbelief
Their hearts might be beguiled,
Put each one forth, who aired fictitious grief,
And, taking with Him those,
Who nourished faith and her divine repose,
Called to the damsel's heedless form :—*Arise!*
And she arose with recognition in her eyes.

Behold again to-day
The Pastor fills Jairus' mournful part!
For oft his children stray
From healthful paths and, though with loving art
He calls them back, no word
Responsive comes, and they, who so have erred,
Wander past hope; their spirit's life is fled,
And heavy is his heart, knowing their souls are dead.

But, though his toil is vain,
Christ, Who of old baffled the hungry tomb,
Can rend the Devil's chain,
And, rescuing his victims from their doom,
Win them to righteousness.
O pray we then our Lord to come and bless
Each lost and guilty soul with second birth
And rouse a grateful joy within the Church on earth!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

WEEK OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

WHO loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

TUESDAY

O SACRED Providence, Who from end to end
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write
And not of Thee, through Whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not do Thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land
Only to man Thou hast made known Thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of Thy praise.

Man is the world's high priest: he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise Thee fain,
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to Thee:
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

Thou art in small things great, nor small in any,
Thy even praise can neither rise, nor fall.

Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For Thou art infinite in one and all.

GEORGE HERBERT

WEDNESDAY

WHEN man to Godlike being sprung,
How sweet the glorious gift he found!
While Heaven with notes of gladness rung,
And Eden's beauty smiled around:
Where'er the stranger bends his view,
'Tis wondrous all, divinely new.

By hands unseen the virgin soil
Is with unlaboured plenty crowned;
But soon must Adam bow to toil,
And dress the late spontaneous ground:
For oh! too soon the thorn appears—
Too soon he blends his bread with tears.

E'en thus when man is born anew,
The Spirit to his being given,
Lo! a new Eden starts to view,
While Angel harps rejoice in Heaven:
'Tis wondrous all, divinely bright,
And the new creature walks in light.

Then, too, the heart's unlaboured soil
Is with mysterious plenty crowned;
But soon he finds 'tis meet to toil,
And dress with tears the wayward ground:
Too soon, alas! the thorn appears,
And Heaven's own bread is mixed with tears.

Yet onward, is no scene displayed
Whose bright beginnings ne'er decay?
Must every prospect seem to fade?
Must clouds o'ercast the new-born day?
Forth let the new creation burst,—
No changes then, all clouds dispersed.

No thorns that paradise infest—
No bitter tears its feast-days leaven—
No toils disturb its hallowed rest:
Unlaboured plenty lasts in Heaven:
Then, oh! let faith, let patience here,
With hope unmurmuring, persevere.

THOMAS GRINFIELD

THURSDAY

FALL not out upon the way;
Short it is, and soon will end;
Better far to fly the fray,
Than to lose the friend.

Christ hath sent you, two and two,
With a mandate to return:
Can ye meet the Master's view,
If with wrath ye burn?

If thy brother seemeth slow,
Jeer not, but thy quickness slack;
Rather than divided go,
Keep the wearier track.

Quit not, as for shorter line,
Ancient ways together trod;
Joy to read at once the sign
Pointing on to God.

Teach each other, as ye walk,
How to sing the Angels' song;
Fill the time with homeward talk,
Then 'twill not be long.

Gently deal with those who roam,
Silent as to wanderings past;
So, together at your home
All arrive at last.

LORD KINLOCH

FRIDAY

A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That sinners may with Angels join
To worship God aright:

To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice-holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky;

Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God Himself imparts
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

By faith the choirs above we meet;
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on His curtain'd seat,
Our Maker and our King.

But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man.

Ye Seraphs, nearest to the Throne
All rapt in deep amaze,
On us, still exiles here, look down
And join us in your praise.

The King, Whose glorious face ye see,
For us His crown resigned;
Yea, Fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind.

CHARLES WESLEY

SATURDAY

THE waves, the winds of Circumstance!
What arm their strength can stem?
What struggling mortal has a chance
To bind or buffet them?
Against these rapids, who can swim,
And not be hurled away
Over Niagara's boiling brim,
The torrent of to-day?

Ah! trust not, man, to thine own strength;
Ah! boast not of thy power;
Thy best, in all its breadth and length,
Will break in any hour.
Let but Temptation touch the line
Electrical within,
That spark will spring the secret mine
Of nature's ready sin!

If some sun-chance, and some moon-change
  Of passion's light and heat,
Within Occasion's comet-range,
  By bad conjunction meet,
Behold, a deluge! to o'erwhelm
  The wisdom and the worth
Of mortal's noblest spirit-realm,
  The pattern-man of earth!

O tower of strength! O God, O Friend!
  Defend us by Thy power;
Till we have reached our trial's end,
  Uphold us every hour!
Each step we venture in advance
  Is full of woes unknown,
If Thou enfranchise Circumstance,
  And leave us all alone!

MARTIN F. TUPPER

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

YE heavens, oh haste your dews to shed,
  Ye clouds, rain gladness on our head,
Thou earth, behold the time of grace,
And blossom forth in righteousness.

O living Sun, with joy break forth,
And pierce the gloomy clefts of earth;
Behold, the mountains melt away
Like wax beneath Thine ardent ray!

O Life-dew of the Churches, come,
And bid this arid desert bloom!

The sorrows of Thy people see,
And take our human flesh on Thee.

Refresh the parch'd and drooping mind,
The broken limb in mercy bind;
Us sinners from our guilt release,
And fill us with Thy heavenly peace.

O wonder! night no more is night!
Comes then at last the long'd-for light?
Ah yes, Thou shinest, O true Sun,
In Whom are God and man made one!

LYRA GERMANICA

WEEK OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

MONDAY

WHEREFORE shrink, and say, "'Tis vain;
In their hour hell-powers must reign;
Vainly, vainly would we force
Fatal error's torrent course;
Earth is mighty, we are frail;
Faith is gone and hope must fail."

Yet along the Church's sky
Stars are scattered pure and high;
Yet her wasted gardens bear
Autumn violets sweet and rare—
Relics of a spring-time clear,
Earnest of a bright new year.

Israel yet hath thousands sealed,
Who to Baal never kneeled;
Seize the banner, spread its fold!
Seize it with no faltering hold!
Spread its foldings high and fair;
Let all see the Cross is there!

What, if to the trumpet's sound
Voices few come answering round?
Scarce a votary swell the burst
When the anthem peals at first?
God hath sown, and He will reap;
Growth is slow when roots are deep;

He will aid the work begun,
For the love of His dear Son;
He will breathe in their true breath
Who, serene in prayer and faith,
Would our dying embers fan,
Bright as when their glow began.

LYRA APOSTOLICA

TUESDAY

WATCHER, who watch'st by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on in their midnight train;
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake;
Holding thy breath, lest his sleep should break;
In thy loneliest hours, there is a helper nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearthstone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;

There is One Who can tell of a home on high,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret, bending low,
A dart in thy breast, that the world may not know,
Striving the favour of God to win,—
Asking His pardon for days of sin;
Press on, press on, with thy earnest cry
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourner who sitt'st in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,—
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle, the rose instead—
Look up, look up, with thy tearful eye,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Fading one, with the hectic streak,
With thy vein of fire, and thy burning cheek,
Fear'st thou to tread the darkened vale?
Look unto One, Who can never fail.
He hath trod it Himself, He will hear thy sigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

WEDNESDAY

YEA, watch and wait a little while—
The weary strife is ending;
Yet hold the red-cross banner fast,
While hope and fear are blending,
Sure pledge of victory, though it wave
O'er many a lov'd disciple's grave.

A little while, a little while,
And ye shall see it streaming
From north to south, from east to west,
Like lightning flash, far gleaming,
Sign of the Son of Man in Heaven,
Pledge of His instant advent given!

Then, cheerly, brethren, watch and pray,
Though tempest gloom have shrouded
Full many a star that brightly shone,
And yet shall shine unclouded.
Jerusalem, with robe of light
And starry crown, shall yet be bright.

For deem ye not, oh, deem ye not,
The holy Church forsaken—
Or built upon th' eternal rock,
Her sure foundation shaken;
Nay, for the word can never fail,
"The gates of hell shall not prevail."

JANE E. LEESON

THURSDAY

OF God, to thy doings, a time there is sent,
Which endeth with time that in doing is spent;
For time is itself, but a time for a time,
Forgotten full soon, as the time of a chime.

In springtime we rear, we do sow, and we plant;
In summer get victuals, lest after we want;
In harvest we carry in corn, and the fruit,
In winter to spend, as we need of each suit.

The year I compare, as I find for a truth,
The Spring unto Childhood, the Summer to Youth,
The Harvest to Manhood, the Winter to Age,
All quickly forgot as a play on a stage.

Time past is forgotten, ere men be aware;
Time present is thought on, with wonderful care;
Time coming is feared, and therefore we save,
Yet oft ere it come we be gone to the grave.

The lands and the riches that here we possess
Be none of our own, if a God we profess;
But lent us of Him, as His talent of gold,
Which being demanded, who can it withhold?

God maketh no writing, that justly doth say,
How long we shall have it,—a year or a day;
But leave it we must (howsoever we leave),
When Atrop shall pluck us from hence by the sleeve.

To Death we must stoop, be we high, be we low,
But how and how suddenly, few be that know;
What carry we then but a sheet to the grave
To cover this carcass, of all that we have?

THOMAS TUSSER

FRIDAY

OH yet we trust that somehow good,
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroy'd,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
  I can but trust that good shall fall
  At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
  An infant crying in the night:
  An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

SATURDAY

THE wish, that of the living whole
  No life may fail beyond the grave,
  Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
  That Nature lends such evil dreams?
  So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
  Her secret meaning in her deeds,

And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

ST ANDREW

OH that, ere death shall close my eyes in sleep,
I might behold that Galilean deep,
Sun-gilded waves, and hill-embosom'd strand,
Where Andrew dwelt with his fraternal band—
Andrew, who saw and heard the living Word,
And came, and then brought Peter to the Lord—
Andrew, next added to that favour'd three,
Schooled in Christ's lore upon their native sea.

Blest sight! to see those heights which round them clos'd,
When holy eyes on their dark shapes reposed;
To watch those gales which came upon the deep,
When in that hold their Lord was laid asleep;
To see those rocks where dwelt their thoughts of home,
And 'neath that glowing firmament to roam;
Move on the sea they moved, and there behold
The moon and stars which they beheld of old!

But ah! far more, when death hath closed mine eyes
Might I but see beyond those eastern skies
By Andrew led, where, round our Saviour's feet,
The holy twelve in sweet communion meet
In their last haven on that stable shore,
Beside that crystal sea for evermore!

ISAAC WILLIAMS

ST THOMAS

BLESSED were they who, in the days of old,
Saw the Lord's face, and listened to His word;
More blessed they, His gentle voice has told,
Who never saw, and yet believe their Lord.

"Except I look upon the risen dead,
And lay my finger where the nails ran thro',
And touch His wounded side," Saint Thomas said,
"Your words are wild, I will not hold them true."

On those eleven, met to pray and watch,
The last red sunbeam flung a twilight gloom,
No foot has stirred, no hand has raised the latch,—
There stood Another in the lowly room.

"Look on My hands, O faithless heart!" He cried,
"Behold the prints of cruel nails are here,
Put forth thy finger now and touch My side,
There deeply drank the Roman's hated spear."

No more th' Apostle's doubtful soul is dim,
Bursts from his quivering lip the cry of faith,
"My Lord, my God"; henceforth content for Him
To bear the life of scorn, the martyr's death.

And dear to us that word, in later day
Who hold, in faith, the things we might not see;—
"Thou seeing hast believed; more blest are they
Who have not seen, yet have believed on Me."

CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER

THE CONVERSION OF ST PAUL

THE Will Divine that woke a waiting time,
With desert cry and Calvary's Cross sublime,
Had equal need on thee its power to prove,
Thou soul of passionate zeal and tenderest love!

O slave devout of burdening Hebrew school,
Proud to fulfil each time-exalted rule,
How broke the illusion of thy swelling wrath
On that meek front of calm, enduring faith!

Then flashed it on thy spirit mightily
That thou hadst spurned a love that died for thee!
And all the pride went down in whelming flood
Of boundless shame and boundless gratitude.

What large atonement that great conscience pays!
For every wounding slight, a psalm of praise;
Unending worship shall the debt consume;
For hours of rage, a life of martyrdom.

Yet in such morning glow, such vital day,
What chilling sense of claim or debt can stay?
O wondrous power of noble love, to free
From binding Law to glorious Liberty!

Dream not that one hath drained the exhaustless sea.
Full pours the tide in widening stream for thee;
Lift for new liberties that conquering sign;
Shatter the severing walls with touch divine!

SAMUEL JOHNSON

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

JERUSALEM, why are thy voices dumb?
Where, Sons of Jacob, are your notes of glee?
Behold! the LORD GOD, Whom ye seek, doth come
To-day unto His Temple suddenly.

Where stand the Levite bands their King to greet?
What waiting guards attend upon His state?—
One lowly Virgin beareth up the street
Her first-born Son unto thy temple gate.

Her forty days of loneliness are o'er;
What present doth the virgin Mother bring?
The two young pigeons from her scanty store,
And Him, the full sufficient Offering.

Haply, to-day, with pomp and proffered gold,
Young noble mothers sought the holy dome,

Paid the full price that Moses bade of old,
And bore their ransomed treasures proudly home;

But not for them the Prophet's eye, grown dim
With watchful years, lit up in ecstasy;
Nor aged Anna looked in them for Him,
Whom she had served so long, so patiently.

And when resistless broke the glowing word,
"Now let Thy servant die, my work is done;
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the LORD;"
The Prophet looked upon the Virgin's Son.

He was the perfect Sacrifice, foreshown
By shadowy type of old, and symbol high;
The First-born of unnumbered Sons, alone
In Him accepted, and in Him brought nigh.

No treasured gold shall buy Him back again,
Self-offered gift to shrive a whole world's sin;
Open thy gates; the Victim and His train
Draw near; the Virgin bears her First-born in.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

ST MATTHIAS

PRIESTS of the Lord—let Judas warn them well,
Lest in some heart a secret germ may hide
Of that which hurl'd him to the lowest hell.
At once a traitor and a suicide!

If lucre-dreams, not love for souls, inspire
The impious mocker, who presumes to say

"Come, Holy Ghost; and with celestial fire
Purge the vile dross of sin and self away,"

Alas for him! but grace and truth are Thine,
And through the channels of Thy Church can flow;
The hands are human, but the gifts divine,
Which all their virtue to *Thy* merit owe —

Who art of sacraments the vital spring,
Their viewless Source of purity and power
When souls their sacrifice of worship bring
And throng Thy Temple in devotion's hour.

Nor should false worldlings in their pride forget,
If lust of income o'er the conscience reign,
Some heart of Judas may be throbbing yet,
And act, in principle, his crime again!

And, Lord of souls, let faithful shepherds feed
The flock committed unto past'ral care,
Not lured by gain, but finding all their meed
When Glory's fold shall see true converts there.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

LO, Gabriel, leaving the bright realms on high,
Searched out reposeful Nazareth and saw
The espoused Bride of Joseph; and his eye
Was filled with wonder and a reverent awe,

As thus he spake:—"O Mary, hear God's law
On thy behalf, thou Virgin full of grace!
The Holy Spirit from above shall draw
His Presence o'er thee, and thou shalt embrace
A Son, the Word of God, come to redeem thy race!"

As when a shower flies glooming o'er the Spring,
Blurring the cheerful gladness of the day,
So do these words of sudden marvel fling
Across that gentle heart a quick dismay,
And to herself she thus began to say:—
"Ah, how can I break off my cherished schemes
Of homely innocence, and find my way
Perchance through paths, where evil surmise teems,
To that bewildering height beyond all human dreams?"

But, as the vernal drops make haste to fly,
Leaving the landscape brighter than before,
So Mary's troubled thoughts passed swiftly by,
And left her dowered with new celestial lore.
"Yea, now," she said, "my spirit can adore
God's blest decree; for, though as 'twere a sword
Pierced through my being, when He bade me soar,
Yet will my Father in His love afford
The needful strength! Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

Yea, she alone of mortals in the earth
Can on this wondrous eminence be placed.
Tell out in every age her peerless worth,
By majesty and utter meekness graced!

But, though none other child of Adam taste
Her cup of bliss, be sure, my soul, that thou
Hast some high destiny before thee traced.
Therefore, like Mary, swift obedience vow;
Break with the entangling world and Heavenward
lift thy brow!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

ST MARK

MEEK to suffer, strong to save,
From the chambers of the grave
Christ the steep ascent hath trod,
Up to the right hand of God.

With all power invested, thence
He His Spirit doth dispense,
To His faithful people still,
Quickening whomso'er He will.

Some apostles, prophets some,
At His gracious bidding come;
Pastors, teachers still He sends
To His children and His friends;

For the help of those who faint,
For the strengthening of the saint;
That the Church increased may be,
For the body's ministry:

Till, in unity and love,
Faith and hope in Him above,
To the measure and the span
Come we of a perfect man;

Be no longer to and fro
Toss'd by all the winds that blow;
Keep the truth, nor let it slip;
Keep the Christian fellowship.

By no cunning sleight enticed
From our perfect trust in Christ;
Close, compact in joint and limb
May we all grow up in Him.

JOHN MOULTRIE

ST PHILIP AND ST JAMES

THOU art the Way!
All ways are thorny mazes without Thee;
Where hearts are pierced, and thoughts all aimless stray:
In Thee the heart stands firm, the life moves free;
Thou art our Way.

Thou art the Truth!
Questions the ages break against in vain
Confront the spirit in its untried youth;
It starves, while sifting poison from the grain:
Thou art the Truth!

Thou art the Light!
Earth beyond earth no faintest ray can give;
Heaven's shadeless noontide blinds our mortal sight;
In Thee we look on God, and love, and live:
Thou art our Light!

Thou art the Rock!
Doubts none can solve heave wild on every side,
Wave meeting wave of thought in ceaseless shock;
On Thee the soul rests calm amidst the tide:
Thou art our Rock!

Thou art the Life!
All ways without Thee paths that end in death;
All life without Thee with death harvest rife;
All truths dry bones, disjoined, and void of breath:
Thou art our Life!

For Thou art Love!
Our Way and End! the way is rest with Thee!
O living Truth, the truth is life in Thee!
O Life essential, life is bliss with Thee!
For Thou art Love!

ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES

ST BARNABAS

CROWNED with immortal jubilee
This day, thy soul set free,
From earth to Heaven thou didst pass,
O holy Barnabas,

He, for Whose sake, at Whose dear call,
Thou gavest up thine all:
He shall thine all, thy treasure be
Lasting eternally.

'Mid fasting, prayer, and holy hands,
Lo! 'mid the saints he stands,

The Spirit's high behest to bear,
Christ's Heav'n-sent messenger.

Thou hast with Paul in labours stood,
Blest bond of brotherhood!
One, in the mandate sent from high;
And one, in charity.

To what barbaric shores away
Did ye that light convey,
When from God's chosen race ye turn'd,
Who faith's glad message spurn'd?

Lord, when to us an offer'd Guest
Shall come that Spirit blest,
Let not our hearts Heaven's bounty slight
Deeming our darkness light.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

ST JOHN THE BAPTIST

THIS day the Church commemorates
The birthday of St John;
Except our Lord's Nativity,
She keeps this only one.

As if to lift our earth-bound hearts,
Above the things which are;
And teach, how death-days, when in Christ,
Are brighter days by far.

And by the side of Him, Whose Birth,
Like morning star, arose;

To light the way, of breaking day,
That on the mountains glows;

She, in the lessons of her truth,
To teach us "what is good,"
Contrasts another Birthday, kept
In shame, and lust, and blood.

O Saviour, when this day returns,
Bright with its summer bloom,—
And, on St John's Nativity,
Points to his early tomb:

Be this its holy use, to make
The Birthdays of each year,
Tho' dear, for all their human joy,
As helps to Heav'n, most dear.

The Baptist's pure and holy life,
Severe from early youth;
His bold rebuke of haughty vice,
His patience for "the truth":

His preparation of Thy way,
His living in Thy Love:
His brief, but hard and toilsome day,
His early rest above:

Be these our Birthday monitors,
Our souls, for Heaven to train;
Teaching us how "to live is Christ,"
And how "to die is gain."

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

ST PETER

WHAT tears are these that flow so fast?
The cock hath crowed for coming dawn,
Twice hath he crowed; the night is past;
With new day let new hope be born.

It was the Lord at cock-crow came;
Like Moses' rod, with double stroke,
A voice smote Simon in his shame;
Christ looked,—the strong man's heart was broke.

He weeps, and bitter are his tears,
As bitter as his words were base,
As urgent as the sudden fears
Which even love refused to face.

O, love so false and yet so true,
O, love so eager yet so weak,
In these sad waters born anew
Thy tongue shall yet in triumph speak.

Thou livest, and the boaster dies,
Dies with the night that wrought his shame,
Thou livest, and these tears baptize—
Simon, now Peter is thy name.

A rock, upon Himself the Rock
Christ places thee this awful day;
Him waves assault with direful shock,
And cover thee with maddening spray.

But safe art thou, for strong is He:
Eternal Love all love will keep:

The sweet shall as the bitter be ;
Thou shalt rejoice as thou dost weep.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

ST JAMES

SAINT James was in the path of toil
When, "Follow me," Emmanuel said ;
And lo, at once, the rude turmoil
He left, to haste where Jesus led.
What, though an aged sire remained
Bereft of son and sympathy,
The homage of his heart was gained—
For He Who spoke was Deity !

So is it now : our daily path
Is flower'd with blessings rich and rare,
When duty in devotion hath
Obey'd the voice of Conscience there :—
Faith should not yearn for great event
Or crisis through some wondrous change,
But with the calm of home content
In peace pursue life's wonted range.

Or if, like James, our hearts aspire
In some rapt dream too high for man,
And grow inflam'd with zealot-fire,
O teach us, Lord, the milder plan !—
The "Son of Thunder" soften Thou,
And with the balm of love allay ;
Till the stern bigot from the brow
In soft forbearance dies away.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

ST BARTHOLOMEW

HOW blessed, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand:

With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still;
For love can easily divine
The One Beloved's will.

Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord,
Thus ever Thine alone;
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won.
Through evil and through good report
Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh
Let Christ be magnified.

How happily the working days
In Thy dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh!

When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company
And ever where the Master is,
Shall His bless'd servants be.

JANE BORTHWICK

ST MATTHEW

SO Matthew left his golden gains,
At the great Master's call;
His soul the love of Christ constrains
Freely to give up all.

The tide of life was at its flow,
Rose higher day by day;
But he a higher life would know
Than that which round him lay.

Nor Fortune, bright with fav'ring smile,
Can tempt him with her store;
Too long she did his heart beguile,
He will be hers no more.

To one sweet Voice his soul doth list,
And, at its "Follow Me,"
Apostle, and Evangelist
Henceforth for Christ is he.

O Saviour! when prosperity
Makes this world hard to leave,
And all its pomps and vanity
Their meshes round us weave:

When Mammon with its subtle chain,
  Fair, because forged in gold,
The soul, which up to Heaven would strain
  In captive thrall doth hold :

When life with all its balmiest hours
  In sunshine round us lies ;
And bee-like, 'mid a thousand flowers
  Fond fickle fancy flies :

Oh grant us grace that to Thy call
  We may obedient be ;
And, cheerfully forsaking all,
  May follow only Thee.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

ST MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

THERE is no *night* in Heaven—
  In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
  For work itself is love.

There is no *night* in Heaven !
  Yet nightly round each bed
Of every Christian slumberer
  Faith hears an Angel tread.

There is no *grief* in Heaven !
  There all is "perfect day" ;
There tears are 'mid those "former things"
  Which all "have passed away."

There is no *grief* in Heaven!
Yet Angels from on high
Glide down on golden pinions,—
The Christian's tears to dry.

There is no *want* in Heaven!
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's Tree of twelve-fold fruitage—
Life's Spring which never dries.

There is no *want* in Heaven!
Yet in a desert land
The fainting Prophet was sustained
E'en by an Angel's hand.

There is no *sin* in Heaven!
Amid that blessed throng;
All-holy is their spotless robe,
All-holy is their song.

There is no *sin* in Heaven!
Here who from sin is free?
Yet Angels aid us in our strife
For Christ's own liberty.

There is no *death* in Heaven!
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And "they can die no more."

There is no *death* in Heaven!
But when the Christian dies
(Made thus co-heirs with Angels),
They waft him to the skies.

F. M. KNOLLIS

ST LUKE

LIFT high the song of praise
For him whose holy pen
Gave down the hymns of other days
To glad the sons of men.

Glory to God on high,
And peace upon the earth,
Goodwill to men be now proclaimed,
As at the Saviour's birth.

The Lord to magnify,
Be lifted every voice,
And in our God and Saviour
Let every soul rejoice.

With benedictions high
Let Israel's God be praised:
Who hath salvation's mighty horn
Up for His people raised.

And when around our path
The call of Death is heard,
Lord, let Thou us depart in peace.
According to Thy word.

HENRY ALFORD

SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE

WHAT mighty name did the whole earth adore?
Tiberius, throned on Capri's pleasant isle!
His very whisper spread from shore to shore;
His frown was terror and his faintest smile

Joy to a world! Lo, pompous priests implore
His deity—half blinded, half in guile!

What humble names did the whole earth despise?
The fishers on the Lake of Galilee!
Few were the noble or the rich or wise—
Few were the poor, whose minds were purged and free
To know the Almighty's liegemen and to prize
The worth of those rough toilers on the sea!

Who names the Cæsar now? Why, here and there,
A student pondering o'er a learned tome!
He marks the date when John began to wear
The rough prophetic garb, but even Rome
Has quite forgot the long foreboding care
Wherewith she watched the tyrant's island home.

Who names the Apostles now? Who names them not?
Their sound is gone into each distant land,
And O how glorious is their present lot!
For every year revolving sees them stand
Amid the Church's praises unforgot,
Descried by love upon the heavenly strand!

Then who will murmur, if perchance his name
Receive no portion of the world's renown?
With Jude and Simon seek we nobler fame:
At the Lord's feet lay gross ambition down:
On selfless love and duty build our claim
And win like them an everlasting crown!

G. T. S. FARQUHAR

ALL SAINTS' DAY

THERE'S many a happy household band
Brought up around one Father's knee,
And fed by the same Mother's hand
Through all their happy infancy;
But years roll on, the world is wide,
And seas perchance and lands divide
The brothers that played side by side,
The sisters loved so tenderly.

Yet faithful still, though far apart,
They wear their childhood's early chain;
Still truly thrills each kindred heart
To other's joy, for other's pain;
And if one lonely pilgrim dies
The tears fall down from many eyes,
And still their home's old sympathies
Will sometimes wake again.

There is a holy household, bound
In closer bond than ties of home
Or kindred claim; the wide earth round,
Those children of One Father roam.
Space cannot mar their unison,
For still their hopes and joys are one,
In town, and plain, and desert lone,
And far isles girt with foam.

And time, that wears each other bond,
Breaks not that holy brotherhood;
The patriarchal days beyond,
Beyond the old destroying flood,

It clasps dim ages far away,
It hold the true of every day
Who love the Lord and choose His way,
The faithful, wise, and good.

Nor even death dissolves the charm
With her cold touch so stern and chill;
The love that braved all other harm
Shrinks trembling from that last worst ill,
And men seal up the fading eye,
They seek no more for sympathy
From lips that cannot frame reply;
But saints look further still.

For them the dead can never die,
With them the living strive and pray;
Oh! happy commune, pure and high,
And happy all who feel its sway,
Blest in their One Redeeming Lord,
And blest by His own precious Word;—
Well may we linger to record
Our brothers dear to-day,

The gentle warriors bold and kind,
With steadfast brow and solemn tone,
The holy men of earnest mind,
Whose prayers are mingling with our own,
And they, for ever blest and bright,
With robes in Christ's own Blood washed white,
With palms in hand, and crowns of light,
Who stand around His Throne.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

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